Collier's

15c

February 17, 1951

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Before You Decide—Take an Airflyte Ride in the World's Most Modern Car

The 1951 Nash Ambassador cruising along famous Miami Beach in Florida

Thrill to aerodynamic design that hushes wind-roar . . . skyrockets performance and economy — over 25 miles a gallon at average highway speed in the Statesman.

Loads more room! This luggage compartment is twice as big as some, takes all a family's needs on a long trip. Nash seats can turn into Twin Beds at night.

Their turn! Everyone wants to try the newest idea in comfort—the Airliner Reclining Seat. At lever touch, it eases back as far as you like. Relax, doze off, if you wish.

Winter's fun for you're always snug with the Weather Eye. You tune in June at the touch of a thermostat — air is filtered, warmed, pressurized like an Airliner.

With double-rigid Airflyte Construction, body-and-frame are welded into one single unit of amazing strength. Stays new *years longer*. Rattleproof, squeak-free.

You're driving a record-breaker! The Ambassador recently averaged 95.3 m.p.h. for 712 miles. You get more miles to the gallon, on *regular* gasoline.

BE SURE you're making the wise choice—that you're getting the best possible buy for your automobile dollars. Before you put a penny down on any car, drive a new Nash Airflyte.

Because there are just two kinds of cars today —cars built the old way and cars built the new Nash way—with Airflyte Construction.

You'll discover the amazing differences the first mile you drive a Nash—a new feeling of security . . . new riding comfort . . . a new sense of restful quiet, free of the usual wind-roar.

You'll see a host of priceless features that can't be had except in a Nash Airflyte—a front seat that reclines, air that is conditioned by the Weather Eye, even Twin Beds.

See why Nash has a postwar sales gain five times as great as the average of the industry. Get the best car for the years ahead. Before you decide, take an Airflyte ride—in the world's most modern car.

Nash Airflyte

The Ambassador · The Statesman · The Rambler

The World's Most Modern Cars

Nash Motors, Division Nash-Kelvinator Corp., Detroit, Mich.

TELEVISION—Look for "The Nash Airflyte Theatre" on your favorite CBS Television Station every week.

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You can keep your whole mouth healthier, more wholesome—even your breath sweeter, cleaner—by guarding against tooth decay and gum troubles *both*. So don't risk halfway dental care. Always use two-way Ipana cleansing* for healthier teeth and healthier gums—better all-around protection for your whole mouth.

Fight tooth decay, guard your gums—

to keep your Whole Mouth Healthier!

Teach your children *two-way* Ipana care

To help your youngsters grow up with healthier, cleaner mouths, show them how to fight tooth decay and guard their gums, too. Remember, tooth decay hits *9 out of 10* children before the age of six. And later in life, gum troubles cause *more than half* of all tooth losses. So start your children today on the Ipana way to healthier teeth and healthier gums *both*. Ipana is another dependable Bristol-Myers product.

Two-way Ipana cleansing* helps protect your teeth and gums both!

Are you doing all you should to keep your whole mouth healthier? Not unless you follow the advice of dentists—fight tooth decay and guard gums, too.

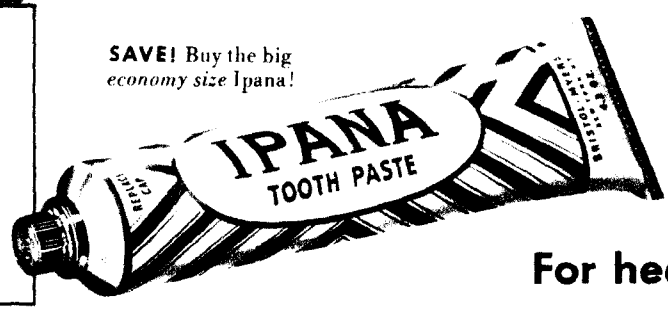
***You help guard your teeth and gums BOTH—by brushing and massaging the way your dentist directs—and by using famous Ipana Tooth Paste.**

No other tooth paste—ammoniated or otherwise—has been proved more effective than Ipana to fight tooth decay. And proper massaging with Ipana does more than that—its cleansing action actually helps keep your gums healthy, too.

Remember, with Ipana cleansing you can get the doubly-protective care that dentists say you need for a healthier mouth.

Start using Ipana today—to keep your *whole* mouth *healthier*. You'll like Ipana's flavor, too—so refreshing. Get a tube of Ipana now!

SAVE! Buy the big *economy size* Ipana!



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PAL—Hollow Ground like a barber's razor

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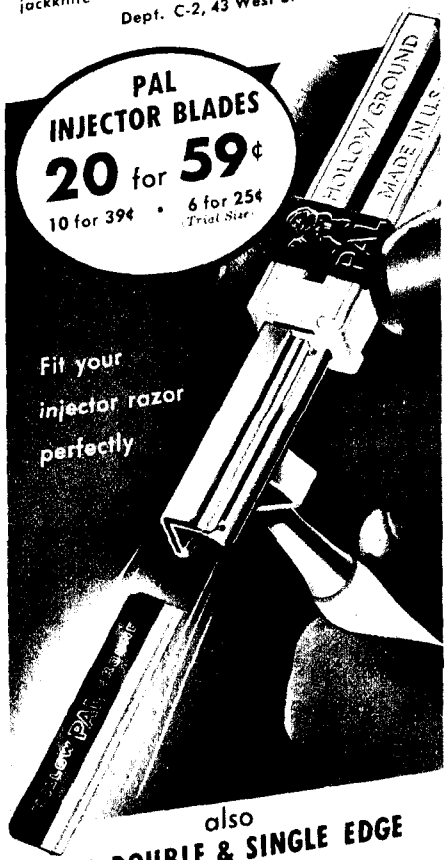

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The Cover

This latest color photograph of Mr. Herbert Hoover was taken in his Waldorf-Astoria Towers suite, New York City, by Richard Beattie, who found his pipe-smoking subject both patient and co-operative. The greatest satisfaction he derived from the assignment, Mr. Beattie reports, was taking Mr. Hoover's autograph home to his son. The fascinating memoirs of our only living ex-President begin on page 13.

Week's Mail

Better Than Eating

EDITOR: I've read from time to time about some who've read Collier's for 20, 25 and even 30 years. Heck; I've been reading it since 1910.

It's followed me to the Philippine Islands, China, Formosa, Japan, Hawaii, Mexico, Germany, France, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, Luxembourg and Holland. I'd rather read Collier's than eat.

ERNEST A. METZGER, Germantown, N. Y.

Prescription for the G.O.P.

EDITOR: How the Republicans Can Win in '52 (Dec. 30th) is the first article that has aroused me enough to write in, in many years of reading Collier's. All I have to say is, "Let's do it."

E. J. DONOVAN,
Castleton, Vt.

. . . Your article by Raymond A. McConnell, Jr., is splendid. The editorial box, Why Not the PEOPLE'S Choice? is most appropriate. This advocated change in the laws to select the men we elect is most timely in view of present conditions. I, for one, am wholeheartedly in favor of such a change in procedure.

A letter to this effect is going to our senators and district representative urging such a bill be put before Congress.

E. W. SQUIRES, San Bernardino, Cal.

. . . This is to express my appreciation and warm approval of Raymond McConnell's article and your adjoining editorial calling for a national Presidential primary.

I'm under no illusion that a President selected by the people rather than in a smoke-filled room will solve all our problems, but I am convinced that it will result in chief executives of greater stature and ability most of the time.

LEO NEWMAN,
Springfield, Mass.

. . . Hope you will keep on hammering away at this idea until 1952.

We, the people, want a chance to express our will. We are fed up on political horse-trading. These times are too crucial.

ELEANOR R. BROUWER, Wauwatosa, Wis.

. . . Raymond A. McConnell's article struck a responsive chord in my Democratic heart. Just a year ago I debated with Representative Ralph W. Gwinn of New York on farm problems before an audience basically sympathetic to Mr. Gwinn, their farm-owning neighbor.

The audience put most of the questions to me, gave me considerable applause, but what I liked best of all was the after-meeting comments that "you gave us a rare opportunity to hear two views side by side."

JOHN H. CALDWELL, New Canaan, Conn.

. . . Raymond A. McConnell, Jr., has missed the real reason why the Republicans cannot win in '52.

The major weakness of the Republican party is their marked lack of sincerity in their approach to the problems now vexing the nation. In their platforms they endorse many commendable issues, but when the issue is put up to them squarely they vote

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GOOD DENTAL HEALTH

Dental authorities estimate that 98 per cent of our population suffer from some degree of tooth decay. Furthermore, dentists agree that the condition of the teeth and gums often has a direct effect upon general physical condition.

This is because the teeth are connected to other parts of the body through blood vessels, nerves, and tissues. Thus, infection in the teeth, if not checked, may spread throughout the system.

The maintenance of good dental health may not only help to prevent loss of teeth, but also to keep all-around health at a high level. Below are some safeguards most dentists recommend to help protect teeth and gums.

Protect the first teeth

By keeping the child's first teeth clean and free of decay, there is less likelihood of losing them prematurely and a better chance that permanent teeth will develop normally.

Authorities recommend periodic examinations beginning at age three. Sodium fluoride treatments, which help teeth resist decay, may also be given by your dentist.

Guard against teen-age decay

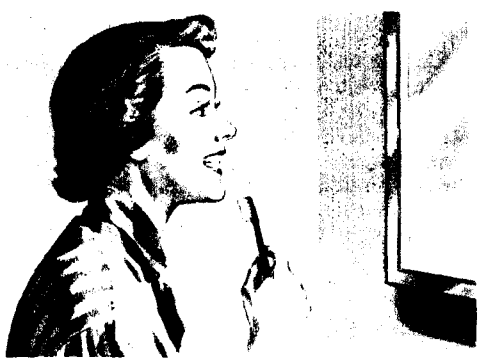
It is estimated that 95 out of every 100 high school children have some tooth decay. During teen years, teeth seem to be especially susceptible to cavities and eating too many sweets may contribute further to this condition.

Proper diet and regular dental care during these years may help to assure good dental and physical health throughout life.

Eat enough tooth-building foods

A diet rich in vitamins and minerals is one of the most important factors in building and maintaining sound teeth at all ages.

These elements are supplied by milk, meat, eggs, vegetables and fruits, bread and cereals, and fish liver oils. In addition, vigorous chewing of tough, crisp foods helps keep teeth and gums healthy.



Keep the teeth clean

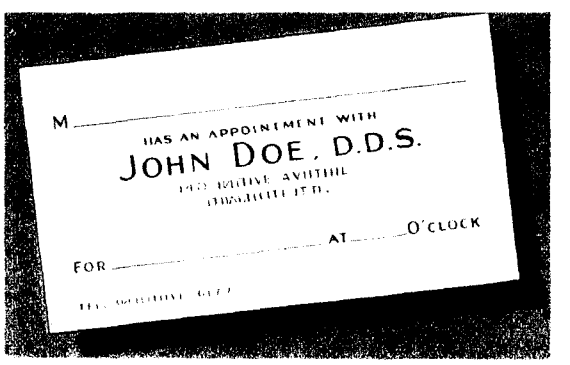
The acids which cause decay are formed in the mouth soon after eating. Thus, to get the full benefit of the toothbrush, it should be used *after meals and especially before retiring.*

The dentist will be glad to advise you about the proper methods of keeping teeth clean.

Help protect the gums

Gum diseases affect about 80 per cent of the adult population. Frequently, such conditions are brought on by deposits of tartar which irritate the gums, and the infection may spread to other parts of the body.

By having the dentist treat infected gums early, it is usually possible to cure them and to prevent the spread of infection.



Visit the dentist regularly

Today, modern dental science has developed new measures to combat decay and has introduced improved methods to help control pain and infection.

Periodic visits to the dentist for cleansings, examinations, and necessary treatment are the best safeguards against serious conditions which may affect the teeth and the mouth.

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Please send me a copy of your booklet, 31-C, "For Good Teeth".

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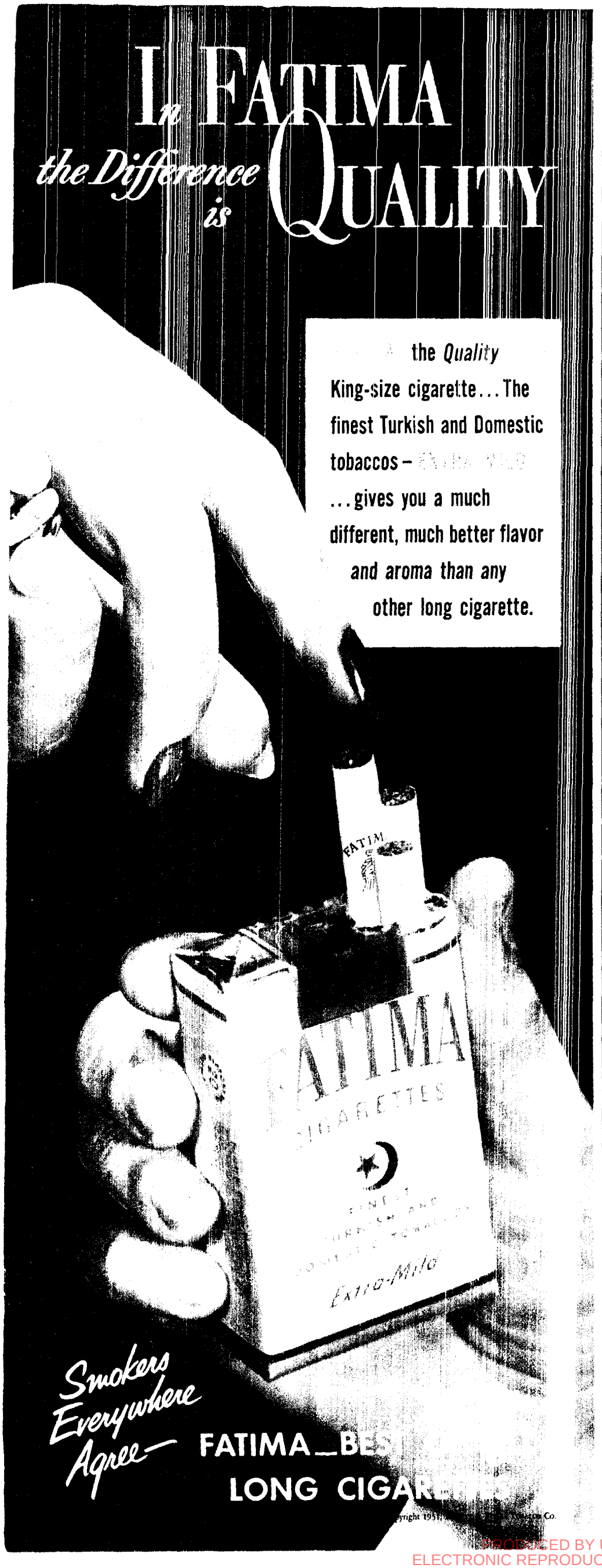


with the Southern reactionary Democrats to kill the measure with the sole purpose of embarrassing the administration.

The Republican party is made up of elements as incongruous as those of the dying Democratic administration of Buchanan in 1859. Those elements in the Republican party of today are as opposite in composition as water and oil.

Let the Republicans unite in a policy which meets the problems of the nation with sincerity; then and not till then can the Republican party hope to be more than the minority party which they are today.

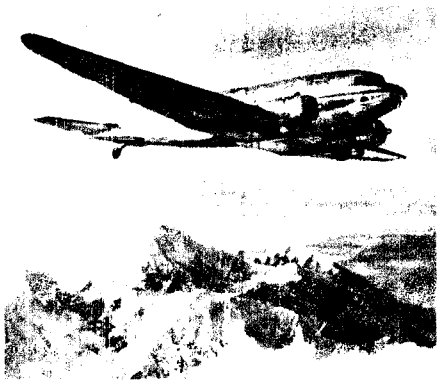
LEWIS OMER, Carthage, Ill.

That Wonderful Work Horse

EDITOR: Winged Work Horse by James H. Winchester (Dec. 30th) is one of the finest tributes to a wonderful, wonderful airplane —the Douglas DC-3. In my mind, there is none better, even if it is getting old. In fact, I love this airplane so much that I named my younger son for it. His name is Douglas Carl and he has three initials, so that makes it complete DC-3.

I served for 17 months in the Troop Carrier Command of the Ninth Air Force in England and France in 1944 and 1945, and we were using Douglas C-47s and C-53s. I have seen them return from missions that it would make a person wonder what was keeping them in the air. But the old work horse came back, and was usually ready to go on another mission the next day.

LUTHER JOE PYBUS, Amarillo, Texas



DC-3 over Mt. McKinley, Alaska

. . . Mr. Winchester's article on the DC-3—or C-47, as I know it—certainly brought back memories. I will add to the list of strange cargoes flown by this type of plane.

In moving the Chinese New First Army from Burma to China the C-47 transported some 3,600 horses and mules over the Hump. Each 47 carried four animals and four handlers. The C-47 brought a Coca-Cola bottling plant to Kunming from India. Further, on one of my trips in China, I was in a C-47 whose wing was hit by another plane while taking off. One of the crew members got out, hammered on the wing, and we flew from Nanning to Kunming.

MILTON A. SCHREIBER, Lt. Col. Armor USAR, Edgewater, N. J.

Blessings on Her

EDITOR: Just finished reading your wonderful article, Mrs. Tilly's Crusade (Dec. 30th), and I say, "Thank God for the Mrs. Tillys of the world."

It certainly warms my heart to read of people doing so much for all races and creeds. LORAIN SCHMID, Wooster, Ohio

Box-Top University

EDITOR: Please record one sneer for the correspondence school run by "Dean" Wilmer S. Shephard, Jr., purporting to teach people how to win prize contests of all sorts, as described in the article, "He Likes Contests Because . . ." (Dec. 30th).

The head note of the article discloses that "During the last 19 years, 15,000 alumni have won about $3,000,000." That averages out to about $10.75 winnings per year for each alumnus who has paid Dean Shephard $36 tuition for the course plus extras for his various bulletins and tip sheets.

A would-be student would be better advised to pay anywhere from $2,000 to $10,000 for a college education and increase his earning capacity by about $1,000 to $2,000 average per year for the rest of his life.

HOWELL A. INGHRAM, New York, N. Y.

. . . I first saw Shephard's ad in a magazine at the public library in 1947. I enrolled for his correspondence course secretly. My first win in a national contest was one dollar's worth of soap plus one of the nicest congratulatory letters ever written. A few weeks later, I won two $50 checks (one of them in a national and one in a local) and the cat was out of the bag. I no longer fear my family's and friends' laughter; they're much too proud of my modest winnings to do anything but cheer.

EVELYN BOEHMER, Everett, Wash.

No Room at Home

EDITOR: As one of the approximately 90 American medical students now enrolled at the University of Bern (Switzerland) I read Our Alarming Doctor Shortage (Dec. 16th) with a great deal of interest. The need of which you speak is indeed important. Not only is our country being weakened by a lack of medical personnel but many well-qualified young men and women are being deprived of an opportunity to follow the profession of their own choosing.

Only a fraction of the total number of graduating premedical students are able to find a place in an accredited American medical school. In their letter of rejection, New York University (Bellevue Medical School) informed me that only one in four would find a place. Flower and Fifth Avenue Hospital (New York Medical College) informed me that I was one of 2,500 applicants for their freshman class of approximately 100.

Fortunately, some of us have been able to gain admission to a medical school outside the United States. Here in Bern we are facing problems entirely foreign to study in the United States. First we must study in German (and take lectures in this language) and secondly we must plan on five rather than four years of medical school. This increases the length of medical education, including internship, from 10 to 11 years, all of which time we are almost completely dependent on our families financially.

As an individual who is spending his first of five years a long way from home, I sincerely hope that Congress will take action on this much-needed bill so that others may not be deprived of the education they seek or be forced to leave the United States to get it. DONALD MARGOULEFF, Bern, Switzerland

Collegiate Research

EDITOR: Dollars and Sense Research (Dec. 30th) is one of the most interesting articles I have ever read about a college. The clear and interesting picture of the work being done at the University of Illinois was a pleasure to read.

Why not an article every week on some college in the United States? I'm sure people would like to read stories of such colleges as the Naval Academy, West Point, Washington & Lee, Yale and even the smaller colleges. ROBERT CUSHMAN, Brooklyn, N. Y.

. . . In Dollars and Sense Research, Joseph Tykociner is given credit for inventing sound on film in 1921. However—sound on film *was not new* in 1921. In 1916, in Los Angeles, California, a Mr. W. F. Adler invented sound on film and demonstrated same for the Keystone Film Company.

A detailed account of this invention appeared in the December, 1916, issue of Illustrated World, a Chicago publication. There is also a photo of Mr. Adler together with his apparatus. The name of the article is Motion Pictures That Really Talk!

ADRIAN C. HENNE, Chicago Heights, Ill.

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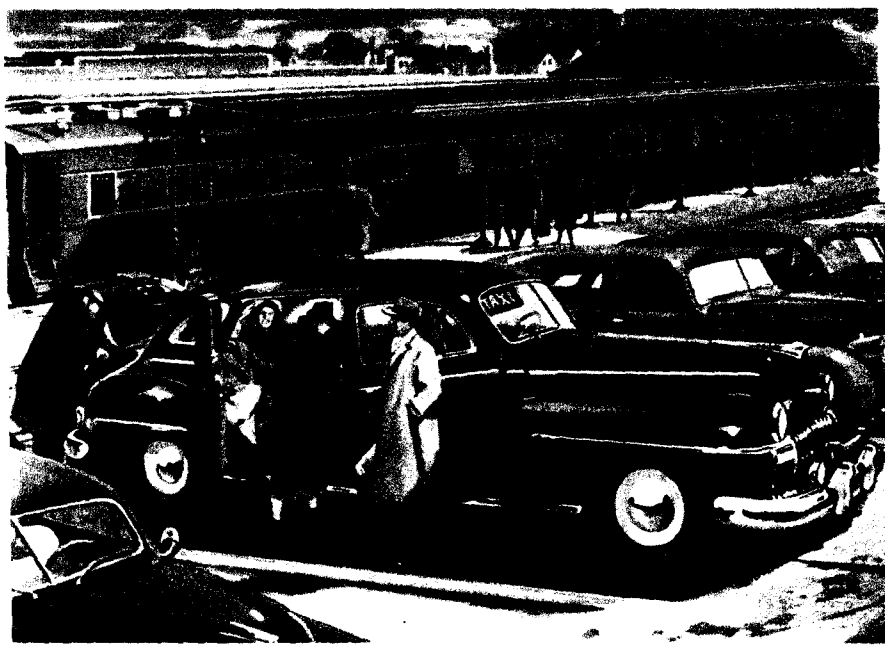
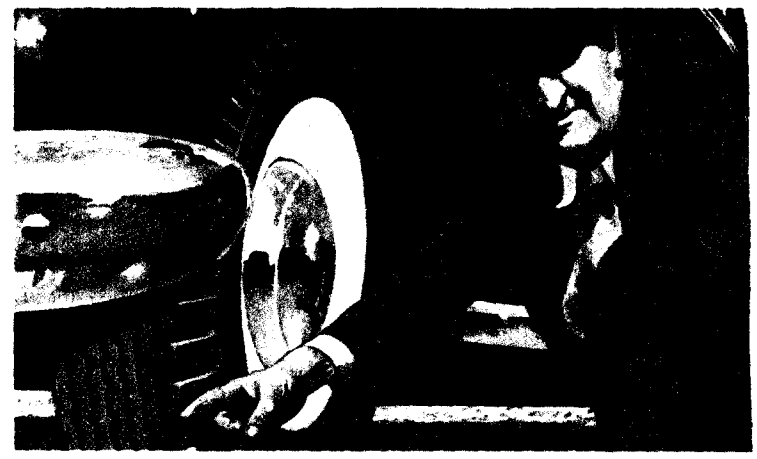
"I have to keep going in all sorts of weather!"

says E. A. Raymond of Hempstead, New York

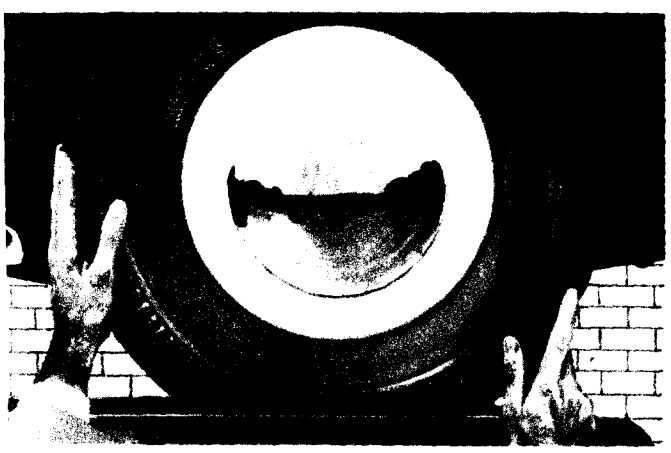


"I drive my own taxi . . . in all sorts of weather, over all types of roads, on all kinds of errands. Once in a raging blizzard I had to rush an expectant mother three miles to the hospital. Roads were deep with ice and snow, but we made it *in time!*

"I can't afford tire trouble. My tires have to take it day in and day out, often with the car 'way overloaded. Atlas Tires stand up. They're safe, too. That's why I've been using Atlas Tires for the past 8 years."

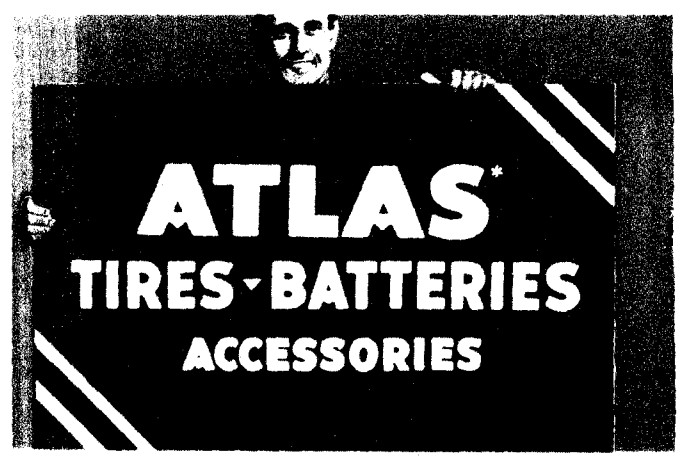


The wide flat tread of Atlas Tires puts more rubber on the road for long mileage and safe driving.



Hundreds of anti-skid edges grip the road firmly. Buttress-type sidewalls are strong and cool-running.

Atlas "Red" Butyl Tubes hold air pressure up to 10 times longer than natural rubber. Last longer, too.



Get a set or pair of Atlas Grip-Safe* or low-pressure Cushionaire* Tires today.

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"Listen to this: Your lips are sweet, your voice divine, won't you be my valentine!"

"Wow! Did I write that drivel?"

"You did—and it's beautiful drivel. I loved it!"

"It sure served its purpose at the time—but I'd express my love for you differently now."

"No more hearts and flowers?"

"Honey, all I mean is there's a practical side to my affection, too. For instance, yesterday I expressed my feelings toward you by filling out a life insurance application!"

"A what?"

"An application for life insurance—part of the Mutual Life INSURED INCOME program I'm starting for us. Now you and the twins will have a regular monthly check to count on even if I'm not around. And that's not all: comes the day when I retire, we'll have the money we'll need. You see . . ."

"Darling . . ."

". . . Insured Income provides both family protection and retirement income, so naturally . . ."

". . . you're still my valentine."

* * *

Mutual Life's Insured Income program is the ideal method for planning family security. It's economical, because it includes assets you already own, like a company pension, Social Security, G. I. Insurance, etc. It's realistic, because it's tailored to your needs and your means.

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SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET—containing specific, detailed information you wish to know about Social Security and how it teams with your life insurance. If you are 45 or under, you will be particularly interested in this booklet. Mail the coupon today. You'll also receive a handy filing envelope for keeping necessary official records.

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HOME ADDRESS..... CITY.....

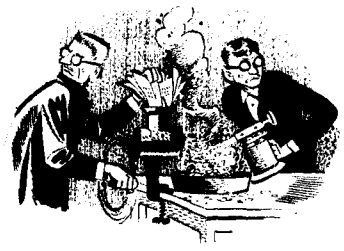
COUNTY..... STATE..... OCCUPATION.....

OFFICES THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES AND IN CANADA

48 States of Mind

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Our Washington man whispers that the most acrimonious fight in the Army's Pentagon Building has nothing to do with new and secret weapons and who's to get them when. An argumentative clique amongst our big brass is urging that official pronouncements be couched in simple English, and the tradition-loving majority is pledging itself to die before permitting any such revolu-



tionary nonsense to prevail. Nevertheless, the radicals have a case. They offer in evidence a directive telling what should be done with certain papers after their contents have been noted. Read it yourself and don't blame us: "At the end of the retention period mutilate the forms by tearing them into small pieces or shredding them and dispose of the resulting waste in accordance with established procedure."

★ ★ ★

In the interests of free speech, of which we are a fiery defender, we insist that you enjoy the unabridged right to indulge in cracks, gags and puns no matter how horrible. For example, Mr. Deskin Wells, of Wellington, Texas, was clearly within his constitutional rights in his reply to the fellow who told him that a couple of radio hams, having struck up an acquaintance over the air waves, recently married. "Wonder whether that sort of thing happens with any frequency?" asked Mr. Wells.

★ ★ ★

If you've been paying any attention at all to the welkin-ringing going on in Washington you know that the administration has been doing its best to plaster former President Hoover with a variety of unfashionable labels—Retreatist, Isolationist, Defeatist, America Firster and, honestly, we don't know what. It just happens that in this issue of Collier's begin Mr. Hoover's memoirs. It also just happens that we have a letter from a gentleman who, protesting that his only ambition is to "keep the record straight," wants you to read Mr. Hoover with a couple of facts in mind—facts which, he says, the White House and the State Department "seem to have conveniently forgotten." On January 2, 1950, Herbert Hoover urged upon the administration that the United States rush to the aid of Formosa as a "wall against Communism in the Pacific." The administration, even then chasing itself around the stump, ignored the idea as "not in keeping with its policy." And now, the gentleman writes, listen to the same administration! Today, a year later, we're fixing to do precisely what Mr. Hoover asked us a year ago to do—and got the brush-off for suggesting. Now who's a Retreatist? Anyway, read all about the young Herbert Hoover—in Collier's today. Heart-warming stuff.

★ ★ ★

If we hadn't verified this one, we'd gladly join you in protesting that such things just don't happen. In response to an inquiry from several of Idaho's lawmakers, the Idaho Mining Association has announced that it wants absolutely nothing from the 1951 legislature. "Nothing, that is," said Mr. Harry Marsh, the association's secretary, "except to be left severely alone."

★ ★ ★

Risking a good solid Missouri poke in the nose, Collier's will publish next week an article by Jonathan Daniels on how, why and when Mr. Truman writes those reverberating personal letters. We do this as a public service, without reproach. In fact we'd like to see a little more Trumanly rhetoric in the gobbledegook written by the silk-gloved State Department to the Kremlin. Daniels, Truman's biographer, gives you an over-the-shoulder look at the President's flying-saucer fountain pen. Next week. Or did we mention that?

★ ★ ★

We've been looking into that controversy about flying the flags of the Confederacy over the proposed Dixie Downs Race Track at West Memphis, Arkansas. It is proposed, if the track is built at all, that in addition to the Stars and Bars there will be other Confederacy embellishments—a statue of Robert E. Lee, for one thing. Moreover, it is proposed that track attendants be dressed in replicas of Confederate uniforms. The objections come from the Sons of the Confederacy. While the Sons might tolerate the flag flying and condone grudgingly the "profane use of the likeness of Robert E. Lee," they will not budge an inch in their objections to the use of Confederate uniforms. Said one of the sons: "Mister, I don't know just what I'd do if I caught some no-good race-track shill—maybe a damyankee—strutting around in that sacred uniform. No, sir, I just don't." We'll keep our good eye on the situation and let you know when the shooting starts.

★ ★ ★

To be quite frank with you, if we were a lady and were eligible we'd write to Mrs. Andrew Larson in De Smet, South Dakota. Mrs. Larson is the founder and president of the Proposed-To-In-A-Buggy Club. Anyone may join

JACK BETTS

who surrendered to a swain's impetuous avowals of deathless love whilst seated beside him as Old Dobbin clattered

(Continued on page 53)

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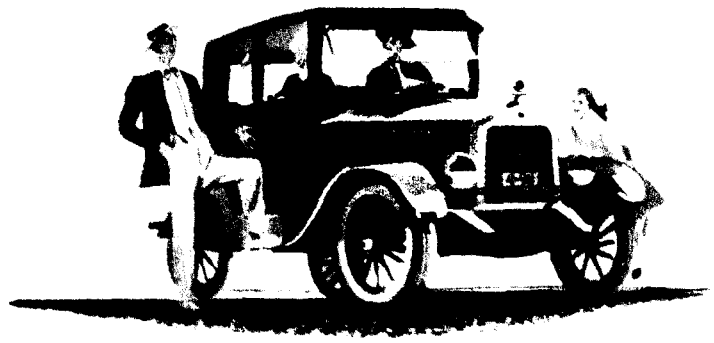

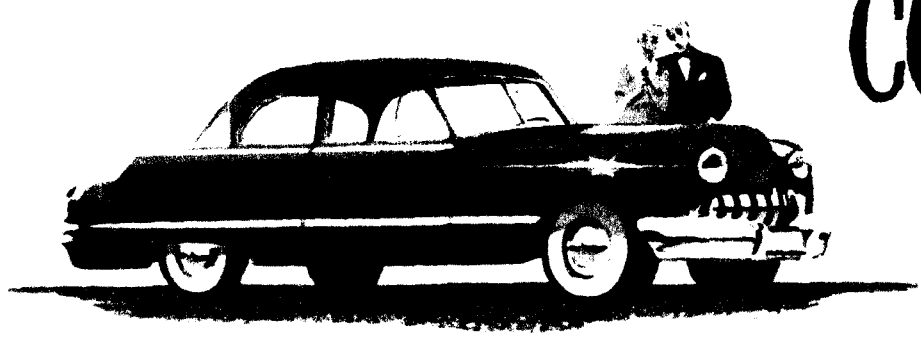

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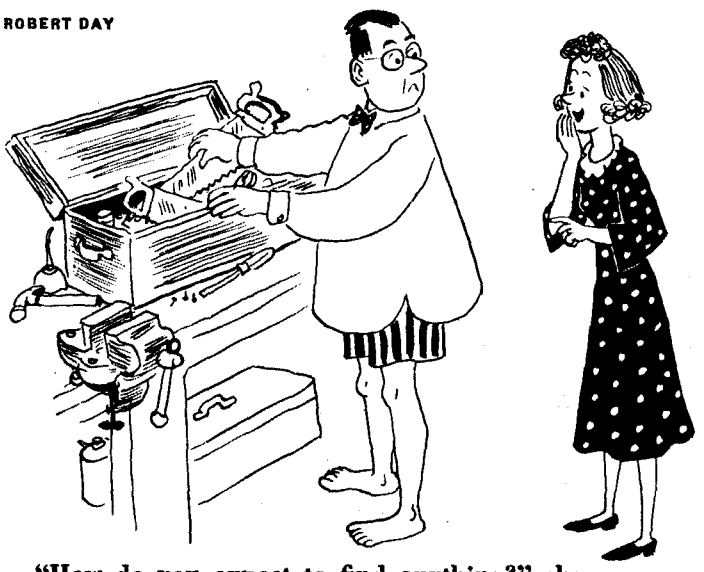
STAMPS in the Pillowcase

By WILLIS PLAYER

ROBERT DAY



"How do you expect to find anything?" she asked as I looked for my socks in the saws

SOMEDAY I'm going to come home and say to my daughter, "Where is your mother?" And my daughter is going to reply, "Up the silver maple leaving the scissors in a bird's nest."

This answer will not surprise me. I don't know how it is in your house—but in our house, a wife's capacity for leaving things in queer places is exceeded only by the queerness of her reasons for leaving them there; when she bothers to give a reason, that is.

Take the time I tried to go out the back door. It was locked. There was no key.

"Where's the key to the back door?" I shouted.

There was a moment's silence, followed by the statement: "It's on the outside of the door."

"Are we locking our doors to keep us in or strangers out?" I demanded.

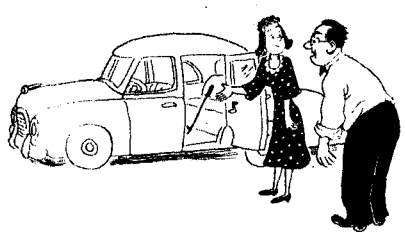
"But I went out the back door," she explained patiently. "So I had to lock it from the outside."

"But why leave the key in the lock?" I asked, trying to be calm. "Why not take it with you?"

"I was going over to Mary's," she said. "The last time, I took the key with me and mislaid it. It took Mary and me half an hour to find it. So I left it in the door this time."

One that really stopped me happened when I was looking for the fireplace poker.

"It's in the back seat of the car," my wife said.



"The poker is in the back seat of the car," she said

"That's no place to leave the poker," I protested.

"But I was going to church," said my wife in a tone of finality.

I quickly gave up trying to avoid asking her where things were. I couldn't find them unless I did ask. How was I to know that the air-mail stamps were under the pillows on the guest-room bed? Or my spare razor blades in the oven? And, above all, how was I to know that the stuff that looked like hair tonic in my hair-tonic bottle was really a perfume called Thief of Love?

For a little while, I thought I had my wife's filing technique figured out. I would simply look in the unlikeliest place. By that method, I once found a spare light bulb behind three volumes of Macaulay's History of England.

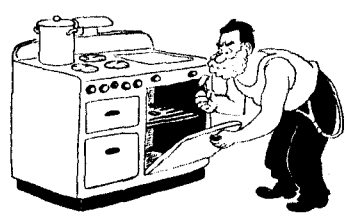
But the method was unreliable. My clean socks, for example, turned out to be in my own linen drawer instead of in the tool chest. And my wife made me the laughingstock of the neighborhood by telling everybody I'd been looking for socks among the saws.

"How do you ever expect to find anything?" she asked on that occasion.

Frankly, I don't. My only consolation is that most other men are in the same boat.

Take my boss. He married his secretary—the neatest, most orderly girl imaginable. She even kept an exact count of the paper clips in his desk.

Now he never knows at night where his toothbrush is going to be the next morning. THE END



How was I to know that all my blades were in the oven?

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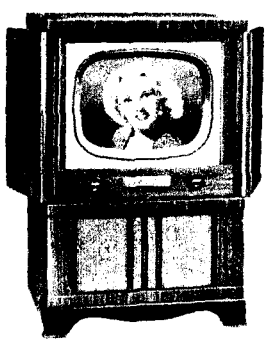

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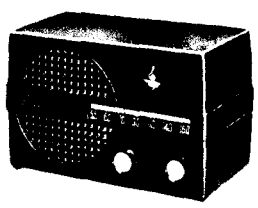

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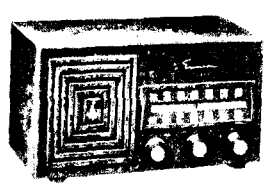

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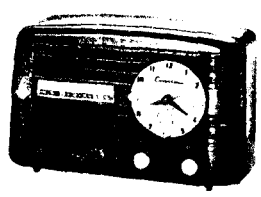

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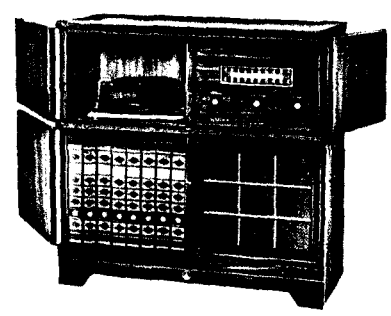

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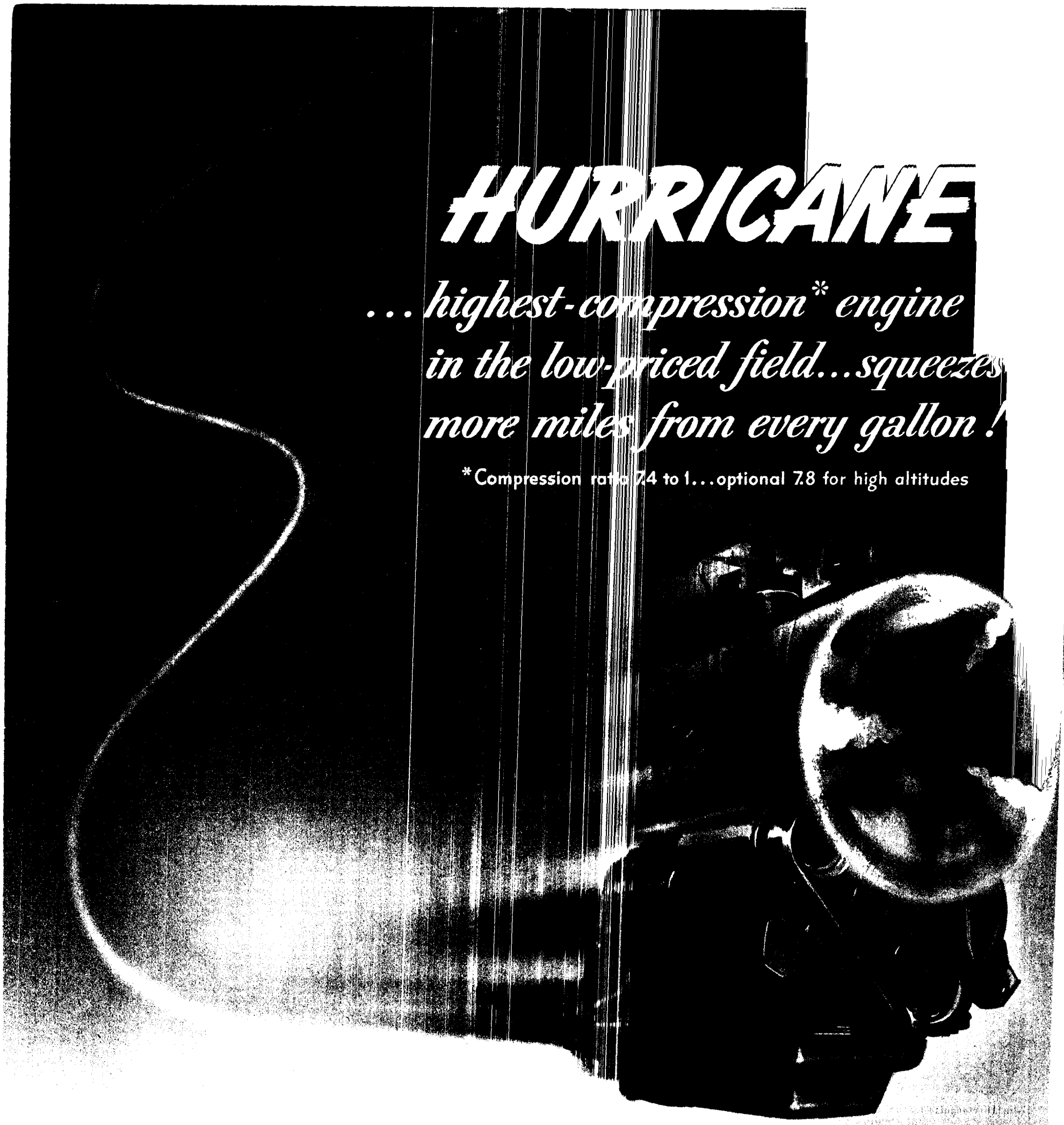

WILLYS makes sense

—IN DESIGN —IN ECONOMY —IN USEFULNESS

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Collier's, February 17, 1951

BEGINNING: *The Personal Memoirs of Herbert Hoover*

By HERBERT HOOVER

EMOCRACY is not a polite employer. The only way out of elective office is to get sick or die or get kicked out. When a President is out he carries no pension, privilege or pomp. He does not even carry away an honorary title, not even colonel. He is about the only retiring public official who is just Mister.

But an ex-President is not devoid of honor or advantages. He is naturally recognized everywhere because his picture has appeared in print every day for years. To his misfortune they are mostly the flashlight sort, with their absence of flattery and their implications of a prison personality. But recognition brings honor. The proof is that ex-Presidents are high in the seeking of the autograph hunter. And their appraisals of his relative importance are definite. One day a youngster demanded three autographs of me—which seemed to imply a generous compliment.

I asked, "Why three?"

"It takes two of yours to get one of Babe Ruth's."

The treatment of ex-Presidents has other real advantages. He can just be himself. He can go and come without the restraint of representing a symbol. I have traveled tens of thousands of miles alone, wandered in the slums of a score of cities, bought things in a thousand stores, visited hundreds of industrial works, been entertained in every sort of home from the roadside cottage to the greatest establishments. And everywhere I received pleasant, often affectionate, greetings, never a direct offensive word.

Mrs. Hoover and I found abundant compensations from being kicked out of a job after nearly 40 years of administrative responsibility and 20 years of strenuous public service. There came a great sense of release. It was emancipation from a sort of peonage—a revolution back to personal freedom.

For the first time in long memory, neither Mrs. Hoover nor I had to get up in the morning at the summons of a human or mechanical alarm clock with its shock into reality. We read the papers and listened to the radio after breakfast instead of between bites. We did it with complete detachment, for no longer did events so directly affect us as before. We looked over the hundreds of letters with the feeling that we did not have to answer them at all or anyway not today. There were no scores of visitors to see at 15-minute intervals, most of whom wanted something for themselves that they ought not have.

Now we could choose our visitors without fear of injury to public or party interest. There were no piles of documents to be signed before noon. There was no compulsion to make disagreeable decisions. We were not chained to the telephone nor slaves of a host of secretaries. I was able to walk out the front door, get in an automobile without a chauffeur and just drive anywhere.

If it were not from a sense of service or ambition, there would be no recruits for public jobs at all. Men can make a living with far more satisfactions and many less wounds to the soul at other callings.

The problem of post-White House living has proved difficult for many former Presidents to solve. There are but small pickings for lawyers and engineers except from corporate connections. The alternatives are to become a columnist and crowd some worthy workman out of press. Or take soap or insurance or pill money for broadcasting news comments. Or become a merchant or an industrial executive. Or undertake payment for public speaking. Any of these alternatives means more or less exploitation of the office of President.

I did not feel that I should return to my engineering practice, as that implied large corporate connections from which I felt I should be free. By somewhat rearranging our standard of living and drawing on capital, we could get along and be free for such public service as might develop.

During the more than 12 years after we left the White House until Mrs. Hoover's death, neither I nor Mrs. Hoover was free from public responsibilities or actions. But all these actions, whether they succeeded or failed, whether they were right or wrong, are not a part of this immediate narrative—for this is a purely family record.

Both Mrs. Hoover and I had always resented the intrusion of the press and public into our family life. It seemed to us that this refuge, with its joys and sorrows, belonged only to us. It was an inner sanctuary in which intruders were unwelcome and exploitation was bad taste. If, beyond proof of respectable and moral conduct, this was to be the road to public service, its achievement at times was heavy in price of self-demeanment.

But over the years a multitude of seekers for "human interest" stories and some biographers have elaborated incidents either into good or poorish fables, and, finally, I decided that an autobiography inclusive of an individual and an American family in itself furnished a background of the times that might have interest and perhaps value.

* * *

I was born at West Branch, Iowa, on August 10, 1874. My birthplace, a one-story, three-room cottage, was for many years afterward obscured by a two-story addition across the front. After I was elected President, the place became a profitable hot-dog stand catering to inquiring visitors. In 1934 my sons, Herbert, Jr., and Allan, succeeded in

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of Herbert Hoover was this three-room cottage in West Br[illegible]. Iowa. In 1934 his two sons bought it and gave it to the village

purchasing it. Mrs. Hoover restored the original cottage, built a caretaker's house, and presented the property to the village of West Branch. It is looked after by the village with an appropriation from the state.

I prefer to think of Iowa as I saw it through the eyes of a ten-year-old boy. Those eyes saw days of stern but kindly discipline, days filled with adventure and great undertakings, with participation in good and comforting things.

There was Cook's Hill, a great long hill where on winter nights, to satisfy our human craving for speed, we slid down at terrific pace with our tummies tight to homemade sleds. There was the swimming hole under the willows down by the railroad bridge. There were the woods down by the Burlington track. There were rabbits to be trapped in cracker boxes held open by a figure-four trap.

Rabbits early on a cold morning are nervous rabbits, but in the lore of boys it was better to bring them home alive. My brother Theodore, being older, had surreptitiously read in the Youth's Companion full directions for rendering live rabbits secure. I say surreptitiously, for mine was a Quaker family unwilling in those days to have youth corrupted with stronger reading than the Bible, the encyclopedia or those great novels where the hero overcomes the demon rum.

There were also at times pigeons in the forest and prairie chickens in the hedges. With the efficient instruction on the use of bows and arrows by a real live American Indian boy from a neighboring Indian school, sometimes by volleys in battalions we did bring down a pigeon or a chicken. The Ritz has never yet provided game of such wondrous flavor as a prairie chicken plucked and half-cooked over the small boy's campfire.

There were sunfish and catfish to be had. Nor did we possess the modern equipment in artificial lures, the tackle assembled from the steel of Damascus, the bamboos of Siam, the tin of Bangkok, the lacquer of China or silver of Colorado. We were still in that rude but highly effective epoch of the willow poles with a butcher-string line and hooks 10 for a dime. And the [illegible]ime was hard to come by.

Our compelling lure was a segment of an angleworm and our incantation was to spit on the bait. We lived in the time when a fish used to bite instead of "strike," and we knew it bit when the cork bobbed. Moreover we ate the fish.

And in the matter of eating, my recollections of Iowa food are of the most distinguished order. Later I had opportunity to eat both the presumably very best food in the world as well as the very worst. When I ate the worst, my thoughts went back to Iowa and my Aunt Millie's cooking—particularly her fried chicken and potatoes mashed with cream. I am able to say now that if all the cooks of Iowa are up to Aunt Millie's standard, then the gourmets of the world should leave Paris for Iowa, at least for Cedar County.

A Childhood Incident in the Smithy

My recollection of my father is of necessity dim. He died when I was six. I retain one vivid memento from his time. Playing barefoot around his blacksmith shop, I stepped on a chip of hot iron and carry the brand of Iowa on my foot to this day. Before his death he had parted with the blacksmith shop and established a comfortable farm-implement business. With larger resources and a growing family, he then bought a larger house across the street from my birthplace.

My recollections of my mother are more vivid, and are chiefly of a sweet-faced woman who after my father died took in sewing to add to the family resources. It was only years later that I learned of her careful saving of my father's life insurance in order that it might help in our education.

Iowa of those days was not without its tragedies. Medical science was still almost powerless against the contagious diseases which swept the countryside. My own parents were among their victims. My father succumbed to typhoid fever; my mother, when I was eight, to pneumonia.

Iowa in those years was also filled with school and chores and labor. I am no supporter of factory labor for children. But I have never joined with those who clamor against proper chores for children outside of school hours. Planting corn, hoeing gardens, learning to milk, sawing wood, and other proper and normal occupations for boys were a Montessori school in stark reality.

Since my mother had been educated above most women in those days—as a schoolteacher—she was in demand as a speaker at Quaker meetings. She also took a considerable part in the then vigorous prohibition campaigns. On one occasion I was parked for the day at the polls, where the women were massed in an effort to make the men vote themselves dry.

After her death our home was necessarily broken up. I was taken into the family of my Uncle Allen Hoover, who worked his own farm a mile from town. My sister May was taken in by my Grandmother Minthorn, and my brother Theodore by my Uncle Davis Hoover.

The $1.000 of my father's life insurance (for three children), plus the small realizations from his agricultural-implement business and the sale of our home, was by application of relatives to the courts put in charge of Laurie Tatum, a grand old gentleman and leading Quaker living at Tipton, Iowa, as legal guardian of all the three children. The relatives wanted no taint of manipulating the "estate."

At that stage in the agricultural history of Cedar County, a farm was not only a farm but all kinds of factories. Here the family performed all the functions of a Chicago packer, a Cincinnati soap company, a Duluth carpet factory and a California canner. Every fall the cellar was filled with bins and jars and barrels. That was social security itself. The farm families were their own lawyers, labor leaders, engineers, doctors, tailors, dressmakers and beauty-parlor artists. They developed high art in feathers and wax. My clothes, partly homespun and dyed with butternuts, showed no influence of Paris or London.

At Uncle Allen's farm we cut and hauled our

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY RICHARD SCHWARTZ

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own fuel from the wonderful woods 10 miles away on the river, and incidentally gathered walnuts and hickory nuts for the winter. These and popcorn balls cemented with sorghum molasses were our chief Christmas confections.

That economic system avoided strikes, lockouts, class conflicts, labor boards and arbitration. It absolutely denied collective bargaining to small boys. The prevailing rate for picking potato bugs was one cent a hundred, and if you wanted firecrackers on the Fourth of July you took it or left it. If that wage still prevails, it ought now to be adjusted to the commodity dollar and is entitled to a hearing by the Labor Board.

As gentle as are my memories of those times, I am not recommending a return to the good old days. Sickness was greater and death came sooner. While the standards of living in food and clothing and shelter were high enough for anybody's health and comfort, there was but little resource left for the other purposes of living. That is probably one reason why the people of Iowa of that period put more of their time into religious devotion than most of us do now. It certainly was less expensive than modern recreation. Its recreational aspects were, however, somewhat limited.

Solemn Hours of Quaker Meeting

Those who are acquainted with the Quaker faith, and who know the primitive furnishing of the Quaker meetinghouse, the solemnity of the long hours of meeting awaiting the spirit to move someone, will know the intense repression upon a ten-year-old boy who might not even count his toes. All this may not have been recreation, but it was strong training in patience.

Individual Bible reading was a part of the Quaker concept of education. Before I left Iowa I had read the Bible in daily stints from cover to cover. Religious training among the Quakers, in fact, began almost from birth. Even the babies were present at the invariable family prayers and Bible readings every morning.

My earliest realization of the stir of national life was the torchlight parade in the Garfield campaign of 1880. I was not only allowed out that night but saw the torches filled and lighted. I was not high enough to carry one, but I was permitted to walk alongside the parade.

There was only one Democrat in the village. He occasionally fell under the influence of liquor, and so in the opinion of our village he represented all the forces of evil. At times he relapsed to goodness in the form of a ration of a single gumdrop to the small boys who did errands at his store. He was, therefore, tolerated, and he served well and efficiently for a moral and political example.

In 1884, I was moved to Oregon. Upon the death of their only son, a maternal uncle and aunt asked that I be surrendered to them. This uncle—Henry John Minthorn—was a country doctor at Newberg, a Quaker settlement in the Willamette Valley.

At that time the railways conducted a service of emigrant trains to the West. Each car was fitted with bare bunks and a kitchen stove. The passengers furnished their own bedding and food. After some search, my guardians found a family named Hammil, who were emigrating and who agreed to look after me. Aunt Millie repaired my clothes, made up a roll of bedding, and cooked an enormous supply of fried chicken, ham, bread and meat pies. I was able to help feed the whole Hammil family over our seven-day journey.

When I arrived at Newberg, Aunt Laura Minthorn and her three daughters, my cousins, were making the pear-butter supply for the winter in a wash boiler over a fire in the yard. I had never eaten a pear before. I was asked to stir the butter and urged to eat as many pears as I liked. I liked them. But after two days of an almost exclusively pear diet I did not eat pears again for years.

I was at once put to school and the chores. These included feeding the doctor's team of ponies twice a day, hitching them up periodically, milking the cow and splitting the wood. All this routine, plus the abundant religious occasions, somewhat interrupted the constant call to explore the Oregon forests and streams. That, however, was accomplished in time. Repression of the spirits of boys is not a Quaker method, and the mild routines have their values.

Somehow I found time *(Continued on page 63)*

IOWA—the future President, sitting, was about five when this picture with brother Theodore was made

OREGON—Herbert lived in Newberg when photo was taken at age 17

[illegible]—While a student at Stanford University, young Hoover (sixth from left in back row) managed both the football and baseball teams. For a while, he played shortstop

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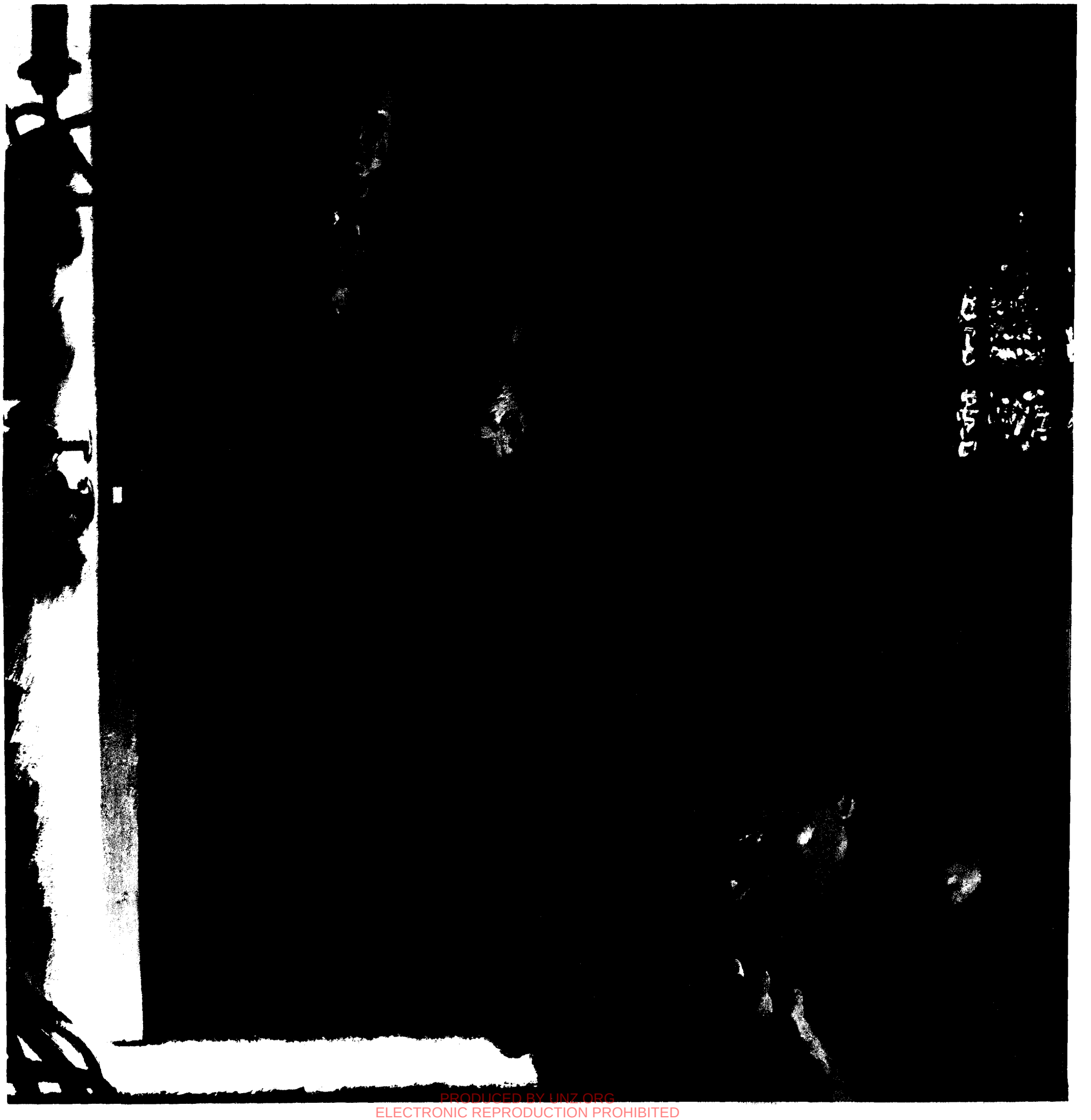
Kiss of Kandahar

Dr. Coffee heard the sound he had been waiting for: the scrape of a key in a lock. Then Max Ritter touched a switch



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It seemed to Dan Coffee that he had just fallen asleep when he was awakened by the pity of this girl who had been so beautiful in life.
[illegible] nothing. Dr. Coffee guessed that a kiss can kill

By LAWRENCE G. BLOCHMAN

THE woman in Suite 232 of the Southside Apartment Hotel was certainly young, probably under twenty-five. She was tall and blond and, if not breath-taking, at least striking in appearance. Although she had lived at the Southside only ten days, both day and night clerks remembered the exact color of her eyes, the fact that she was always well-dressed, and the names and descriptions of the three persons who had visited her after her arrival. They also suspected that she was well-built, a suspicion that was confirmed by the night clerk who found her lying in her bathtub, dead.

The woman in Suite 232 was registered at the Southside as Belinda Ford Holliday. The night clerk who found her dead in her tub had been trying to raise her for an hour on the house phone to announce the arrival of a telegram. He knew she had not gone out, and when she failed to respond to the bellhop's repeated knocking, the night clerk had let himself in with a passkey. As a radio was playing in the bathroom, the clerk investigated, took one good look, gasped, and immediately called the police.

The Northbank Police Department arrived in three successive waves. The shock troops came within a few minutes, with the sirens of the prowl cars screaming bloody murder. The squad cars drove up with a low growl of authority. The two carloads of technical men deployed in comparative silence, followed by the solitary, slow-gaited dignity of the final link in the chain of command: Lieutenant of Detectives Ritter.

Slim, dark, sad-eyed Lieutenant Max Ritter made his way to Suite 232 without a word. When he entered the bathroom, and instinctively took off his soft felt hat, his big ears gave him the silhouette of a pogo stick. He looked at the body in the tub and noted the pungent, sweetish aroma that permeated the white-tiled brilliance of the bathroom. He observed that the peach-colored silk lingerie, neatly folded beside the portable radio on the clothes hamper, was hand-embroidered. He also saw that an ash tray on the flat rim of the bathtub contained three cigarette stubs smoked to within half an inch of the straw tips. On the cerise bath mat, a mystery novel lay face down on its opened pages.

Ritter took another look at the late Belinda Ford Holliday. His long nose wrinkled as he sniffed pensively at the scented atmosphere. Then, as required by law, he telephoned the coroner. However, since the coroner was prone to regard all unexplained deaths as due to heart failure, apoplexy or accident —unless, of course, the head was missing or a knife protruded from the back—Ritter also telephoned his friend Dr. Daniel Webster Coffee, pathologist at Northbank's Pasteur Hospital, who had a great and useful scientific curiosity. . . .

Dr. Coffee was dining on a sandwich in his laboratory when Max Ritter phoned. An emergency operation was in progress and the surgeon had asked for a biopsy. It was an hour before Dr. Coffee had made a frozen section of the tissue from the operating room, and given his microscopic diagnosis. Then he went to join Ritter at the Southside Apartment Hotel.

"The coroner just left, Doc," Ritter said, as the tall, sandy-haired pathologist walked into Suite 232.

"Then you won't need me after all," Dr. Coffee said.

The detective blew an irreverent bubble of sound through his lips. "You know the coroner better than that, Doc," he said. "In an election year, the coroner's got no time for autopsies or inquests. So he says this is a case of accidental drowning. He thinks the bath was too hot or the gal got in too soon after eating. He says she fainted, got her face under water and drowned. Only there wasn't any water in the tub when I found her."

"Her hair's wet," the pathologist said. "She could have kicked the plug out after she was unconscious, by a reflex action in a completely automatic struggle to survive."

"That's what the coroner says." The detective pursed his lips skeptically. "He also says that funny color in her face is a sign of drowning. Cyanosis, he says. I tell him I got it on good authority that cyanosis can also come from cyanide poisoning, and that cyanide smells like bitter almonds. Did you catch a whiff of that almond smell when you came in, Doc?"

Dr. Coffee nodded. The fragrant ghost of bitter almonds still haunted the room.

"But the coroner says the smell comes from the almond bath oil the dame's been using," the detective continued. "That's the bottle on that glass shelf, there. You can touch it, Doc. The boys dusted it and there's no prints on it."

Dr. Coffee picked up a bottle labeled: Kiss of Kandahar—Almond-scented Aromatic Bath Oil. There was a small amount of oily yellow liquid at the bottom of the bottle. Dr. Coffee withdrew the cork and raised it cautiously to his nostrils. The fragrance matched the scent of almonds which clung to the air. The pathologist again examined the dead woman's face.

"I don't think it was cyanide, Max," he said. "The lividity of the face isn't the right color. It's not right for drowning either. It's brownish gray, rather than a purple shade. Of course I can't be sure of anything without an autopsy. Is the coroner going to do a post-mortem?"

"He is not," Ritter said. "But he authorizes me to hire you to do one if I find suspicious circumstances. And that's what I find, all right."

"What are they, Max?"

"Well, this Belinda dame is divorced in Florida just a few weeks ago. I find the divorce papers in the other room. Her ex-husband is a guy named Warren Holliday from Boone Point—a jobber in spices and stuff he sells to the food canneries around here. Seems like Belinda had a date with him tonight, and he stood her up. Or he wants us to believe he stood her up. Just before the body was found, this telegram came for Belinda."

Ritter produced a yellow telegraph blank from his pocket and read aloud: " 'Sorry can't see you tonight but will try to make it tomorrow. Love. Warren.' The wire was filed at Boone Point late this afternoon. I just had the local police chief on the phone, and he can't locate Warren Holliday anywhere in Boone Point. So maybe Belinda's ex did come to Northbank after all; maybe he sent this wire to build himself a little alibi in advance. Maybe— What's up, Brody?"

THE plain-clothes man in the doorway said, "There's a bird outside, Lieutenant, says he has a date with Mrs. Holliday. Want to see him?"

Ritter winked knowingly and motioned to Dr. Coffee with his head.

"Sure, Brody. I'll see him." Ritter took Dr. Coffee's arm and closed the bathroom door behind them.

Brody ushered in a slim, homespun young man who appeared to be still in his twenties, and wasn't quite at home in the alert, executive manner he was wearing. He wore an obviously expensive suit, but wore it rather uneasily. Somehow his big muscular arms seemed to call for blue denims; and his hands should have held precision tools instead of the green wax-paper cornucopia of flowers they were carrying awkwardly.

"Are you Warren Holliday?" Ritter asked.

"No." The young man smiled nervously. "My name is Roy Manson. Isn't Mrs. Holliday here? I thought—"

"Sit down, Manson," Ritter said. "You live in Northbank?"

"Yes." Manson remained standing. "I'm general manager of the Bosworth Shoe Factory."

Of course, Dr. Coffee thought. General manager. Country boy makes good on big job. The good old American phenomenon: the self-made man—the quick rise from the production line to the front office.

"Are you in love with Belinda Holliday?" Ritter asked bluntly.

"Oh, no." Manson's smile was patient. "Belinda and I are very old friends. We went to school together in Missouri as kids. But I'm engaged to marry Esther Bosworth."

"The boss's daughter?" Ritter asked.

"Esther owns the factory now. Mr. Bosworth died six months ago. Would you please tell me what's happened to Belinda? I know something is wrong. I saw all those police cars downstairs, and—"

"She's dead," Ritter declared.

MANSON sat down clumsily. He stared at Ritter with stunned eyes. "I was afraid of something like this," he said numbly.

"The coroner says it was an accident," Ritter said. "Tell me about your date with Belinda tonight."

"I'd invited Belinda to have dinner with me and my fiancée tonight," Manson said. "Esther has been visiting relatives in California, but I'd expected her back. Then she decided to stay on the Coast a few days longer, so this morning I called Belinda to tell her the dinner was postponed.

"Belinda sounded awfully blue on the phone. I'd noticed she'd been pretty dejected since she came back from the South, and it worried me. I've always been fond of Belinda. She's been terribly nice to me. When I first came to Northbank, when I was just a kid factory hand, not even a foreman then—why, Belinda used to invite me over to Boone Point for Sunday dinner and things. She'd just been married to a man with quite a bit of money, but she didn't try to snoot me. So when I saw how blue she was feeling, I thought I'd come over tonight anyhow, to try to cheer her up."

"What was she blue about?" Ritter asked.

"I can only guess." Manson shook his head. "I think the man she was going to marry may have walked out on her after she got her divorce. But that's only a guess."

"What was the man's name?"

"I don't know. She wouldn't tell me. He was married, too, and was supposed to get a divorce himself. So maybe—"

"Okay, go on home," Ritter said. "I'll call you tomorrow if I want you."

"I'd better be getting home myself, Max," Dr. Coffee said, "before my wife locks me out. I'll do the autopsy in the morning."

Roy Manson started for the door, hesitated, came back and placed the bouquet of flowers on a table.

"I'd like to leave these," he said. . . .

It seemed to Dan Coffee that he had just fallen asleep when he was awakened by his wife pinching his shoulder.

"Dan, wake up. The *(Continued on page 67)*

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES DWYER

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MURDER Is My

By FRANK PHARES

I AM a killer. I kill for money. Since making murder my business, I have put more than 700 men and women into The Big Sleep, using for the most part such conventional means as firearms, knives, lead pipes, poison and strangulation. But in more whimsical moments, I have sent my victims over cliffs in automobiles, fed them to wild animals, and atomized them with dynamite. And once, enjoying a fleeting visitation of maniacal genius, I brought the metal part of an invalid's chair in mortal contact with the local power and light company.

I have committed murder in almost every quarter of the globe, but I have most often favored my native land. And not once have I been so much as arrested. My murders are within the law. In fact, some 65 have been executed with the full endorsement of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

I am a writer of murder mysteries for radio and television.

I have not always had a lust for committing literary murder. Perhaps a predisposition for it stemmed from my days covering the police and courthouse beats for the Dallas News. But the urge to kill remained dormant for years. When I came into network radio 15 years ago, my first writing assignment was a one-hour musical comedy series for CBS, followed by a long line of comedy and dramatic shows. Among the latter were two daytime serials in which the only casualties were the specialized ones—like "he will never walk again," or "she will never see again"—considered normal hazards of life by the devotees of soap operas.

Then one fateful day in the summer of '43, I started writing a weekly mystery-adventure series called Foreign Assignment for the Mutual network. In the very first script I killed a man. And that taste of blood proved my undoing. Each week, as long as the series ran, there was a murder. The officials of the network, seeing the homicidal trend my life was pursuing, did what they could to save me while there was yet time. They canceled the series.

But they didn't offer me a better life. So there I was, still a potential killer at large. Then out of the

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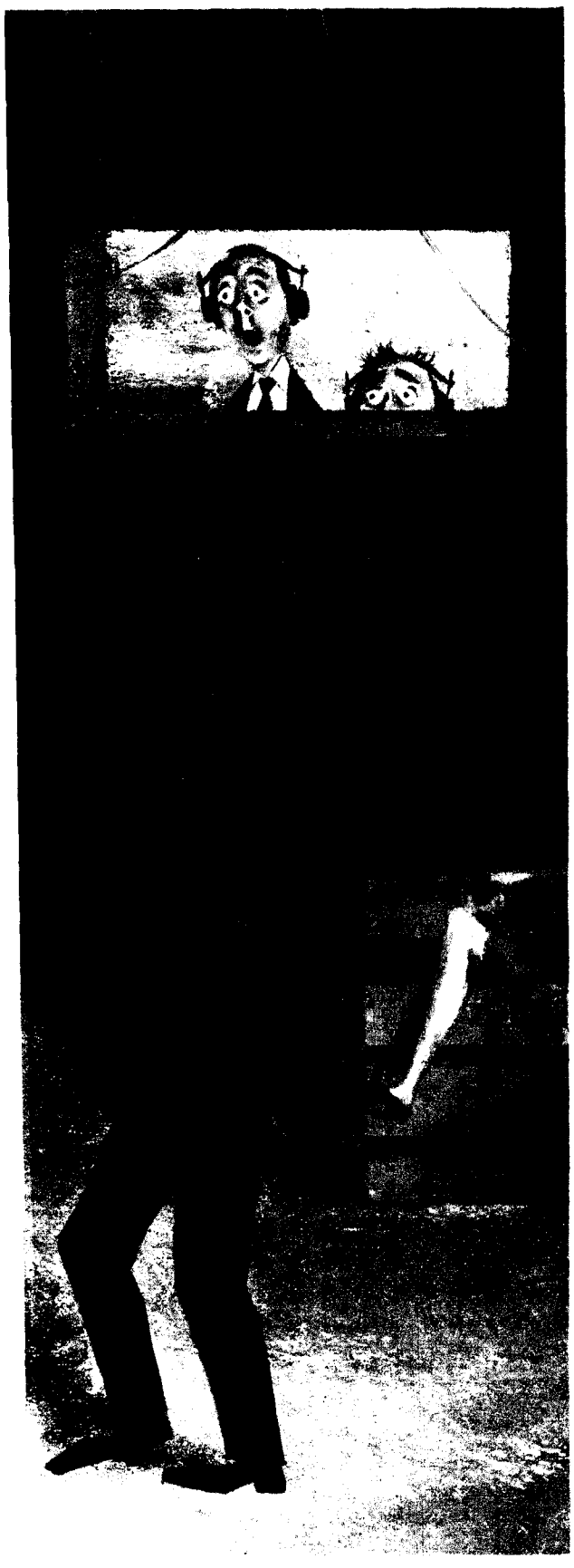
Business

night came a helping hand. It was attached to the person of Henry Souvaine, an independent radio and television producer. He thought association with the finer things in life would restore me to useful citizenship. So I was put to writing continuity for James Melton and guest stars on the Texaco Star Theatre, and intermission features for the Metropolitan Opera broadcasts.

Blood lust will tell, though. I was asked to do a script for Mr. District Attorney. And that did it. I murdered the proprietor of a pawnshop, and I've been mowing 'em down ever since—including those 65 FBI-approved killings, committed for the ABC program This Is Your FBI.

And I have no regrets, for I have found that crime does pay. Script fees for a 30-minute whodunit range from $250 to well over $1,000. It is possible to earn as much as $50,000 to $100,000 a year at the racket. Whodoesit? I ain't talkin'.



But the sponsors consider it money well earned, for the crime-show audience is a big one. The reason is not hard to see: Radio whodunits serve as a safety valve in the home—a vicarious release for inhibited impulses. Take any man after a hard day over a hot desk.

The boss has been especially vexing. Our breadwinner would like to put a cement vest on him and drop him in the reservoir. But that is impractical. So he turns to the radio, hears somebody thrown under a fast freight, imagines it to be the boss, and he is happy.

Junior and the woman of the family have their innings, too. The kid down the block has been pushing Junior around; the garbage man has spilled orange peels all over the housewife's back steps. So on the radio someone slips moth spray into the villain's soup *du jour;* Mother and Junior engage in a little thought transference and soon everyone is smiling again. Step right up and twist the diabolical dial! Something to please the Mr. Hyde in each and every member of the family!

Radio has a hypersensitive ear for complaints from listeners. When too many of them protest that such and such a writing trend violates good taste or accepted moral standards, or constitutes a menace to the public welfare, corrective steps are taken.

Some time ago, radio's crime department was the target for a fusillade of protests from civic, social and religious groups. Radio, they objected, made crime too attractive, criminals too glamorous; it indirectly encouraged both young and old to risk the pain of sin to indulge its pleasures. They had a good point there. So came the reformation.

The word went down to the writers. Deglamorize crime and criminals. Glamorize the Law and its champions. Make everybody want to be a cop—or a private eye. A step further, radio severed all dramatic relations with kidnaping, sex and suicide. Narcotics must not be identified, nor their use made pleasurable. Neither must poisons be identified. However, what goes on in the outside world with respect to these two items leads one to suspect that information on them must have leaked out somehow.

Radio also bowed to pressure from racial, national and religious groups, with the result that most radio crimes are now perpetrated by irreligious Americans of Anglo-Saxon ancestry. During the last war, however, it was permissible and popular to make criminals German or Japanese. And now, of course, it is all right to make them you-know-what. But if any other accent is used on the wrong side of the Law, just try to identify it.

Foul Language Is Toned Down

Profanity, of course, has never been permitted on the air, a handicap to realism when it comes to putting words in the mouths of underworld characters, as you might imagine.

Writers can never go any further, for example, than, "Why, you dirty————!" leaving the listener to fill in the blank with his favorite expletive. By and large, language is restricted to such as might be used in talking with one's grandmother in her knitting room.

Gory murders must not be committed "on mike," either. In other words, if a victim is to be carved up in order to fit more neatly into a trunk, say, the operation must be referred to only as having happened or as about to happen. The listener or televiewer (especially the latter) must never witness it.

Despite the reformation, radio and television crime shows still have and will continue to have their ag'iners. But the shows have long since won general acceptance, and they now enjoy great public applause. The program ratings and product sales of sponsors prove it. More positive proof, however, is the mail response from listeners—and don't think it doesn't come in tons. Last September, it was announced at the conclusion of a Sam Spade broadcast that the program was leaving the air. NBC was promptly swamped by more than 100,000 letters of protest. The result: Sam Spade returned to the air.

Listeners take their favorite whodunits seriously. To a great many, the characters and situations are not fictional—they are real. And if something happens listeners do not like, they are heard from. When I was writing the radio version of Famous Jury Trials—wholly fictional—we received hundreds of letters protesting the fictional sentences imposed upon the fictionally convicted defendants. They were too heavy, not heavy enough, a travesty on justice, there was still some reasonable doubt and so on.

"Why, the very idea!" one woman stormed through the mail, "sending that poor man to the electric chair for killing his wife. She was a no-good so-and-so. I'm a woman, I ought to know. Sure the state's witnesses prettied her up, but no matter how much you shine it, a bad penny is a bad penny, and if I'd been on that jury . . ."

". . . So they give that joker only two calendars (years) for that job?" complained one man with a personal slant. "And for the same thing they throw the book at me."

Soap-Opera Fans Go for Perry Mason

Perry Mason, the famous lawyer of mystery fiction—created by Erle Stanley Gardner, but written for radio by Irving Vendig—is the darling of the daytime, or soap-opera audience. Bushels of letters are received, not only asking for advice and counsel, but actually seeking to employ his services. (He has never lost a case, you see.) One party involved in some critical situation way out in Honolulu telephoned the CBS network with an urgent appeal for Perry Mason's help. The CBS spokesman was quite sympathetic, but had to break the news that Perry Mason does not really exist. This went over like a lead balloon with Honolulu. Who was the spokesman trying to kid? Honolulu had just finished listening to Perry Mason in person on the radio. It took a lot of patience and convincing, but CBS finally won its case.

Mr. District Attorney has the same reality for a vast number of his followers. Being a fictional character, his record is, of course, wholly without blemish. Like Perry Mason, he never loses a case, never fails to solve a crime, to break up a racket. He is the nemesis of all evil and the champion of the downtrodden. And he is constantly petitioned to run for district attorney of this and that locality, with the assurance that he will win hands down.

His special investigator, the intrepid, pugilistic In-The-Nick-Of-Time-and-Down-The-Coal-Chute Harrington, has his legions of admirers, too. His physical prowess is, of course, the source of their affection. And well deserved it is, too. No mere one-against-one fighter, Harrington has been known to enter a joint with the odds at the onset four to one. Presently Harrington is the only man standing. The joint itself? Kindling.

Now a reputation like Harrington's can get a man in trouble. Ask the man who plays the role—Len Doyle. He took his two boys hunting one day. They saw a wildcat up a tree and promptly put their father out on a limb.

"Do it like you do in the show, Daddy!"

Daddy did, and the next day Daddy showed up in the studio with both arms wrapped like a fresh mummy. But, as the saying goes, you should have seen the wildcat. He was just a hide nailed to the barn door.

As you indulge your favorite whodunit, did you ever wonder howcumit? That is, what preparation goes on before that little half hour with you? This is what happens:

First, the writer does the script. That's a brief way of saying it; for me, it's a gross oversimplification. Suppose I am writing a show called, "Spider Webb—Private First-Class Eye." To start with, I must have a plot, although sometimes this element is ignored. I get a plot from *(Continued on page 71)*

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I joined her on the beach and a little later she thawed out slightly. "I don't understand you, Harry," she said. "The way you chased down here, I thought you cared for me a little"

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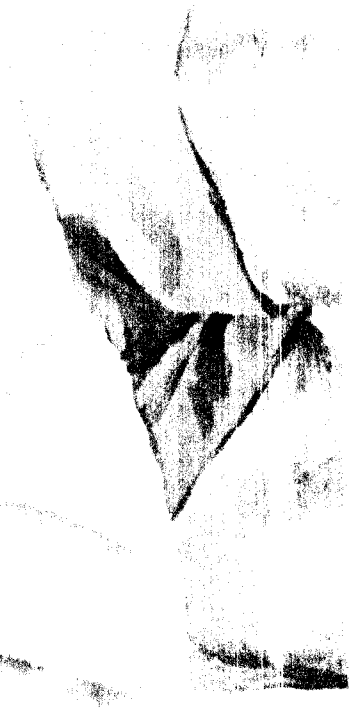
A Room for Butch

Butch was the homeliest bulldog I had ever seen. But beauty's only skin-deep, and Butch certainly had a good heart—and the instincts of a born matchmaker



WHEN I first saw the girl, I was sitting out on the lawn in front of one of Florida's smartest motor courts. The tropical sun was beating down on my Northern pallor, and outside of a few small twinges about my business back North I felt fine.

Suddenly I heard a squeal of brakes in the driveway. A car had come to a stop. I could see a girl and a dog in the front seat and both of them were looking at the neat little sign stuck in the grass.

NO DOGS

The girl put one finger in her mouth and chewed on it thoughtfully. Then she looked across at me and smiled tentatively. She was slender, with mischievous blue eyes, a button of a nose and an impudent expression. Pretty, but not to be compared with the classic beauty of Frances. The animal beside her was the homeliest bulldog I had ever seen.

"He never bites," the girl said. "Hardly ever. He's better behaved than most people. What are my chances of getting him in?"

"Practically nil," I said.

"Butchie," she said, "you'll have to sneak in. I couldn't drive another mile. We've been turned down four times and there are limits to a girl's patience. Get down."

The dog descended to the floor of the car and the girl drove on and parked just beyond the office and outside my room. The motor court was a long low brick building with a picture window in every room. I wandered up and stood outside my door to listen to the girl charming the room clerk.

She got her room and then said gaily, "Just give me the key. Don't trouble yourself coming down to my room."

"No trouble at all," the room clerk said smoothly.

"It isn't necessary," the girl said, with a note of panic in her voice, but the clerk was obdurate. I knew he wanted to see as much of the girl as possible. She was too pretty for Butch's good.

The car was right in front of me and suddenly I acted on impulse. I opened my door and the door of the car.

"Step lively, Butch," I said. He studied me a moment, made up his mind, lumbered out of the car and into my room. I followed him inside and shut the door.

Butch wandered around the room, then came over and sat down on my feet. I waited until I was sure the clerk would be back in his office, then cautiously opened my door two inches. The girl, looking wild-eyed, was standing on the threshold of number eight right next to me.

"I smuggled Butch in," I said. "Why didn't you leave him home? Put him in a kennel?"

"He doesn't like dogs," she said flatly, as though that explained everything.

"What do you mean he doesn't like dogs?" I said. "What does he think he is?"

"They make him nervous," she said. "I left him in a kennel once for a week end. The other dogs barked and upset him. He got loose and chewed up two very valuable dogs and there was some trouble. The people were annoyed."

"I bet they were," I said. "I think the coast is clear. Come and get him."

She stepped inside my room, picked up Butch's leash and happened to see Frances' picture on the combination desk and vanity.

"What a beautiful girl," she said. "Is she your wife?"

"Not yet," I said. "Her parents have a winter home down here and I came down to propose. I got worried about her being so far away and having a gay time with other men. I just got in myself an hour ago. I called her up and I'm going over to have dinner with her and her family."

"She's lovely," the girl said. "You're lucky. But I think she's lucky, too. I almost fainted when I looked in the car and found Butchie missing. How did you manage to think so quickly? I think you're wonderful."

I felt a glow inside. She was the kind of girl who could make a man feel like a knight in shining armor. I wasn't accustomed to that. Around Frances I usually felt like a waiter who has spilled the soup.

"Thanks ever so much," she said, and held out her hand. "I'm Joan Prentice. Good luck with your girl."

She started into her own room, shut the door on Butch, then turned back. "You wouldn't have a can opener, I don't suppose?" she said. "I left mine in Georgia last night and Butch will be getting hungry."

I SHOOK my head and closed the door. She was a nice girl but scatterbrained. Not at all like Frances. I was due at her house at six o'clock and at ten minutes of six I stepped outside and was instantly horror-struck.

There was Butch, looking out the picture window at me. Joan had drawn the curtains but Butch had made a gap between them. I made signs at him to go away and his ugly face wrinkled into a grin. I hammered on the door. There was no answer and I moved back to the window. Just as I did so I saw Miss Prentice. She was stepping out of the shower.

She wore a bathing cap and a towel draped across one arm and nothing else. I tried to do the gentlemanly thing and leap *(Continued on page 50)*

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY FREDMAN

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One Day at Gettysburg

Fourscore and seven years ago, plus three months, Abraham Lincoln delivered one of the most famous addresses of all time at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. Thousands of people —including a great many reporters— witnessed this event, a fact that has given scholars a rare opportunity to judge the mood of an important moment in history. Robert S. Harper does just that in this selection from his book, Lincoln and the Press, just published by McGraw-Hill Book Co., Inc.

AT DUSK of Wednesday, November 18, 1863, a special train of four coaches puffed into the little town of Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, bringing from Washington an official delegation to dedicate on the morrow a soldiers' national cemetery on the battlefield where in July the Union Army turned back Lee's invasion.

It had been raining all afternoon, but the clouds disappeared with the early darkness and the moon shone on the scarred ground for which the armies had struggled.

Gettysburg was in a state of chaos and excitement, filled to overflowing with thousands come to witness the dedication. Special trains arrived every hour, bringing passengers from New York, Philadelphia and Western cities. Horse-drawn vehicles brought visitors from the countryside for miles around. Governors and their suites from states whose troops had participated in the battle were in the crowd. Hotels and rooming houses were jammed, and the people of Gettysburg, doing everything they could to accommodate the crowd, took visitors into their homes. Some said this "invasion" was almost as bad as the first. Visitors were thankful if they could find a corner in a tavern.

Passengers alighting from the Washington train included Cabinet members—Secretary of State Seward, Secretary of the Interior Usher, and Postmaster General Blair—senators, congressmen, high-ranking officers representing the Army and Navy, Foreign Ministers, a military guard, newspaper correspondents, and President Lincoln with his two private secretaries, Nicolay and Hay.

David Wills of Gettysburg, who had suggested that a national cemetery be established, an idea taken up by Governor Curtin of Pennsylvania, had the honor of playing host to the President and was at the station to receive his distinguished guest. The rest of the party went in all directions, looking for supper and lodgings. Hay was stopped by newspaper correspondents who asked for copies of the speech the President was to make. He explained over and over again he had no copy to give them and had no idea what the President was going to say.

Hay ate an oyster supper at a place near the Gettysburg College campus and went from there to the courthouse where a group of marshals was making its arrangements to handle the crowd at the battlefield. There he saw John W. Forney, of the Philadelphia and Washington newspapers, who was as near to Lincoln as any man in journalism or politics. Forney invited Hay and some of his other friends to go to his room for a drink. Later they stood outside and watched parading bands serenade President Lincoln, Secretary Seward and other prominent men. Lincoln appeared in the door of the Wills home and said he would make no speech because he had "nothing to say."

Nicolay came along and went upstairs with Forney and the others where they had some more drinks. Feeling jubilant by that time, they broke into song with John Brown, and Nicolay did a solo of Three Thieves.

Someone said Forney should be serenaded with the other celebrities, and Nicolay went to find a band. Forney told Hay that if he made a speech himself he was going to speak his mind. Just then the music blared outside.

The publisher assumed a pose of great dignity. He wanted to know whether there were reporters in the crowd and ordered Hay to find out. When told there were newspapermen present, he asked whether they were friendly. That was a hard question to answer and the suggestion was made that he be careful. The crowd outside, meanwhile, was calling for him.

Forney fortified himself with another drink, in which his guests joined, and said he was ready to go. They went downstairs and Forney stood on the doorstep, with Hay on one side and one of his reporters, John Russell Young, on the other. Several reporters separated from the crowd and came into the hall.

The publisher really gave the crowd a piece of his mind as he had threatened. He chided them for apathy toward the President, saying the cheers he had just heard were louder than those given for Lincoln. He told his listeners they owed their country to that "mysterious man."

During the evening, in a room shielded from the wild celebration in the streets, Edward Everett of Massachusetts, brought to Gettysburg to deliver the address of the occasion, received the press for an interview.

Everett was the most noted orator of his time. His carefully prepared address had been sent out in advance to the newspapers and already was in type, to be held for release.

He entertained his visitors with stories of his days in Europe, how kind Lord Byron was to him in Venice and how he missed seeing Napoleon because he was at Waterloo. He was in his seventieth year, with long white hair, and as he talked he gesticulated with a cambric handkerchief.

* * *

Gettysburg awakened the next morning to a raw November day. At midmorning, one squadron of cavalry, two batteries of artillery and a regiment of infantry formed in the street for the parade to the battlefield. Except for the military, the procession was a ragged affair, with everyone trying to get there as best he could. Everett rode in a carriage, wrapped and bundled against the chill.

The newspaper correspondents hired horses and rode to the Wills home to meet the President. When Lincoln emerged, they cheered, and he smiled happily. He mounted his horse and rode off with the escort, Secretary Seward bouncing along behind, trying to find a place in the procession.

After greeting the President, the reporters, who had work to do, spurred ahead of the parade and were in the seats assigned to them on the speaking platform before the slowly moving column came in sight.

Before the President arrived, a reporter for a Democratic newspaper caused a scene by standing at the front of the platform with his hat on and smoking a cigar.

He made some remarks that were out of place and laughed at reporters who tried to quiet him. He loudly declaimed that this was a free country and that he would wear his hat and smoke wherever he pleased. The correspondents threw him over the railing.

Order was restored by the time the President took his seat between Everett and Secretary Seward. Shouts of welcome greeted him, and the press gallery stood until he sat down. The correspondents enjoyed the show because their task for the day was not difficult.

Everett's oration was out of the way, and even the prayer to be delivered by the Reverend Thomas H. Stockton, chaplain of the House of Representatives, was issued in advance.

They still did not know what Lincoln would say, but not much was expected from him.

The President Corrects an Error

A press association story thus described the events of the next two hours:

Hon. Edward Everett was then introduced and proceeded with a discourse occupying two hours and four minutes in the delivery . . . Perhaps the most attentive and appreciative listener was Mr. Lincoln himself. He seemed to be absorbed in profound thought till the speech was broken by a mistake of the orator in saying General Lee when he should have said General Meade, which mistake caused the President to turn to Seward and with a loud voice say, "General Meade." The orator seemed not to hear him at the time, but the President corrected loud enough to secure a correction . . .

The crowd was packed so densely that the marshals who sat on their horses amid the multitude could not move . . .

When Everett finished, flushed and exhausted, Lincoln and Seward shook his hand. Others threw a blanket around him and led him to his chair while the band played. Lincoln was to speak next.

Forney's correspondent, John Russell Young, sitting only a few feet from the President, had his little worries. He wondered how long the address might be. Still unable to obtain an advance from

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A long oration had made the large crowd restless; by the time it was ready to listen again, the great words had been spoken

By ROBERT S. HARPER

Hay, he knew he must take it down in shorthand. Forney had promised him a tour of the battlefield as soon as the ceremony was over. If the President made a long address, it meant hours of transcribing notes. Lincoln rose to speak. Young poised his pencil over his pad.

The President still looked much as he had to a writer for an English magazine, who had written a description of him when he first entered the White House.

To say he is ugly is nothing; to add that his figure is grotesque is to convey no adequate impression. Fancy a man well over six feet high, and thin in proportion, with long bony arms and legs which somehow always seem to be in the way; with great rugged furrowed hands, which grasp you like a vise when shaking yours; with a long, scraggly neck, and a chest too narrow for the great arms at his side. Add to this figure a head, cocoanut shaped and somewhat too small for such a stature, covered with rough, uncombed hair that stands out in every direction at once; a face furrowed, wrinkled, and indented as though it had been scarred by vitriol; a high, narrow forehead, sunk beneath bushy eyebrows; two bright, somewhat dreamy eyes that seem to gaze through you without looking at you; . . . a close-set, thin-lipped stern mouth, with two rows of large white teeth, *(Continued on page 54)*

As the tall speaker held the paper before him interest around the platform centered on the desperate efforts of a thwarted photographer

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Letter to a Child

It was painful to be in love. At times, it seemed t
Mark and Christine that all the world was against ther
forbidding them to share the happiness they deserv

By KAREN McKINLEY

The Story: As I wait for you to be born, my child, I must write this letter that you will someday read. In it I will tell you the story of my love for MARK SEVILLE, so that you will understand, and be able to answer the difficult questions you will have to answer. I am living in a strange town now, under an assumed name. I am not alone: I have MARGIT and MONTY to look after me. DR. ROBBINS sent them to me, and he himself will be here when I need him. Of course, I have no husband, and the villagers wonder where he is. I must lie to them. You and I, my child, will always have to lie a little.

I first met Mark at a showing of my paintings at the gallery of my agent, PEREGRINE. Mark had come with his mother, MILLIE, and she wanted me to do a portrait of Mark. He had little enthusiasm for the project, but he agreed, to please her. He had done much in his life to please her—too much. She had arranged his life, and left him lonely and restless, and unloved.

In the short time Mark and I had together before he had to return to duty with the Air Transport Command, we fell in love with one another. But Mark was married. His wife, LYLE, was cold and beautiful and poised—everything I was not. Mark wanted a divorce, but Lyle refused to let him go.

Mark had a little sister, EVE, who was as unhappy as Mark, and for some of the same reasons. She hated Lyle, and suffered from the same domination at the hands of Millie. I liked her at once; she was a troubled, troublesome adolescent whose need for affection and understanding was painfully apparent. She was caught stealing at school, and Millie begged me to take her away for a while—just the two of us—and spend a few weeks at their house on Cape Cod.

III

ONCE, when Eve and I had both taken a nap on the beach, I woke up first, and found that she had fallen asleep with an inch of my hair clasped in her hand.

"I didn't want you to escape," she said drowsily when I moved.

"Would anybody escape from heaven, Eve?" I asked. Her eyes opened and looked into mine, ageless and unafraid.

"I guess this is being happy," she said.

Then we raced to the waves and swam again, and played like porpoises, which that fourteen-year-old thought was fun. Suddenly, while she was treading water, and trying to catch her breath, she gave a shout.

"My golly—look what's on the shore!"

And it was Mark, standing on the cliff, watching us. I couldn't move for a few moments.

I watched Mark flounder down the cliff, ignoring the flight of wooden stairs, and Eve rise staggering from the shallow water and fling herself against him. Then both of them turned and Eve shouted out to me, "Come in, Chris."

Still he was saying nothing, and still I felt too weak to swim. When I did come in he looked so worried that I wanted to laugh, except that I wanted also to cry.

"I hope you're not angry that I came up," he said. "I got a couple of days, and when I found Eve was up here . . ."

I suppose I just stood there looking at him. But Eve was chattering enough for both of us.

"You heard I'm a criminal, I suppose," she said. And then, "Gosh, all that hell is so far away from me now, I don't even care! I can just speak about it casually, without wanting to die!"

He put his arm protectively around her. But his eyes were on my face. That dear face of his—my eyes came back to it as to their home.

He said, "Millie is aghast at my coming up here, Chris."

"Oh. The respectabilities, I suppose," I said stupidly.

"What else, angel?" Eve asked. "What else has ever concerned our Millie?"

It was characteristic of him, however, that in spite of the scornful talk about Millie's scruples, he had stopped in the village and had arranged for Mrs. Crannich to be picked up later in the afternoon.

"Not for the respectabilities, exclusively," he said jovially. "But for the cooking, too."

"We cook," Eve said indignantly. "You've never tasted such food."

"I don't doubt that," Mark said, "but I'll still take Crannich."

Mrs. Crannich would be installed in the third bedroom on our floor.

Mark objected to the glass wall on the ocean side of his bedroom. "It's like living in a shop window."

Eve said, "Be sure your price tag is in plain view while you're down here. Somebody might want to pick up a good cheap bargain in male merchandise."

"Not likely," Mark said.

"Speaking of cheap bargains, let's mention it once and then forget it," she said in imitation of the kind of conversation she heard at home. "Where's my sister-in-law at the moment? How did you manage to elude her, or is that too bald a question?"

Mark flushed, and for a moment I thought he was going to reprimand the child. In a few moments she said, "I'm sorry, Mark. And you, too, Chris. I shouldn't have said that, should I?"

"No, sugar," Mark said amiably, "You shouldn't have. So let's forget it."

IT IS difficult to write of happiness. These were enchanted days, and each of us in his own way knew it and we let the hours slip through our hands slowly.

We sailed when there was a wind, and Mark handled the boat with a sureness which delighted me. Sometimes I'd lie, flat as paint, watching him and knowing that he could read what must have been in my face, and I'd think: I am the boat and he is the wind that carries me, and we must trust his skill.

Sometimes we walked along the beach, the three of us rapturously separate and yet each conscious of the other two. I ran ahead sometimes, for the sheer delight of looking back and seeing Mark with his long sprawling shadow *(Continued on page 44)*

I would turn and hang over Mark's sleeping face, mysterious and beautiful in the powdered light. There was a new look about the mouth. He looked like a man who had loved well

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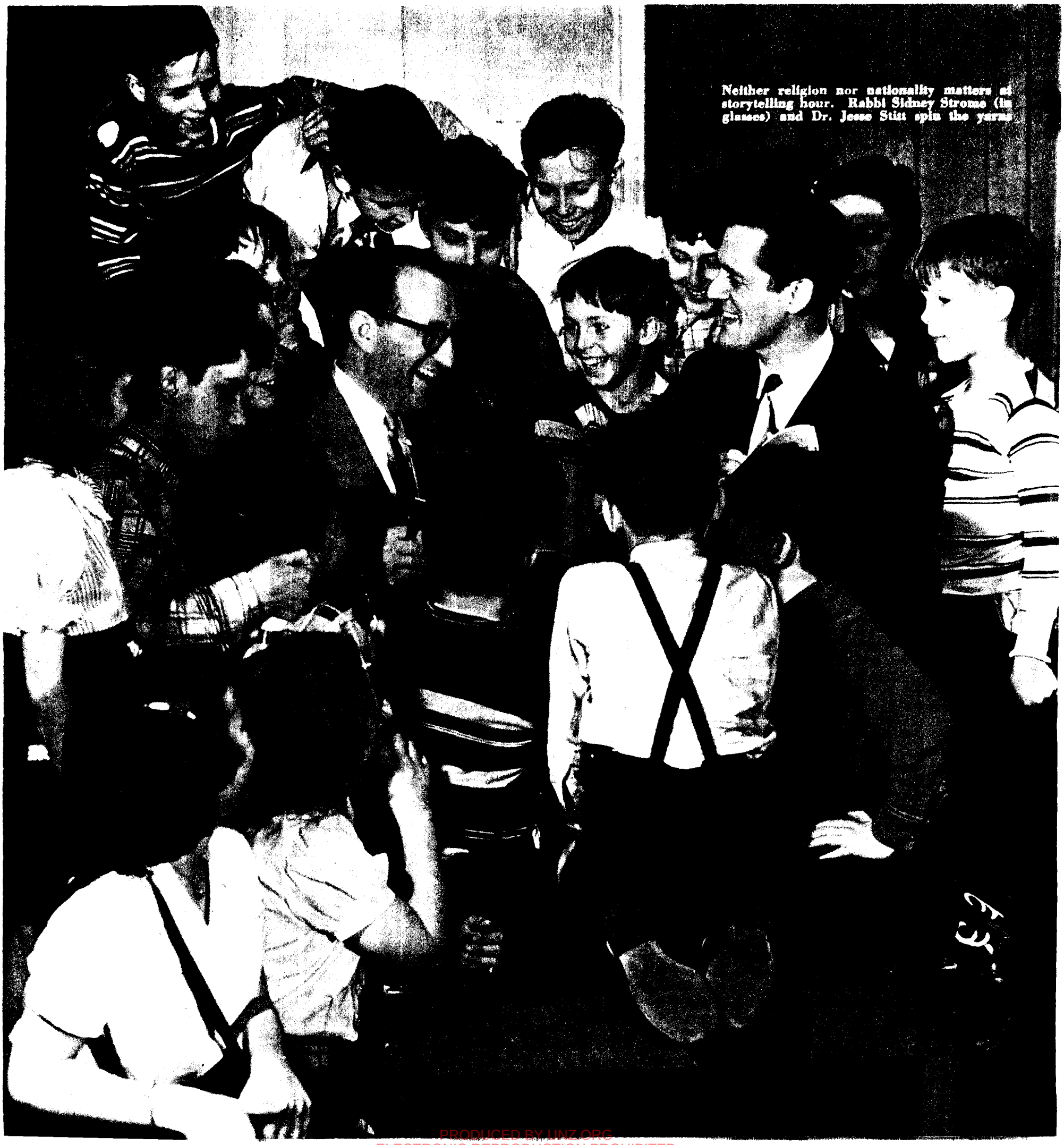
The Minister, the Rabbi



Neither religion nor nationality matters at storytelling hour. Rabbi Sidney Stromo (in glasses) and Dr. Jesse Stitt spin the yarns.

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and Their HOUSE of GOD

When a Jewish congregation had to leave their place of worship, a Presbyterian church invited them in. Now it is a permanent arrangement, with the two faiths seeking not mere tolerance, but complete understanding

By BEN MERSON

THE pews of the handsome, Doric-columned church are thronged with 700 men, women and children. Seated side by side, they are typical of millions of churchgoing Americans. Common faith in God has brought them together for joint worship.

But as they thumb their prayer books and turn eyes toward the altar, the similarity ends. Half the congregation is reading from the Presbyterian Hymnal. The others are reciting from the Hebrew of the Union Prayer Book. And behind the altar itself stand two men clad in the vestments of different religions. One is gaunt, Lincolnesque Reverend Dr. Jesse William Stitt, a Presbyterian trained in the deep Ozarks. The other is Rabbi Sidney Strome, veteran of Guadalcanal and Okinawa, the first Jewish air chaplain under General MacArthur.

The services, like the worshipers, are a blending of both faiths. Through the stained-glass windows shafts of light illumine the church choir, the Christian organist and the Jewish cantor. Together they lead the congregation in the old Presbyterian hymn, I Sing the Mighty Power of God.

Then Dr. Stitt, in English and perfect Hebrew, intones the conclusion of the Jewish morning prayer. And he and Rabbi Strome both pronounce the benediction as Christians and Jews file out.

Scene of this unique ritual is a graceful, red-brick edifice on a quiet side street off New York's fashionable lower Fifth Avenue area. Outside, twin signs proclaim it as both the Village Presbyterian Church and the Village Temple.

And here, for more than two years, both Jews and Christians have been worshiping in the same sanctuary: The Jews on Friday nights, to pray before the ark and holy scrolls; the Christians on Sunday mornings in veneration of the cross. And sometimes both Christian and Jew together, in mutual reverence to God and faith in the brotherhood of man.

Born of expediency, the Village church-temple is the only one of its kind in the nation. It is no longer an experiment. It is a permanent institution. And so inspiring have been its achievements that both the national body of the Presbyterian Church and the Union of American Hebrew Congregations look upon it as a pilot project of great significance.

In the official view of Dr. Theodore F. Savage, executive secretary of the Presbytery of New York, "This program of interfaith in action is proof that men of good will can live together without imposing their wills on one another. Amid a world torn by conflict, it is a dynamic pattern for improving human relations."

Interfaith in the Village church-temple does not mean hybrid religion. Each congregation has kept its own identity. Each is steadfast in its own beliefs. But each seeks knowledge of the other. The aim is not mere tolerance, but complete understanding. And the entire interfaith program, both religious and social, is pointed toward this goal.

Jews often attend Presbyterian services. Christians frequently go to temple rites. Lectures and forums are held on the history of both religions. In the Jewish temple school the children also learn of Christianity. In the church, Sunday-school lessons include the Judaism of the Old Testament. The temple participates in the church's yuletide and New Year's programs. The church joins in the temple's Purim and Hanukkah festivals.

"It is good for Christians to remember that without Judaism there would have been no Christianity," says Dr. Stitt.

To which Rabbi Strome adds, "There is nothing in the teachings of Christ Himself that a Jew cannot accept."

There have been no conversions and no intermarriages. But socially the congregations are almost as one. They play bridge together, dine together, visit one another's homes. They belong to the same church-temple clubs, sponsor the same charities, engage in joint fund raising. And together they conduct a settlement house for neighborhood children. Known as Village House, where "the individual is the thing," it is regarded as a model project by New York University sociologists. It is completely nonsectarian. More than a third of its 100 children are from Catholic families.

As in all things undertaken by people of divergent views, the church-temple did not come to pass simply. It was wrought out of argument and hostility, out of mutual suspicion just barely concealed under a cloak of politeness.

Ultimate success was due to the courage and leadership of three men—Dr. Stitt, Rabbi Strome and his predecessor, Rabbi Julian F. Fleg.

It all began one bleak December afternoon in 1948. Seated in his office in Village House, Dr. Stitt was chewing his pencil in bafflement over a sermon topic when a bespectacled visitor, with the physique of a welterweight boxer, strode in.

His words were as direct as his manner. He said, "I am Rabbi Fleg. I have a congregation of 75, but no place to worship. Formerly we met at a hotel. But we couldn't afford to stay. And every other place we've gone can't afford us."

"I hardly know how to advise you," said Dr. Stitt.

"I didn't come for advice," said his visitor. "I came on business. We'd like to obtain a room here in your recreation building for Friday-night services. Just temporarily. We'll get out as soon as we can find something else."

"Sorry," said Dr. Stitt. "There isn't any room."

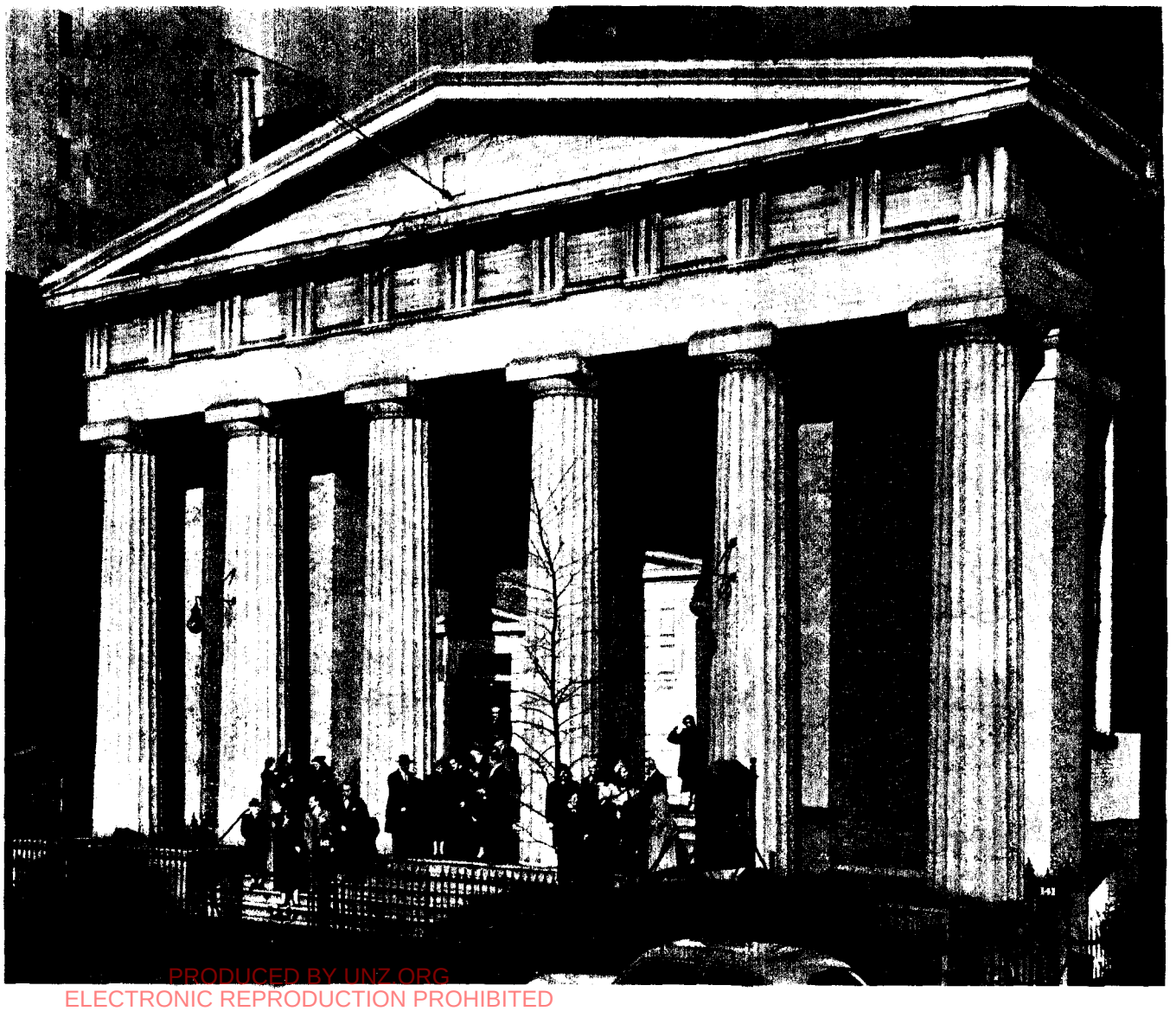
"How about the basement of the church?" Rabbi Fleg suggested.

"Our dramatic club uses that on Fridays." And then as Rabbi Fleg turned abruptly toward the door Dr. Stitt asked quietly, *(Continued on page 36)*

INTERFAITH

Twin signs proclaim this graceful sanctuary as both the Village Presbyterian Church and the Village Temple. On Friday nights Jewish members pray before the ark and holy scrolls. On Sunday mornings the Christians gather in veneration of the cross. "Amid a world torn by conflict," one minister says, "it is a dynamic pattern for improving human relations"

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JACK MANNING



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ANXIOUS HONG KONG

By HOWARD BRODIE *Collier's* COMBAT ARTIST

Cradling a baby in his arms, a cheerful blind man begs on Hong Kong street. "He had one of the warmest smiles I've ever seen," Brodie said

Hong Kong

THE mountains of Communist China, rugged, stark and bare, flitted past our wing tips as the plane descended toward the airfield on the British-occupied peninsula of Kowloon. Crowded into the sea a short distance from the mainland—but still within firing distance of Red territory—was the vital island of Hong Kong, lying astride the main trade route to China, and controlling the entrance to the Canton River.

Kowloon city was a busy place, with modern buildings and smooth-paved roads. A bus carried us from the field to the impressive Peninsula Hotel.

There I was given a large room from which I could look out on the bustling harbor, jammed with lumbering freighters, sleek passenger liners, launches, gunboats and a vast assortment of swarming, colorful junks.

Hong Kong was my first destination; I walked to the ferry which would take me there, threading my way through throngs of beggars, shouting ricksha boys, eager merchants, and children soliciting coins. The trip across the harbor took about 10 minutes, and was unlike any other ferry ride I've ever had. There were junks everywhere: big ones, little ones; junks with yellow sails, with beige-gray sails, with purple-patched sails; junks with barking dogs and cackling chickens; some with flowers painted on the bows, and still others decorated aft. They were all crowded. On one, a mother wrestled with the big steering oar, a baby lashed to her back.

Ashore, I walked through the European section of Victoria, capital of the island of Hong Kong, and felt for the first time since reaching the Orient that I might have been back in the States. There were tall buildings and swift, double-decked streetcars, and the automobile and ricksha traffic was heavy. Peddlers hawked papers with the latest news of the Korean fighting; pedestrians moved briskly; the whole atmosphere was one of almost feverish activity and high prosperity.

Then I left the European part of the town, and abruptly I was once again in the Orient. Here the atmosphere was oppressive. The side thoroughfares were dim and connected by shadowy alleys, and the buildings seemed to crawl with humanity. Even where the Western influence had penetrated, there was a raw, frontier feeling. I walked past row upon row of open-front, neon-decorated jewelry shops, with banks sandwiched among them. The shops had native guards, the banks shotgun-armed Sikh sentries in British uniform. I watched a group of policemen stop a man on the sidewalk and frisk him.

The jewelry stores weren't the only ones I saw; there were shops of all descriptions: big brass and tin shops; a snake store, with reptiles of many colors coiled in close-knit wire cages; a big *(Continued on page 62)*

Just a few feet from Red territory, Hong Kong police lounge at the border station of Lo Wu. People at right are crossing into China; sign overhead is propaganda appeal directed against United States

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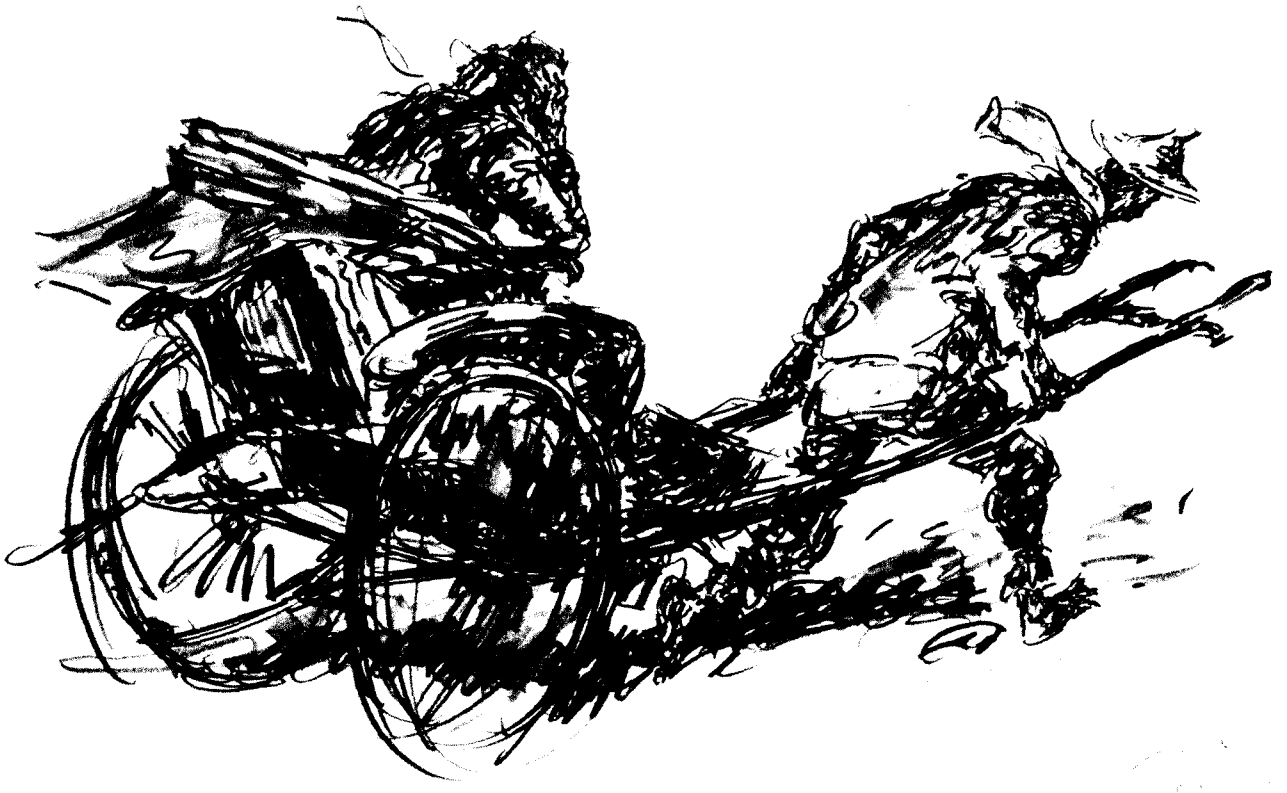

Rickshas are plentiful in Hong Kong area. Coolies who pull them offer all sorts of services—at the right price

Natives often live aboard colorful junks. Note the dog and chickens on the deck, and livestock slung over the stern. Oar is handled by woman with child lashed to her back. City of Victoria in background

Armed Sikh on guard before bank. Sikhs are a Hindu sect; many have served in British uniformed forces

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The Ivy-covered Skyscraper

All his fear was gone now. He was no longer an outcast in a defeated country. He was an American—and no one can push an American around

By JANE McCLURE

THE oval yellow beam from the flashlight played over the boy's face, accenting his long sharp nose, large marble-blue eyes, and cheeks which had reddened from running.

"Klaus Hecht?" a voice demanded from behind the light.

"No!" he almost shouted.

"Identification?"

Klaus fumbled in his pocket, touching the Colonel's car keys, the stub of Bruni's movie ticket, and a couple of loose pfennigs. The oval light followed the movement of his hand, flashing once up and down the length of the Army pinks he was wearing. Before the light could catch up with him he glanced quickly into the faces of two men. They wore white-corded caps and on their sleeves were pinned the initials of the Military Police. Above them he could see the ruined buildings of West Berlin nosing skyward.

"Identification," the voice insisted. Now the two MPs and their prisoner were at the mouth of the alley. Parked close to the curb were two cars: one an Army jeep, the other a large highly polished American car, its radio blaring loudly through the open windows, its strong headlights encircling a curious crowd of German civilians which had gathered before it.

"There's been some mistake." Klaus tried to speak casually, tilting his head and rocking backward a little on his heels. "Here is Jay Florion, American civilian." He spoke in clipped but well-pronounced English. "I guess I left my passport at home," he explained, placing his hand in his pocket as he shifted his weight. It was the position he always assumed before the booths of movie theaters, the counters of Snack Bars, and the reception desk at the Wannsee club.

"That your car?" the voice asked; the MP pointed to the automobile.

"Certainly."

"You're under arrest," the voice announced, and this time there was no mistaking its tone. "Get in the jeep." The boy felt the pressure of a strong hand against the muscle of his arm.

"But I am an American," he protested, supposing that the words would help.

"Not any more, bud. Now get the hell into the jeep." Klaus's eyes were now accustomed to the light and he could see the sergeant's hand braced against his hip gun.

Klaus sat in the back of the jeep between the two MPs as the car jounced away over the thick cobbles. Through the linden trees which lined the street he could see the moon lying in the sky like the projected arc from a flashlight beamed against a star.

On his day off he saw Bruni for the first time, riding ahead of him on her bicycle. He had nothing to do, and pedaled after her

"Who's on tonight?" one MP asked.

"The lieutenant," the sergeant said.

"Fiske?"

"Yeah."

Klaus wasn't listening. As he watched the man beside him, he saw something in the hard beaver-bright eyes that reminded him of the Colonel that Sunday in August. . . .

Colonel Franklin stood before the mantel, his legs apart, his heavy arms folded, a burning cigarette between his finger tips.

"I don't like to have to say this, Klaus," the Colonel said, wetting his lower lip with his tongue, "but the fact is that no one else around this house could have done it but you." Colonel Franklin's glance included his wife, who was sitting nervously on the edge of the huge silver-beige armchair, and the nurse, who lowered her eyes. As the Colonel paused, there was only the sound of the fire crackling and the laughter of the children playing in the yard outside.

"That light meter," the Colonel continued, his voice low and metallic, "hasn't been touched for over a year or possibly more." Walking over to the filing cabinet on his desk, he ran his puffy finger tip over the accumulated dust on the ledge. "Now you're a new employee, Klaus. I didn't ask you what your background was when I hired you, though apparently they thought pretty highly of you when you worked on the air lift. So far as I was concerned, I hired you because you could speak English well, and because you could drive a car. It's a pity you had to spoil things."

Avoiding the Colonel's eyes, Klaus stood in the center of the room with his long legs pressed tightly together and his arms dangling at his side. He thought that his face was going to go out of control. He thought that he was going to giggle.

"How old are you, Klaus?" the Colonel asked.

"Eighteen."

The Colonel looked sterner than ever. "Father and mother living?"

"No." Klaus said and felt the sharp pain in his mind as he remembered the night the bombs had fallen over the city—the night he was pedaling home on his bicycle and in the dark had crashed into a truck and broken his glasses—the same night he found his father's house collapsed beyond the neatly gardened path in a blurred heap of brick and smoke.

"But, Jay," the Colonel's wife said, twisting her amber beads, "he's only a boy."

"He's a boy, all right. He's a stupid, Germanic, bullheaded little boy."

Looking at his scuffed shoe where the sole was about to pull away from the leather tip, Klaus no longer listened to the Colonel's words. He felt the old self-doubt creep up on him until he began to wonder whether he had not after all taken the light meter. Of course he hadn't taken it—but if he confessed to the theft they would let him leave the room.

Usually he loved this house. It had such a comfortable air. The Colonel's house wasn't like the German houses he had known, with their heavy practical furniture, their low-hanging lamps and their lace curtains; this house had satin drapes, and rugs that were soft against his feet. Sometimes when he came to take the children to school, he would have to wait for the nurse to button up their leggings or pull their sweaters over their curly heads, and the Colonel's wife would send him to the kitchen for some coffee.

In the evenings when Klaus came to return the car keys, if the Colonel had gone on a trip to Frankfurt, she would feed him some supper and ask him about his childhood in Schleswig. And Klaus would tell her about his father's rust-maned stallions and the blond wheat fields, and the way the land looked in winter with the snow lying in white streams between the rocks . . .

"I'll talk to you straight, Klaus," the Colonel was saying. "It seems to be the only way to talk to you damn' Krauts." The words jolted Klaus from his reverie, and he felt the back of his neck flush and begin to throb. "You either produce that light meter by tomorrow"—the Colonel paused to throw his cigarette into the fire—"or you're through."

HE COULD still hear the Colonel's words a few days later, when he lay on his bed in his shabby rented room, so unlike the pleasant rooms in the Colonel's house. In the distance were the sounds of demolition, and he wondered whether the ceiling of his room would collapse in sympathy with the blasting. He looked at the frail chipped ceiling until he fell asleep; and he saw it in his dream as he had seen it many times before, peeling off like strips of burned skin, peeling and peeling off the layers which supported it until the whole ceiling lay bare and folded down upon him. He woke up.

It was late when he got downtown. There was nothing to do. He walked down Cat Street watching the professionals brush past the GIs. Sometimes the professionals would laugh at him because he had no money and because he was young. Sometimes he would explain to the GIs what the signs "English, French, Italian lessons" meant on the doors of the crumbled houses; sometimes he would get paid for it.

This particular night he got a poke in the ribs from a German cop, and feeling a bitter wind rise within him, he suddenly heard himself scream, "Damn you! Don't you know an American when you see one?"

To his surprise the policeman tipped his helmet, bowed slightly and said, *"Entschuldigen Sie, bitte,"* which was what the Colonel had said in English, only without the *"bitte"* part, when it was discovered that the children had taken the light meter.

The Colonel had *(Continued on page 56)*

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The Whip from Texas

The senator entertains his office staff at a party in his home: (left to right) Warren Woodward, Miss Mary Rather, Senator Johnson, Mrs. Dorothy Nichols, Horace Busby and Glenn Stegall. Democrat Johnson (inset) is his party's whip in the Upper Chamber

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[illegible] Johnson a Democratic Vice-Presidential nominee [illegible] what it did for ex-Senator Truman

By LESLIE E. CARPENTER

SHORTLY before the first meeting of the Eighty-second Congress last month, the 49 Democratic members of the new Senate gathered behind closed doors to pick a couple of floor leaders to replace Senators Scott Lucas of Illinois and Francis Myers of Pennsylvania, both of whom had been defeated in the November elections. To succeed Lucas as majority leader, they chose a veteran of 10 years in the chamber, Ernest W. McFarland of Arizona. The vote was 30 to 19. But when the time came to name a new assistant signal caller, they elected by acclamation one of the Senate's youngest members in point of service, a first-termer with but two years in the chamber: Lyndon Baines Johnson of Johnson City, Texas.

To Johnson and his admirers, his selection as majority whip was just one more step on the road to the Vice-Presidency—and perhaps someday to the White House itself. The Texan makes no particular secret of his ambitions in that direction. The formula he is using in his efforts to attain this objective is perhaps better illustrated than described.

Seven months after he had been sworn in as junior senator from Texas, and had moved into Suite 231 of the Senate Office Building, a visitor observed:

"Why, you have one of the most beautiful views in Washington from your window. You can see the Capitol Plaza parks, the Mall and the Washington Monument."

Johnson turned his head to the window.

"So I can," he said. "I'd never noticed before."

The six-foot-three-inch, 200-pound, supercharged Texan, who won the Democratic nomination to the Senate by a majestic majority of 87 votes out of 988,295 cast, is not a man to take in a view. He is a worker, a man with a vigorous and intense passion for unremitting labor. To him, work is far more satisfying than play, and while this might make Jack a dull boy, it has had the opposite effect on Lyndon Johnson.

He relaxes only when there is a purpose. He will, for example, play golf with W. Stuart Symington, head of the National Securities Resources Board, or some other government bigwig when he has an idea to talk over or a public relations job to perform. But he confesses privately that he does not enjoy the game and can't waste the time it would take really to learn it.

Worry over the work he is not doing bothers him constantly when he is away from the job. This has resulted in an irritating rash on his large hands and in certain internal disorders—both from nervousness, his doctors say. But it also has played a large part in helping him achieve an impressive record as a freshman senator.

Even before his selection as assistant Democratic floor leader, the forty-two-year-old Johnson had risen to a place of prominence that was the undisguised envy of many a member who was his senior in service.

Up to last month, the high light of his career in the chamber had been his chairmanship of a group known as the Preparedness Subcommittee of the Senate Armed Services Committee, the current version of the war-investigating body which Senator Harry S. Truman headed in World War II. And although the title of majority whip is a lofty and important one, it is this committee post which may yet prove to be Johnson's most valuable stepping-stone to still higher things. For he is launching effective investigations of Pentagon brass hats, of war contracts, of waste, bungling and red tape—investigations of precisely the sort that lifted the erstwhile Senator Truman from relative obscurity and set him on the path which eventually led to the Presidency.

Johnson is proud of the fact that his committee, like the old Truman Committee, has been free of Republican-Democratic bickering. It also operates without jealousy, except for the numerous senators who are still pounding their temples in fury because they did not think of reviving the committee first, which would have enabled them to snare its chairmanship for themselves.

In addition to his other accomplishments, Johnson has surprised many of his colleagues by emerging as a national leader for the millions of Americans who believe their government failed miserably in meeting the challenge of the Korean war. In recognition of this, radio commentator Eric Sevareid, never loose with praise, last December dubbed Johnson "the people's advocate." Those who are keeping a close eye on the senator's progress consider the term well chosen.

Just two and a half weeks after the fighting started, Johnson stepped to the Senate floor and called for an all-out defense effort, recommending immediate mobilization of the National Guard and the reserves, and demanding that the civilian economy be put on a war footing, with immediate price and wage controls. America is at war with the world-wide Communist menace, he cried, and dilly-dallying is dangerous. He followed up in December—six months after the war began and several days before President Truman proclaimed a national emergency—with perhaps the most significant speech of his Senate career.

"Is this," Johnson asked, "the hour of our nation's twilight, the last fading hour of light before an endless night shall envelop us and all the Western World? That is a question which we still have it in our power to answer. If we delay longer, we can expect nothing but darkness and defeat and desolation . . . We cannot anticipate that our enemies will be so generous as to give us another six months to discuss and debate and do little."

His mail increased enormously after the speech, and the letters are still coming in.

He is being closely watched by the present occupant of the White House. President Truman is keenly interested in the success of the new investigating committee, in much the way a star fullback remains interested in the team after his graduation. The President has been generous with advice, and, needless to say, it has been followed. He is well aware that Johnson is hurtling along at a break-neck pace in his footsteps, and he is enjoying the spectacle. He has, in fact, given Johnson's ambition subtle encouragement—despite the fact that he and the Texan are not entirely in agreement on certain key domestic issues, notably the Taft-Hartley law and civil rights.

There is nothing unusual *(Continued on page 59)*

Family group: Lucy Baines, aged 3, sits at the senator's feet; Lynda Bird, now 6, is with her mother, Claudia. Her husband and her friends call Mrs. Johnson "Lady Bird"

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE TAMES

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BILL BAKER

All at once he hated Bernie, hated his assurance. "Get out of here," he shouted

Fighting Words

DAVID SANDERSON was in the restaurant where he usually lunched, when he felt a bone-crushing clout on his back and heard a familiar voice bellow in his ear, "Dave, you old goat! What do you know!"

Bernie Martin loomed over David as he always had, broad and heavy-muscled, with the same superior smile on his face. David had not seen him since high school; but in a second the years slid away and he was back in the schoolyard on that unforgettable afternoon. They had fought over a girl—Bernie, the school's leading athlete, and David, who had difficulty crossing the street by himself. Everyone expected a slaughter, but suddenly, almost before the fight had begun, Bernie was flat on his back and David was standing over him, not even breathing hard.

At that point, a teacher had intervened and the fight was never resumed. David walked home with Ellen McMorran, and that evening he kissed her for the first time and told her boldly, summoning unexpected strength from the bright vision of his triumph, that she was now his girl.

The memory of that one fight had been enough to balance the accumulated shame of all the other times Bernie had bullied him. Even now, the sight of Bernie so obviously successful could not dim David's pleasure. Before he quite knew what he was doing, he had invited Bernie to dinner.

"Ellen and I are married, you know," he said, carelessly. "She'll be glad to see you."

"I'd be real pleased," Bernie said.

David gave him the address and Bernie promised to come right after a very important conference. It was not until he returned to his office that David wondered whether Ellen would mind . . .

"No one forced me to marry you," Ellen had said once, but David could never believe the marriage was anything but a wonderful mistake that would be rectified as soon as the proper authorities got wind of it.

So he was delighted when he phoned Ellen and she said she'd be very interested to see Bernie again. On the way home after work, he bought a bottle of imported wine and a dozen long-stemmed roses. But when he came into the house, Bernie was already there and all the vases were full of flowers that David did not even recognize.

"Cleaned up that meeting sooner than I'd thought," Bernie said, airily. He was sitting on the couch, next to Ellen, and they were both having a drink. Without any warning, David felt again the weakness of the knees he had always felt before Bernie; but then Ellen got up and kissed him, and thanked him for the flowers and the wine, and he remembered that she had chosen him, after all, because he had been the stronger.

He had a drink to catch up with them, and then another because he could not match Bernie's overpowering flow of conversation, and then a third because he wondered if it was altogether necessary for Ellen to look at Bernie the way she did. By that time dinner was ready, but David found himself making a mess of the roast and Bernie had to take it from him and do the carving. David's chest felt constricted, as though his confidence were being squeezed out of him, and he said, speaking before he had really meant to, "Say, you remember that fight we had in the schoolyard?"

Out of the corner of his eye he could see Ellen stiffen, but he was watching Bernie.

"Oh, yeah," Bernie said. "You were sore at me or something."

"Over Ellen," David said. "You were annoying her."

"No kidding?" Bernie turned to Ellen and smiled broadly. "Was I annoying you, baby?"

"You certainly were," David said. He could not wait any longer. "I knocked you down for it."

"You knocked *me* down?" Bernie said.

"It may be difficult for you to believe," David said, "but that's exactly what I did." He was beginning to feel better already.

Bernie chewed a piece of roast beef thoughtfully. Then his eyes lighted up. "I remember now. I tripped."

"What do you mean, tripped?" David said indignantly. "I hit you in the eye."

"That wouldn't have knocked me down," Bernie said. "Not from you. I remember just the way it happened. I tripped over something."

"You tripped over nothing," David said, his voice rising. "There was nothing for you to trip over. I hit you in the eye and you went down."

"David," Ellen said.

"You got it wrong," Bernie said pleasantly. "You couldn't have knocked me down with a baseball bat. I must have tripped over somebody's foot."

David stood up, shaking a little. "I didn't want to bring my wife into this," he said, as stiffly as he could, "since she was the cause of our quarrel. But if you insist—" He turned to Ellen. "You were there. Tell him what really happened."

"Is it so important?" Ellen asked.

"What kind of a question is that?" David said. "Go on, tell him."

"I'll tell you," Ellen said gently. "He did trip, David. I know he did."

For a moment there was only the sound of Bernie cutting another piece of roast beef. Nothing had changed in the room, but to David it seemed suddenly different.

"See that, kiddo?" Bernie said agreeably.

"Don't talk with your mouth full," David said.

HE TURNED and walked blindly into the living room. All he could think of was the walk home with Ellen after the fight and the boasting he had done. He sank into a chair and put his head in his hands.

"We'll have coffee in here," Ellen said. She came into the room with Bernie, and David looked up and saw how well they went together, what a handsome couple they made.

"What I don't understand," Bernie said, "is why you're so excited about all this. So we had a fight when we were kids. So what?"

You wouldn't understand if I told you, David thought. You never knew what it meant to be awkward and afraid. And then to have a memory of one time when you fought and won, and felt sure of yourself for the first time—to build your life on the memory of a single victory, and then discover it was a phony all the time.

All at once, David hated Bernie as he always had, hated his assurance and his strength and his easy way with Ellen.

"Get out of here!" David shouted. "Get out of my house!"

"David," Ellen said, her voice terribly calm. "You're acting like a child. If Bernie goes—"

"You'll go with him?" David said. "Is that it? Well, go, the two of you." He walked unsteadily up to Bernie and pushed him in the chest. "Maybe you tripped before," he said, "but if I hit you this time, you'll really go down."

"Now, Dave," Bernie said.

And then David reached back and brought his arm around and hit Bernie as hard as he could on the point of the chin. Bernie stood where he was and blinked his eyes slightly. David cursed and swung again.

"Excuse me, Ellen," Bernie said, and hit David in the eye. David's head went back and his feet went up, and for a frantic second there was no part of him on the floor at all. Then all parts of him were on the floor, and the room revolved around him in bright colors. . . .

When he opened his good eye, Bernie was gone and Ellen sat on the couch, looking at him dispassionately. He struggled to a sitting position and waited until the room stopped whirling.

Then he asked thickly, "Where is he?"

"I sent him home," Ellen said.

"Why didn't you go with him?"

"Because I didn't want to." She looked at him without pity. "You give me a pain. I thought it might do some good if Bernie hit you, but I guess it didn't."

"Maybe it did," David said. He got painfully to his feet. "I've been living in a dream. Bernie knocked it out of me."

"Are you sure?" David nodded, and Ellen sighed softly. "You didn't need it, you know." She stood up and crossed to the coffee table and began to pour. "It sure took you a long time to get over it."

"Seventeen years," David said.

"If I'd known what I was starting, I don't think I would have done it."

"Done what?"

"But in that case, you never would have come near me. I would have had to find some other way. And you were *such* a ninny."

"Done what?" David asked again. "What did you do?"

Ellen put down the coffeepot and looked at him tenderly. "Why, David, I tripped Bernie Martin that afternoon," she confessed. "What do you think I did?"

THE END

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The Minister, the Rabbi and Their House of God

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

"How about the church itself? Would you have any objection to using that?"

Rabbi Fleg was incredulous. Since the day it had been built 104 years ago the church had never sheltered any but a Presbyterian congregation.

"I'm only speaking for myself," said Dr. Stitt. "Permission must come from my board of elders. But if you're interested, I'll ask them."

Rabbi Fleg shook his hand impulsively. "I'd be very glad to use your sanctuary," he said. "But I have my doubts about my congregation."

"I'm not so sure of mine, either," confessed the minister.

It was decided that Dr. Stitt broach the subject to his parishioners first. He called a meeting not only of the elders, but the entire church membership.

Very Little Anti-Semitism

"There was a very mixed reaction," he recalls. "One or two people mouthed the usual anti-Semitic nonsense. Several others thought it would be a great opportunity for making converts. But the great majority debated it honestly with their conscience and faith."

It finally simmered down to one point: Could the Jews, if they were permitted to worship in the church on Fridays, accept the presence of the cross that stood on the Communion table?

Definitely not, Dr. Stitt told them. The Jews would have to be permitted to substitute their own holy symbols, the ark of the covenant and the seven-branched candelabras.

"On Fridays," said Dr. Stitt, "our cross would have to be moved out to the vestry room."

This precipitated a new debate that raged for hours. Finally, a little old woman, who had not uttered a word all evening, spoke up from the rear of the room. "To move the cross," she said, "would be the Christian thing to do. That would not violate its message. That would fulfill it. For in moving the cross we would be extending the hand of fellowship to fellow men."

No theologian, says Dr. Stitt, could have put it so simply. Or effectively. The Presbyterians voted to invite the Jews to use the church. But for not more than six months.

When Rabbi Fleg conveyed the invitation to his flock it touched off fevered discussion. The minority, as often happens, were the most vocal. Some feared that they were being patronized, and others that they were being ridiculed. And a few were frankly prejudiced. They felt that to worship in a church would be an affront to God.

"The majority were inclined to accept, but the minority would not relent," recounts Rabbi Fleg. "They searched their souls and found an endless gift of tongues."

In desperation Rabbi Fleg took the rostrum. He said to his congregation, "We impose conditions on the church. They impose none on us. As liberal Jews we should recognize their liberalism. Church or synagogue—wherever a man worships, that becomes his House of God."

The rabbi's eloquence triumphed. But not completely. Six members of the congregation resigned on the spot.

During the next two months the Christians and Jews kept politely aloof. However, the two ministers shared adjoining offices in the Village House. From their daily association mutual respect grew to firm friendship. And an even firmer conviction that their paths led toward the same goal.

They had come together by a circuitous route. Son of a telephone company employee, Jesse W. Stitt was born forty-six years ago in New Brighton, Pennsylvania. His family later moved to Detroit, where he quit high school at seventeen to set up a printing shop. Partner in the venture was hazel-eyed Janet Hopkins, his Scottish sweetheart.

"She was devout, and I was devoted," he recalls. "And in my devotion to Janet I also fell in love with the church."

He determined to become a minister; Janet encouraged him. "But first you need a college education," she said. "And so do I."

The problem of tuition was settled by Dr. Wiley L. Hurie, president of the College of the Ozarks, at Clarksville, Arkansas. Dr. Hurie, who was visiting Detroit, offered them a scholarship on condition that they do the school printing. They married and left for Arkansas. Four years later they were graduated with honors—Mrs. Stitt as the valedictorian, her husband salutatorian. The couple then came to New York, where Dr. Stitt received his divinity degree from Union Theological Seminary in 1933.

Serving as a guest preacher at several churches, Dr. Stitt's liberalism drew instant attention. And soon thereafter he received a call to become permanent minister of Brooklyn's Marcy Avenue Baptist Church. As a Presbyterian, Dr. Stitt was slightly astonished by the Baptist invitation.

So, although he strongly favors the union of all Protestant sects, he told them bluntly, "If you really want me as minister, I'd be glad to serve. But if you want me only as a convert, the answer is no. I was baptized as an infant. And I don't feel the need of further immersion. Not even for the sake of the job."

They accepted him on these terms. "They had never thought of any other," says Dr. Stitt. And for the next six years he occupied the pulpit. During this time he campaigned militantly for his flock to come to the aid of Negro Baptists in the neighborhood. The Negroes had no church of their own and no Sunday school.

"I was very successful," said Dr. Stitt. "My parishioners sold the church to a Negro congregation, and I was out of a job."

A Church with Few Members

But not for long. The Village Presbyterian Church engaged him as minister early in 1939. "They had a congregation of only 35 persons," says Dr. Stitt, "and they hoped I could do something."

He did—by instituting a broad program of nondenominational community service. It attracted hundreds, adults as well as children. His congregation grew also. And with it Dr. Stitt's renown as a liberal clergyman.

It was this reputation that caused Rabbi Fleg to visit him in desperation that gray December day.

"I suppose it was also a sort of challenge," Rabbi Fleg recalls.

Challenge has been a driving force in the life of the thirty-six-year-old Jewish clergyman. A native of St. Louis, he worked his way through the University of Missouri. Then, with no preliminary training, he entered Hebrew Union College, at Cincinnati. To obtain a rabbinical degree under this handicap was considered almost impossible. He was graduated in 1943.

His first congregation was in Lexington, Kentucky. Its demands were not strenuous enough for the dynamic rabbi. So he also served as civilian chaplain at the Army's Darnall General Hospital, Danville, Kentucky, as well as at 12 other military and naval installations. In addition, he was radio news commentator for station WLAP.

Then Rabbi Fleg turned to religious journalism. Coming North, he published the Long Island Israel Light, on Long Island.

"I wanted to spread the message of liberal Judaism to a wider audience," he re-

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counts. "I spread the message too thick and my finances too thin. The paper failed."

He went back to the pulpit. And he was heading a temple in Hempstead, Long Island, when he received a call from his nominal superior, Rabbi Daniel L. Davis, head of the New York region of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations. Rabbi Davis asked Rabbi Fleg to organize a reform Jewish congregation in New York's Washington Square-Greenwich Village area. There had never been such a group in the area's history.

"I couldn't resist the challenge," says the rabbi.

That was in July, 1948. Starting with a nucleus of 10 persons, who worshiped in one another's homes, Rabbi Fleg's congregation grew rapidly. Within a month, there were 25, then 50 members. The group engaged quarters in a hotel for Friday-night services. By December they had increased to 75. The hotel raised its rates. The Jews had to leave.

Unwanted elsewhere, too poor to build a temple, their plight appeared hopeless until the Presbyterians offered them temporary shelter in the church.

Sharing nearby offices, the rabbi and Dr. Stitt found they had much in common. But not so their respective flocks. They regarded their association as only a stopgap. And they acted accordingly: polite, but withdrawn, and mutually disinterested.

Thus it continued for two months. And then the Jews made the first move in what became an unprecedented relationship. They invited the Presbyterians to join them in a bazaar. The church elders said they would be delighted. But there wasn't time enough. They couldn't bring their share of the merchandise to be sold.

"Even if you bring nothing," said the Jews, "the profits are still half yours."

The Presbyterians accepted. And for the first time their elders met with the Jewish board of trustees.

"It was like the first meeting of in-laws before a wedding," recalls Dr. Stitt. "The elders sat on one side, the trustees on the other. Everyone waited for everyone else to do the talking."

Since each side refused to be outwaited, they decided to leave all arrangements to 15 committees. Each committee was composed of Christians and Jews.

The committees met regularly for the next three months, separately and together. They visited one another's homes, met with one another's friends—and became friends. In their common association they found common respect. And, in the words of Rabbi Fleg, "They also found that tolerance can be an achievement as well as a preachment."

The Jews had planned a six-day bazaar, with wheels of chance as a main attraction. They threw the wheels out when they learned that the presbytery frowns upon them as gambling devices. In further deference to the Christians, the Jews ruled out Sunday as a bazaar day. The Christians, for their part, eliminated Friday out of respect for the Jews.

"Because of all this," says Dr. Stitt, "the bazaar lost a good deal of money. But our people found each other."

The First Interfaith Service

Two months later, on May 14, 1949, the congregations held their first interfaith service. The occasion was the dedication by the Jews of a pulpit Bible to the memory of the late President Roosevelt. Actually it was a regular Jewish Friday-night service. Dr. Stitt agreed to participate as a tribute to the Roosevelt ideal of tolerance. And Rabbi Fleg had also invited the Presbyterians, hoping at most for a handful. To his delight almost the whole Christian congregation appeared.

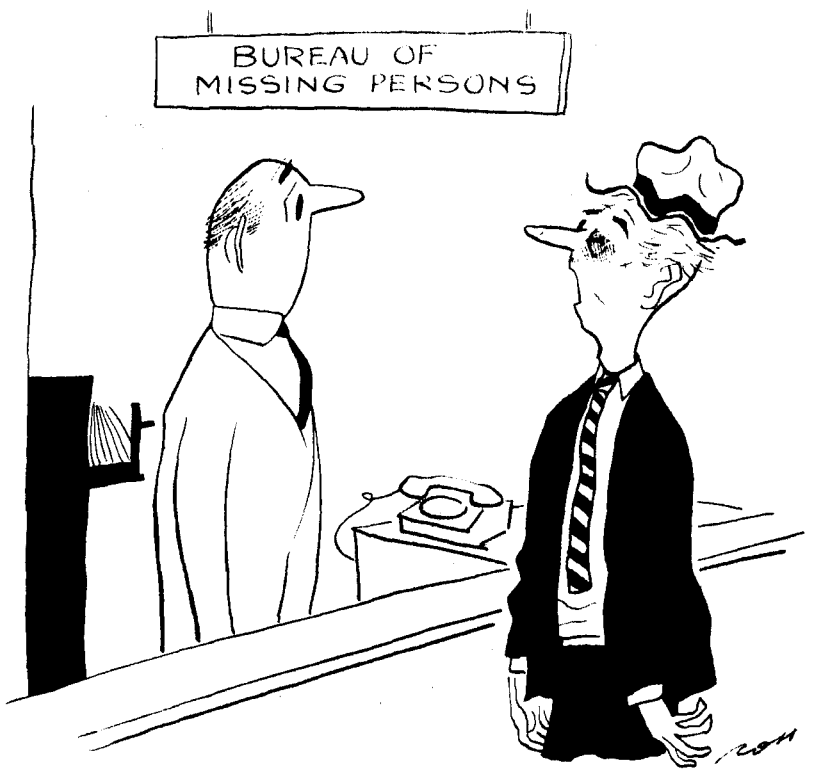
Dressed in his pulpit gown, Dr. Stitt joined the rabbi in reading the Sabbath prayer. Then, while everyone listened in astonishment, including Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, he pronounced the traditional blessings from the Torah in perfect Hebrew.

The service was a tremendous success. Congratulations poured in from all quarters, ecclesiastic as well as lay. When the Jews' six-month probation expired in June there was no hesitation. The Presbyterians insisted they remain at the church.

As the interfaith program grew, so grew the enthusiasm of the minister and the rabbi. "And in our zeal we almost wrecked it," says Dr. Stitt.

The crisis arose from the joint worship on Armistice Day, 1949. Heretofore religious interfaith had merely meant one group attending the other's services, with only the host's symbols on display.

This day the symbols of both faiths were used. The ark of the covenant, bearing the star of David, was opened and lighted behind the pulpit. On the Communion table



COLLIER'S

"I'd like to report a missing wife—but she keeps hanging around"

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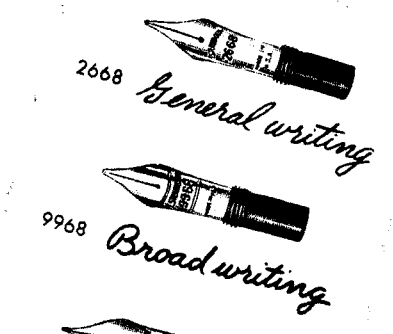

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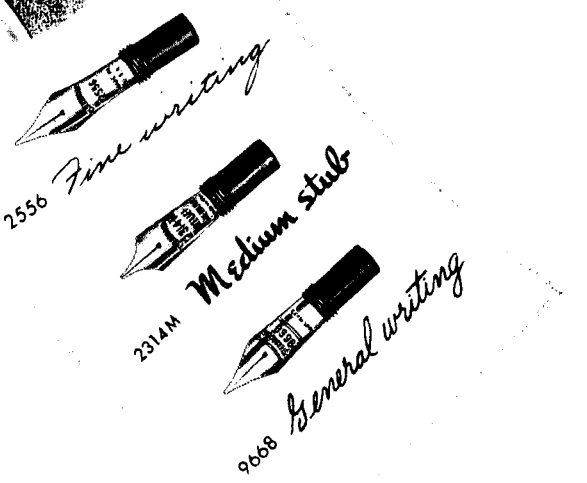

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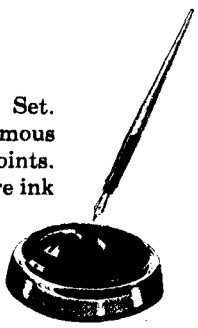

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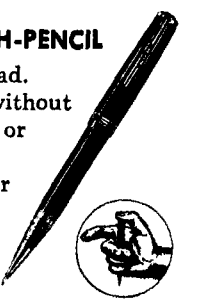

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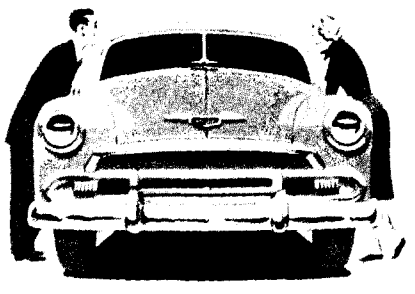

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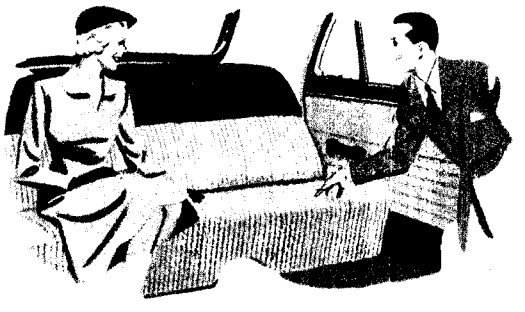

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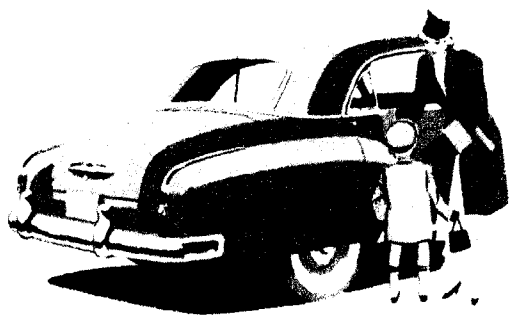

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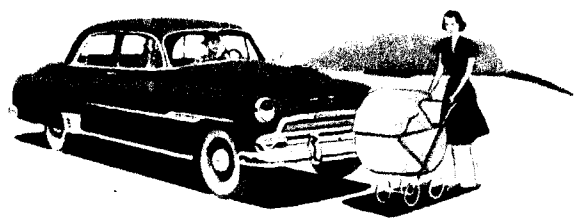

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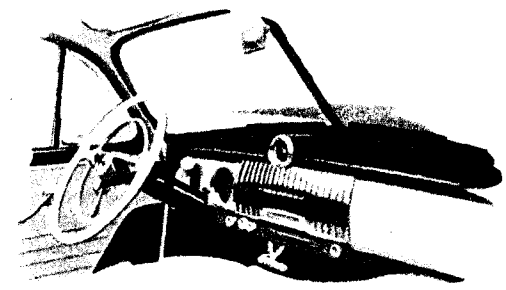

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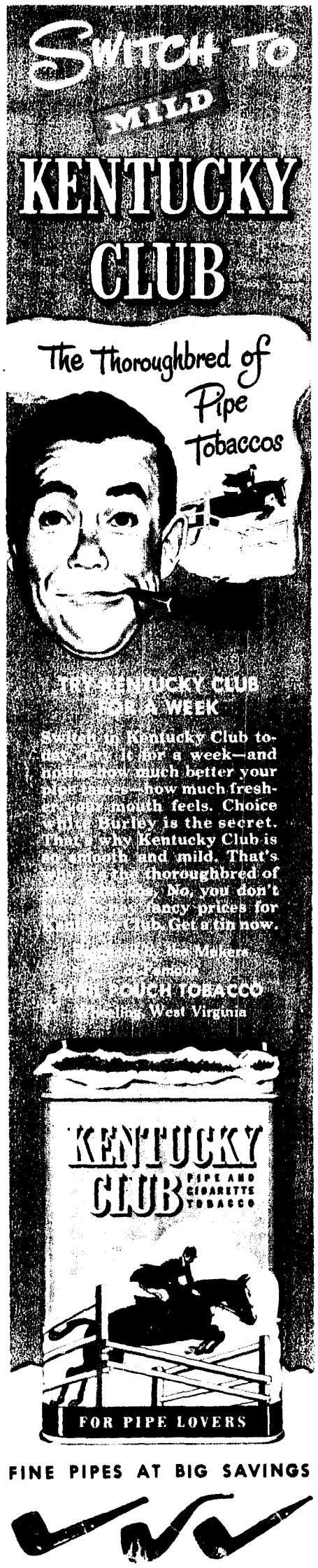

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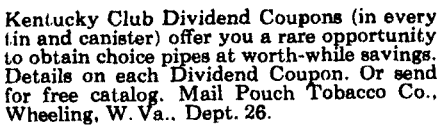

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in front of the pulpit stood the cross, flanked by two altar candles. And at each end of the table were the seven-branched candelabras of the Jewish faith.

The rites were conducted in both English and Hebrew, with alternate use of the Presbyterian Hymnal and the Jewish prayer book. They concluded with a sermon in dialogue between rabbi and minister.

There was no objection to the joint ritual. With that both congregations were highly pleased. But the display of both Christian and Jewish symbols created a great stir. The conservatives in each group objected.

Theory of Symbols Explained

"Our intent," says Rabbi Fleg, "was to show each group that although their symbols differed, they had been created to lead men to an understanding of one God. But since men are men, some misunderstood."

For a while it seemed the misunderstanding would lead to abandonment of interfaith. Rabbi and minister were reconciled to it. Their congregations, however, were not.

"They realized," explains Dr. Stitt, "that their differences were those of brothers, not strangers. And that they had both merely suffered growing pains."

As proof of the family spirit, the Jews were invited to become equal partners in the house of worship. Twin signs were erected outside, one reading "Village Presbyterian Church," the other "Village Temple."

"The twin signs," says Dr. Stitt, "were suggested by a member of my congregation who had originally opposed the invitation to the Jews."

Thereafter, the relationship grew—until it reached the stature it enjoys today. Special interfaith rites were continued, minus symbols. Jewish prayer books were placed permanently in the pews. And rabbi and minister embarked on their campaign of religious enlightenment.

In addition to lectures, forums, classes in history, the two clergymen continually stress mutual association "to eradicate xenophobia, the fear of the unknown." At the temple's Hanukkah festival, the Christian children help light the candles. At yuletide services the Jewish children reciprocate. Churchmen attend Passover rites. The temple helps decorate the church at Christmas.

On a social plane it is the same. The congregations have formed a dozen clubs. They range from bridge to folk dancing, from dramatics to operatics. Their Greenwich Mews Players have won wide acclaim. Equally successful has been their "Lemonade Opera." Six members of the cast have been auditioned by the Metropolitan.

United spiritually and socially, the church-temple has also united financially. All income and expenses are shared, except the salaries of the clergymen.

Members of both congregations agree that religion, translated into action, has brought new meaning to their everyday existence.

"The interfaith program has given me faith in myself and man's ability to solve his own problems," says Dr. J. Lewis Leboy, a dentist and a member of Rabbi Strome's flock.

"It has taught me that going to church means going nowhere, unless you take its lessons with you into the outside world," is the way Carolyn Neumeister, insurance company office supervisor, sums it up.

Another of Dr. Stitt's parishioners, Robert Sullivan, an engineer, puts it this way: "First I wondered how interfaith would work. Now I wonder how we ever worked without it."

One of the church-temple's proudest achievements is its nonsectarian settlement house. Created for neighborhood children between the ages of seven and fourteen, it seeks to foster tolerance without preachment. The personnel serve as an object lesson. The director is Roy T. Kurahara, 26, a Japanese-American, of Sacramento, California. Under him are 30 volunteer teachers—Protestant, Catholic, Jewish; Negro, Chinese, white. Each is a college graduate, studying for a higher degree.

Tuition for the children is $5 a year—free to those who can't afford it. Enrollment is open to all. Activities run the whole gamut of children's interests. There is even a Junior Night Club for girls, with juke box and soft-drink bar. And a class in playing the piano—attended by a solitary student.

COLLIER'S **"I don't know. What do you think? We could do a lot of eating out for $14.89"** CHARLES PEARSON

Experience with Intolerance

Kurahara is no mere theorist. He learned about intolerance the hard way. During the last war he was interned at Tule Lake, California, under the Japanese Relocation Act.

Kurahara's methods are simple but effective. As an illustration Dr. Stitt cites the case of a boy of nine. The boy would neither play nor talk to the other Village House children. Bit by bit, Kurahara drew him out. The boy was the only Jewish child in his neighborhood, the only Jewish child in his class.

"His schoolmates so ghettoized him," says Dr. Stitt, "that he was afraid to play with anyone, even here."

Kurahara went to the boy's tormentors, invited them to Village House and placed a Jewish teacher in charge of the group. Resentful at first, the boys came to admire the teacher's athletic skill. But they still refused to include the Jewish boy, protesting, "That Jew doesn't know how to play with us."

The teacher pointed to himself. "But this Jew does. And you wouldn't have known it unless you tried. Why don't you try that kid?"

They tried. And friendship replaced hostility

Operating thus by day, the church-temple and its program have won nationwide attention. Christians and Jews have shared quarters before. They still do. But only in an emergency—because of fire, cramped quarters or temporary homelessness. For instance in Savannah, Georgia, Synagogue Mikve Israel gave shelter to a burned-out Methodist congregation. In Bismarck, North Dakota, Baptists borrowed the local temple for a one-day revival meeting. And in Rockville Centre, Long Island, Unitarians are meeting in the Central Synagogue until their own church is built.

The Village church-temple, however, is the only permanent union of Christians and Jews. Under one roof, within one sanctuary, each retaining its creed but joined together in religious and social interfaith.

Blessed by the presbytery and the Jewish parent body as pioneers in a great project, Dr. Stitt, Rabbi Fleg and also Rabbi Strome have been invited to lecture before religious and civic groups in all parts of the country. These include Dallas, Chicago, Los Angeles, Portland, Maine; Omaha, Detroit, Buffalo, Allentown, Pennsylvania; Canton, Ohio; Louisville, Kentucky; Tampa, Florida, and Danbury, Connecticut.

Last June Rabbi Fleg left the congregation to write a book on religious philosophy and complete his studies toward a doctor's degree. He was succeeded by husky Rabbi Sidney Strome, veteran of the South Pacific campaign and an enemy of "lip-service religion."

As the first rabbi assigned to MacArthur's troops—an assignment he personally requested—he fits naturally into the interfaith program. He had conducted services in every creed on the battlefield, Protestant, Catholic and Jewish. And he had come home convinced that "Judaism without interfaith is ghettoism."

Together with Dr. Stitt he had furthered the work of the church-temple. Their congregations have grown to a total of 700. They are planning a marriage clinic, a child-guidance bureau, and even wider social programs. And as they work together they muse upon the words of the Prophet Isaiah.

For Isaiah said, "My house shall be called a house of prayer for all peoples." THE END

Next Week

How Truman Writes Those Letters

BY JONATHAN DANIELS

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Above, the Metropolitan Opera's great tenor, Jussi Bjoerling, and his wife, Anna-Lisa. At left, Mrs. Bjoerling puts the finishing touches to her husband's Don Carlo costume

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY RICHARD BEATTIE

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'Mama, Sing with Papa'

By HERBERT KUPFERBERG

DURING his current joint-concert tour, Jussi Bjoerling, the Metropolitan Opera Company's great tenor, is facing what is probably the most satisfactory competition of his career. In bookings spread over North America from Montreal, Canada, to Columbus, Georgia, he has been sharing the stage with a striking blond soprano —and although he has been losing a good part of the applause to her, he doesn't seem to mind at all.

For the soprano is his wife, Anna-Lisa, who is making her first singing tour of America.

Bjoerling (pronounced Byur-ling) is the Swedish tenor who was selected to open this year's opera season singing the title role in the now-historic revival of Verdi's Don Carlo. He has been an opera singer for some 15 years and a Met star since 1938; but Anna-Lisa, who married him just at the start of his career, saw that as a fitting occasion to put aside her own operatic ambitions so she could raise a family. Only the fact that their three children—Anders, fourteen, Lars-Olof, eleven, and Anne-Charlotte, seven—are now in school prompted her to resume singing.

Last April, before they took the family show on the road, the Bjoerlings tried it out at New York's Carnegie Hall. The enthusiasm of the audience, coupled with a good critical response, convinced the two singers that other American cities might like to hear their duets. Since then, bookings have poured in, and they have signed for several radio engagements. Their concert dates have been limited only by Jussi's schedule at the Metropolitan; as it is, he has to fly back and forth between the tour cities and New York to keep his Met commitments.

Bjoerling, whom the San Francisco Chronicle has called "one of the truly phenomenal men of music," says of the new venture:

"I used to feel that one singer in the family was enough, but this joint tour makes me think I was wrong.

"At our Carnegie Hall debut, I was more nervous than my wife was. Maybe it showed, too, because they gave her flowers at the end. Me, I got nothing.

"Seriously," he adds, "she has such a beautiful voice that it would be a crime not to let her sing."

Despite the applause she is receiving now, Anna-Lisa doesn't feel that her years of silence were wasted. "Sometimes maybe I missed the excitement and glamor a little," she admits, "but having the children around me made up for it. It was a busy life, and a good one. I had my three little ones and my husband to take care of, and you can't do that when you're singing."

Having been happily married for many years, the Bjoerlings agree about almost everything except slenderizing diets and exercise. Anna-Lisa, voted the most beautiful girl in Sweden in a newspaper contest when she was sixteen, keeps her figure by doggedly exercising every morning and night in her hotel room; Jussi, who is contentedly rotund, sits in an easy chair and clocks her. After the Met season, the Bjoerlings return to Sweden; when they go fishing near their summer home on an island in the Baltic Sea, he holds the line and she rows. With his husky physique and powerful, ringing voice, Bjoerling is a throwback to the old-fashioned opera singer, while his wife is more typical of the new, streamlined version.

Collier's for February 17, 1951

The Bjoerlings first met at the Royal Conservatory of Music in Stockholm during the early 1930s. Jussi Bjoerling was the school's most promising student, Anna-Lisa Berg its most beautiful. Jussi's older brother took care of the introductions; the tenor didn't find out until years later that the meeting was Anna-Lisa's idea.

The two singers were married in 1935, soon after Jussi had joined Stockholm's Royal Opera.

Then, while her husband was winning the European renown that led to his electrifying Metropolitan debut at the age of twenty-seven, Anna-Lisa stayed home. Her vocal teacher warned her that too many years away from public performances might ruin her voice, but Mrs. Bjoerling, willing to take the chance, confined her singing to lullabies.

However, the Bjoerling children were always after their mother to "sing with Papa." Three years ago they coaxed Anna-Lisa into making a home recording of an operatic duet with Jussi—and then secretly took the record to the manager of Stockholm's biggest radio station. After the record was played over the air everything seemed to conspire against the soprano's retirement. Early in 1948, the late Count Folke Bernadotte, an old friend of the family, invited Jussi and Anna-Lisa to sing the leading parts in a Red Cross benefit performance of Puccini's La Bohème at the Stockholm Opera. With the children beaming at them from the audience, they scored such a hit that they were signed up for a series of joint performances. That led eventually to their American tour.

The Bjoerling children have made two trips to America to hear their father sing at the Metropolitan, but this time, to the regret of the whole family, schoolwork has made it impossible for them to leave.

Family traveling is an old Bjoerling tradition. In 1920, Jussi made his first trip to this country, as a member of the Bjoerling Male Quartet. This flourishing ensemble was composed of Jussi, aged nine, his brothers Olle and Goerta, eleven and seven respectively, and their father David. Decked out in their national costumes—black shoes, white stockings, calfskin trousers, blue vests and white shirts adorned with red ribbons—they sang before Scandinavian societies and church groups across the country.

The senior Bjoerling called a halt only when it became painfully apparent that his sons were no longer sopranos.

Once during this trip Jussi narrowly missed seeing the inside of the Metropolitan Opera House 17 years ahead of time. As the quartet was winding up its tour in New York City, the elder Bjoerling proudly told his family that he had managed to procure four tickets to hear the great Caruso sing. In his excitement, he failed to notice his sons' lack of enthusiasm as he dragged them past the movie palaces of Broadway toward the Met. Finally the boys plucked up their courage and informed him that their tastes for the evening ran to a horse opera starring William Hart.

So David Bjoerling sadly heard Caruso alone, and picked up his progeny after the movie. Jussi never did see the Metropolitan Opera House, until he sang there. THE END

The Bjoerlings at the family home in Sweden. The children, Lars-Olof, 11, Anne-Charlotte, 7, and Anders, 14, now attend school there. They have made two trips to the United States

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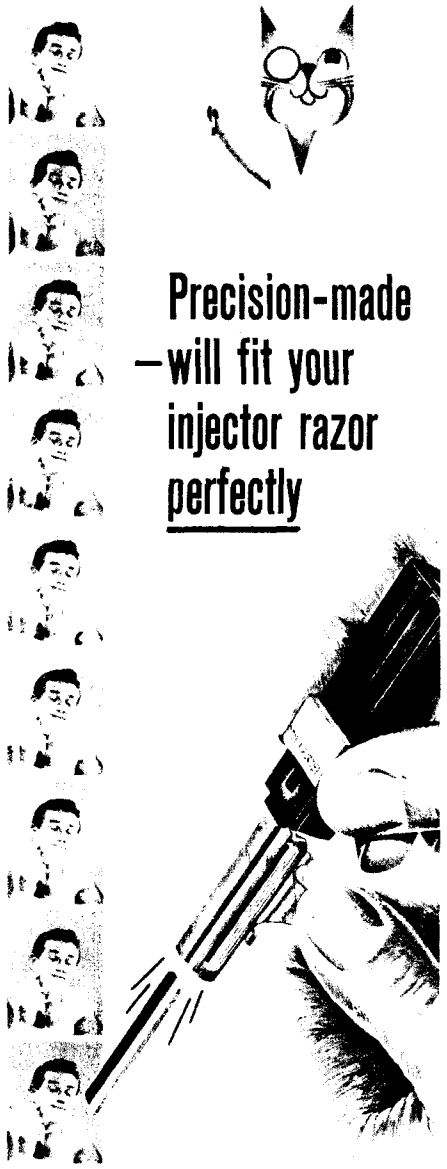

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Letter to a Child

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

hurrying before him, and behind him Eve, her dirndl skirt a pouch of shells.

"These are my family," I'd say aloud. "Whether or not anything can ever come of this, these are my family now."

For the first time in my life, I felt so abundantly full of contentment that I knew I could never again be entirely alone.

I stop now that I have written those words, and I know they have lived themselves true. Not through every hour of this time between, of course. But even in the most desperate moment, I have known that somewhere, stretching over everything in my private world, was a calm sky of certainty. That is what I am trying to tell you in this letter, my child: that there is a stately design to living, and we must find it and feel it.

Those few days when Mark and Eve and I lived in our enchanted world gave me that long sight and certainty which I have never lost completely.

Often now when I walk these other autumn nights with you, my child, I remember those nights with Mark and Eve. Our peace both then and now is of our own secret making, as joy must always be.

That is why I know you will be safe with me, though I must build the dwelling for our life with my two hands alone, roofing it with the height of my own heart, and walling it with my daring.

A child that comes because an urgent love has called him into being knows how to walk with light streaming from himself, so that his path is bright before him. And you are such a child. . . .

There was something in both Mark and me which would not let us sketch in the outlines of our life ahead while Eve was with us. Not until the three of us had driven home together, and were parting, did we speak about what was ahead. We left Eve in the car, and Mark and I carried my luggage up the long stairs to my studio.

"This is my home, Chris," he said. "This place has taught me what homesickness is, at last. Remember what I told you once about that?"

"That you were homesick for homesickness."

"I have it now, all right," he said. "I've lived here with you, almost all the time. You must have felt me here."

I went to him as Eve went sometimes and put my arms around his waist and held him close.

"I was afraid to let myself feel you here, Mark. And getting along without daring to feel it has been impossible."

"Dare now, Christine," he said softly, and bent his head and kissed me, a deep gentle kiss.

WE BOTH drew back then, and smiled because the kiss had been so good. Not sad or stolen or desperate.

He said, "It won't take long. I think Lyle is ready. I keep wishing I was coming to you straight from being a kid. There's no use wishing that, of course."

"All that doesn't matter to me, Mark. It's what made you the way you are. There was probably some good reason why it had to be this way."

"There was plenty of reason," he said. "I mightn't have recognized what you are, if I hadn't starved to death at a banquet table before I found you. You wouldn't know what that means, Chris, and I wouldn't want you to know."

Then he smiled almost shamefacedly. "I knew all right how this was going to be for us."

"I knew, too," I said. "It was pretty indecent of us to know so well, Mark."

"It was pretty wonderful, Chris." . . .

When you are a large child we shall not live in this house, for I shall have resumed my own name and picked up my own life again, when the necessity for this secrecy is past. But perhaps we shall linger a year or so in this village which makes us welcome.

I fall asleep, and when I wake there is such joy in my heart that I think for a moment that Mark must be here beside me.

Then I remember. For a moment the old violent grief plunges through me, and I wonder how I could ever believe I might endure without him. Then I remember the paintings the children of this village have made in the painting class I have started here, and Margit with all her winsomeness, and Monty so rakish yet so tender, and Dr. Rob in whose care Mark has left me, and my heart is flooded with comfort.

Now I am filled with energy. I run downstairs and Margit has laid out my luncheon on a blue-checked cloth on the end of the kitchen table.

"I haven't time for soup," I say impatiently. "Just butter me some homemade bread with jam an inch thick on it."

I snatch up the big block of bread and jam, and run back up to the studio. Now I am as feverish for paint as the children were. Every picture one paints is the first ever started. I hold my breath as I begin it.

NEITHER Mark nor I could possibly have guessed what agony the months of that winter would be. Everything possible was wrong, except what was between ourselves. Sometimes, during the long months when I was alone while Mark was ferrying planes, and Lyle was flitting here and there and talking about us with anyone who cared to listen, and making up her mind and then unmaking it again, I would say to myself, "This is all going to add up to nothing."

I never knew how long it would be before I could hear from Mark. Sometimes I would be wakened in the night, and there would be his voice on the phone. "I'm just back from England. I had to hear you."

When he was near enough to New York, he would arrive suddenly and for a few hours we would have our little world again.

Halfway through the winter, there were weeks when everything looked completely hopeless, when Lyle decided that after all she did not want a divorce.

One day she came to see me. She telephoned first, and asked me if I would have tea with her.

I said, "I'd much rather have you come here, Mrs. Seville."

"Must you keep calling me Mrs. Seville?" she asked with an annoyed laugh.

Before she arrived, I decided not to make tea. I doubted if either of us would be able to swallow it anyway.

LYLE came up my stairs slowly. Her face had its fashionable tan lately renewed, for she had just come back from California. When she saw me, there was a moment of uncertainty, and suddenly I realized that my appearance surprised her. I was painting a frame and wearing jeans and an ancient smock.

"I'd hardly know you," she said.

She looked about the room as frankly as she had inspected me. "I wouldn't have guessed the room either. It's beautiful, in a careless kind of way. You can see I've underestimated you."

"Would you like to see Mark's picture?" I asked, and as I said the words I realized how well they expressed my own confidence with this portrait and all it meant.

She looked at it for a few minutes, then lighted a cigarette.

"It's not a likeness," she said bluntly. "Actually it's more of a confession."

I put the portrait back, and I felt a kind of pity for this bright woman who had all the qualities I had ever envied in my life and yet had to resort to cruelty when she talked to me.

Then, suddenly, she turned the maneuver back toward an attack on me.

"Just the sight of you, for your information— A child could see by looking at you, Christine Bruning, that you're steeped to the brim in good satisfied lusty living."

I reached up my hand impulsively and put it across her mouth.

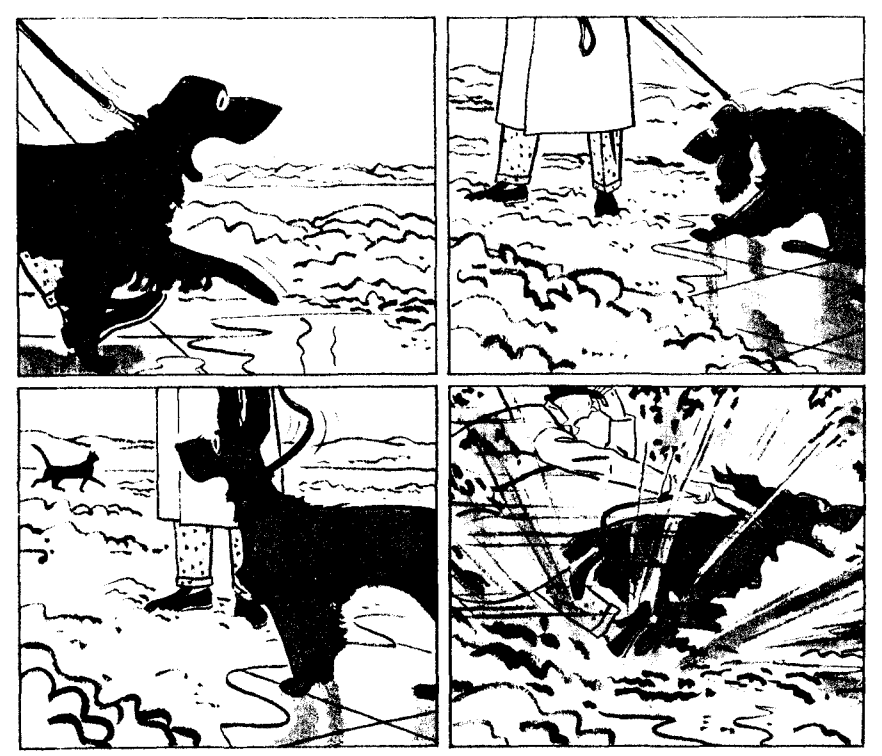
"Don't hurt yourself, and all of us."

"*I* hurt *you!*" For a moment I thought she was going to cry. But she had no weeping in her, because she had been taught that feeling is stupid.

"Is it pride? Don't bother about anything so small as pride, Lyle. If you do love Mark, or if you had ever loved him, I couldn't have got near him. It would only be a hungry man who would bother with bread—just plain bread like me."

She listened to that unwillingly, and I

CLANCY



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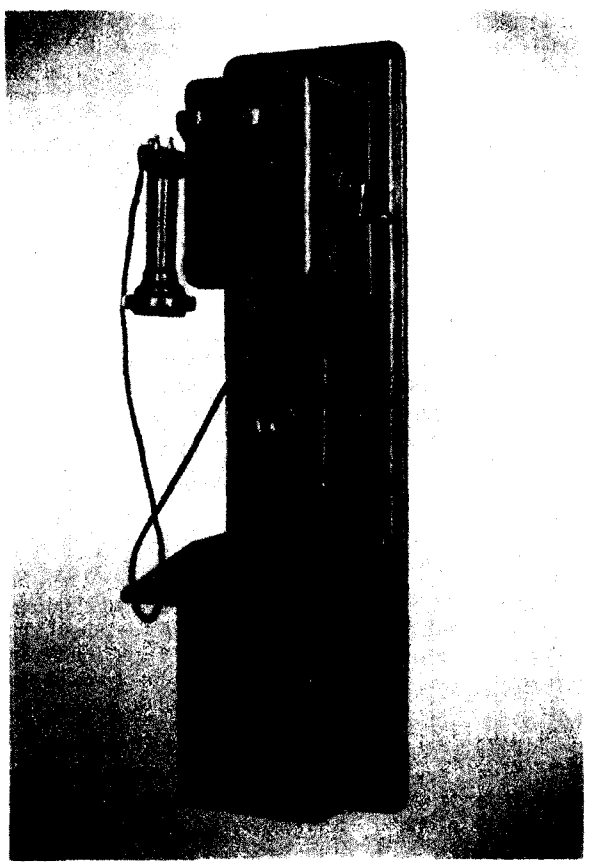

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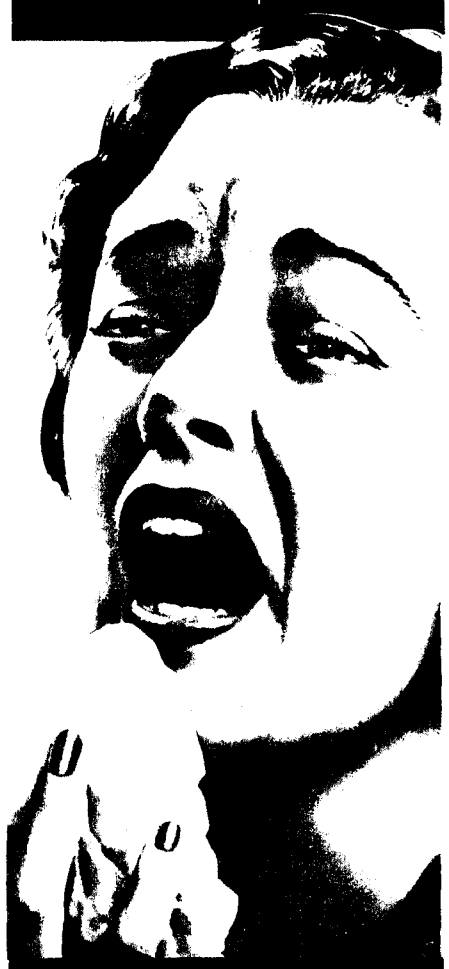

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knew she accepted it as truth, because it was true. For a moment we almost opened the door of honesty between us. But then she grabbed back at her rights, my impertinence . . .

"Don't think it's Mark I want back," she said. "He's never given me anything but—However, I'm not going to be—" She stood up suddenly, and reached for her coat. "I might have known we couldn't talk."

"We could talk," I told her, "if you'd just be honest."

"You mean you'd like a chance to work me over—do some social work on me the way you do with Eve and Millie. That's your big talent, as near as I can make out. Matter of fact, it's exactly what you've done with Mark."

"I suppose it is," I said slowly. "I've bothered to see how he feels inside."

"And you'd like to know how I feel," she cried angrily. "Well, my fine amateur do-gooder, that's not going to happen. Because how I feel inside is just plain furious." She went to the door and opened it.

"I'll be off now," she said, "and in case you've any doubt about what this visit adds up to, I'll tell you straight out. I'm not going to divorce Mark—now or ever."

I told Mark when next he came to New York. At the end, I was weeping. "She'll never give it to us," I said.

He was quiet a long time. Then he said, "It isn't hers to give, Chris."

He held me close, and finally I said, "But it's ours to take."

"I think so, too," he said. "But our children wouldn't like it, Christine."

AFTER that, he spoke often of our children, for our children were as real to him as I was myself.

Sometimes I pretended to be jealous of those mythical children of ours. "You think more of them than you do of me," I would say.

"Nearly as much, anyway. How could I love you as much as I do without loving all that goes with you?"

Sometimes when it was almost time for him to leave me, and I'd feel that I couldn't trust myself to be safe another two hours, I'd say, "Tell me about our children, Mark."

So he would hold me close, and one by one he would open the rooms he always saw ahead in our life, and we would live in them a while with our children.

"They don't have to be smart," he'd say, "except about the needs of other people. They won't have to be clever, because they won't be trying to get ahead of other people. We'll make them understand how loved they are, and they'll never need to shine in any other way." . . .

Now it was early spring again, a cold, begrudging kind of April. The day was rainy and lashed with wind.

We took a cab and went looking for the little sky-blue Swedish restaurant. But it had deserted us, and a delicatessen was there.

"We've strayed into another world," Mark said. "There aren't even any landmarks left of our own."

So we went resignedly to a very crowded hotel dining room. Of all the people on earth, none are so homeless as those whose love has no address of its own.

We talked as brightly as we could for each other's sake, and finally Mark brushed it all aside. "Chris, I've come to the end of my patience. I'm through with acting as if we were fugitives. Listen. We're going to take this thing in our own hands now. We've got nothing to be ashamed of. We only want what we're entitled to. And we're going to take it."

"I could do anything," I said shakily, "if you were right there."

"I'll be there, all right."

His face was full of color now; the peaks and planes were sharpened and full of life.

"Why don't we send out an announcement? Would that be too grotesque?"

"What kind of announcement, Mark?"

"Formal," he said, and now he burst into laughter. "It's the only time in my life I've wanted anything formal!" He took the menu and, turning it over, began to write, speaking the words.

"Miss Christine Bruning—or maybe my name should go first—to sort of break the shock?—Captain Mark Travers Seville announce their most honest desire to be married. Due to circumstances beyond their control, marriage is impossible. They therefore have the honor to announce that they shall be living henceforth in a state of matrimony as holy as they can make it—"

"Oh, Mark—"

"You think about it a minute," he said. "I've been thinking about it ever since I last saw Lyle."

We got the check and went out and rode around the city in a taxi, and at last we came to my studio.

Before the fireplace Mark got out the menu again and looked admiringly at his handwriting.

"What do you think?" he asked, cocking up his eyebrow.

"Oh, Mark!

"You haven't the courage."

"We'd wake up the next morning with a crowd of reporters outside the door. But I tell you what we *might* do," I said. "We might make a list of all the people each of us really cares about, and tell them exactly—"

He tore the menu once across. "I suppose I've been a fool again," he said.

"Hello. Say, did you hear the latest about Mildred? You did! She did? No fooling? What a nerve! She's just the type! Who? No, this isn't Betty. Is this Ivanhoe 9-0137? Sorry. I must have the wrong number"

COLLIER'S — HANK KETCHAM

IT IS lovely to go to sleep knowing that Dr. Robbins is sleeping in the house tonight. Monty and I went to the train to meet him. He held me off at arm's length and looked at me. He shouted, "You look absolutely fine, my child."

Then Monty got hold of him, and though he is probably at least as old as Dr. Rob himself, Monty helped him by the elbow over to our car.

"Don't lean on me," Dr. Rob said, prodding him in the ribs, "you'll have to hold yourself up, you old rascal."

We drove up our hill, and long before we reached the house we could see Margit, popped out of the door to watch our coming. She ran and put her arms around the doctor, and then she drew back. "What will Missis be thinking of me?" she asked.

"She'll think you're the shameless hussy you are," Monty said. "Always looking for a chance to get your hands on another handsome man."

Margit was clucking disapprovingly, hardly able to keep the mirth out of her face. "Seems the older he gets, Dr. Rob, the worse he acts."

"Seems that's true of all of us," Dr. Rob said. "Otherwise what's the use of getting old?"

After Margit's delicious dinner, Dr. Rob and I sat in the library and talked. All my worries seemed to vanish in his presence. I told him so, and he reached out and touched my hair as if I were a ten-year-old.

"What can you find to worry about?" he asked me. "Everything's simple, Christine."

"I'm not worrying about myself."

"And you mustn't be worrying about the baby. It is bringing with it everything a baby needs. It's got its passport all ready in its hand. And I'll be here to see that the visa is properly stamped and in order when the moment comes."

I cannot worry convincingly in his presence, because he always seems so sure of everything. He has seen such a vast amount of life pass through his sixty-five or seventy years. Most of it was beset with fear, he says, where no fear needed to be.

"I've got the best children in the world," he said, speaking of his innumerable children. "But there wasn't a one of them that wasn't *born in the midst of trouble.*"

Dr. Rob's children range up to men and women with families of their own. Nobody knows just how many he has adopted, but his life has always been full of them in all stages of growing and being educated.

BEFORE I met Dr. Rob, Mark used to talk about him often. When he first told me about the adopted children, he said, "I used to wish I was one of Dr. Rob's kids all the time I was muddling through my childhood. But I wasn't eligible, by a couple of hundred thousand dollars. You see, whenever he ran across a really underprivileged baby whose parents didn't want it, he added it to his family. I was underprivileged, all right. But I was needy where it didn't show."

Dr. Rob and I have sat by the hour talking about Mark at all his various ages. Once he said to me, "I was quite a schemer. I kept thinking maybe he'd fall in love with one or another of my daughters, and maybe I'd get him in my family that way. But he never could see any girl. Fact was, he was keeping his eyes closed until you spoke to him."

"Yes, but how about—?"

He shook himself angrily. "That was his fool mother's idea. And Lyle's strong-headed cussedness. I knew *her* the first time I saw her," he said bitterly.

"She was beautiful, Dr. Rob."

"Beautiful? I knew the first time I saw her that she was a woman babies wouldn't want."

His coming to this house has allayed some of the suspicions of the town. The word has got around that we have a very distinguished physician in our midst, and my neighbors all feel better about me.

Margit and Monty have known Dr. Rob for years. During the time they served in the Sevilles' house, Dr. Rob used to come and visit when he could spare the time. And when he couldn't, Margit used to pack up Master Mark and send him to stay for a day or so with the doctor in his house full of children.

This morning at breakfast they were talking about one of those times, and Margit was laughing and Dr. Rob was leaning back in his chair.

Margit said, "Remember the Fourth of July I caught him trying to put his winter underwear in the suitcase?"

"And Master Mark said, 'I want to be ready in case Dr. Rob ever asks me just to stay on and belong to his family.'"

Margit, realizing suddenly that she is letting her tray lean against her stomach in a most undignified way, scurries around the breakfast table, picking things up importantly. "What will Missis think? All this reminiscing and palavering! But you'll have to forgive us, Missis. Doctor and us always loved that boy." . . .

Abruptly, the way a page turns and a chapter is seen to run only one more para-

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graph, this part of Mark's and my life together was over.

The word came to me in the fantastic fashion such news sometimes does. I had gone over to the Davisons' late one afternoon, and after we had talked about a great many other things, Mr. Davison had said, "Too bad about that nice Captain Seville you did the portrait of, isn't it?"

"Too bad?"

"Yes, there's a little item here in the paper."

"About Captain Seville?"

"Oh, yes. Oh, yes, indeed. Ah, now, here it is!" He read it off then. " 'Lyle Seville has confirmed yesterday's rumor that she is divorcing Captain Mark Seville of the Air Transport Command. Lovely Lyle is leaving immediately for Reno. A certain dashing Navy Lieutenant, jg, is stationed only a hop away in San Diego. Happy landings, Lieutenant!' " He peered at me over his glasses. "Very poor taste, that last bit of gossip," he said, reddening.

I think I must have walked home ten inches above the pavement that evening. I bought a newspaper and read the item again, almost crying with happiness.

As I came bounding up my own stairs, my telephone was ringing, but before I could get the door unlocked, it had stopped. I sat down beside it on the floor and waited, knowing that it was Mark and that he would surely call again. At last he did.

"Chris, the best thing possible has happened," he said, without any preliminaries. "Can you hear me, dear?"

"Of course, Mark." I waited for him to tell me.

"Everything's going to be all right. Lyle's lawyer wrote me a letter today— Chris, can you hear me?"

"I'm here, darling," I said. "I'm—I'm just too happy to say anything."

The next few weeks passed swiftly, for I had wonderful, practical things to do. We had talked our good life so thoroughly we both knew it by heart. We had a childlike faith that the life was already existing somewhere, and that we had only to overtake it.

At any rate, we kept my studio, and I tidied up all my possessions out of sheer exuberance, setting aside empty drawers and closets for Mark.

THE days didn't seem long enough now, so busy a thing is hope. Mark was based at Long Beach, California. I bought warm-weather sport clothes and had them ready. For the first time in my life, I had fun choosing clothes.

I had a telegram from Eve one day, saying: *Most urgent you meet me three o'clock office of Dr. Malcolm Bentley, dentist. Must discuss something vital with you.* I found the address in the phone book, and reported there at three.

"We'll go out in the hall," Eve said.

So we went out into the corridor and leaned against a big window, looking down over roofs.

"Chris, I've got to talk to you very seriously," Eve said as soon as she had looked up and down the hall to make sure no spies were lurking within hearing distance.

I thought: Oh, golly, the child's probably got herself into some jam again.

"All right," I said. "You know you can trust me."

"Well, Lyle is divorcing Mark." She waited expectantly to see how this bomb of news struck me. "I suppose you've never suspected that they don't get along," she said. "But confidentially—"

"Darling, do you think you ought to be telling me all this?"

"Yes, I do. Because I want you to do something."

"But, Eve—"

"No, wait. Let me tell you. I know you've never thought of Mark in a personal way, knowing he was married and everything, but do you suppose—" She gulped, then she blurted it out: "Listen, Chris, I know him better than anybody else on earth does. I've thought it all over, and you'd be simply perfect for each other."

"Are you proposing to me for Mark?"

"Well, yes, I suppose in a way I am. Mark's such a dope about women, and there have always been so many of them just nuts about him. And he hasn't the slightest idea. I thought if I talked to you, you could kind of jump the gun on the rest of them."

"You've certainly got it worked out," I said admiringly.

"It's so perfect," she said. "And then when I do come to live with you—you did say I could someday, you know—why, then we'd all be together. All the time. Just like those three perfect days on the Cape. Imagine a whole lifetime of that. And after everything's worked out, I'll be able to tell your children that it was all my idea."

"You will indeed," I said, laughing.

"I'll say, 'You kids probably wouldn't even be here if it hadn't been for your Auntie Eve.' They'll be practically like my own family, won't they?"

"They'll *be* your own family, darling."

"Yes," she said tremulously. "That's just what they'll be. That's just what we'll all be, Mark and you and me and the children."

ON THE twentieth of October, at a flag stop in Nevada, I got off the train in the chill breathless dawn. The porter and I had gone whispering down the chasm of green-curtained sleep, and he lifted off my luggage and then had turned to help me down. But suddenly Mark was there, and it was he who swung me down the steps and into his arms. The big wheels ground and scraped, and we stood alone, surrounded by my bags and painting equipment.

"So here we are," Mark said. He looked down at me with a great triumphant male delight, then he gathered me into his arms. "Oh, Chris, it's ours now."

He had rented a car from somewhere so we could have it during his leave, before he had to report to a new base in California for a month of special training. We drove through the desert until we finally reached a town. No one seemed alive as we rolled down a quiet little street with awninged stores and restaurants on either side. Finally we found a place called Ed's Grill open, so we went in and had coffee.

"You look so beautiful," Mark said. "You're going to be one of the most beautiful women in the world before I get through with you."

I could only smile at him. But I knew that the shimmering which I felt all through my body was only partly fatigue.

"I've got everything arranged," he said in as matter-of-fact a voice as he could. "I've rounded up a nice sentimental preacher who will be ready for us in about an hour. And I've got a big white bridal bouquet for you. But damned if I didn't leave it in the refrigerator at the hotel."

"We can stop in the desert and pick a spray of something small and choice," I said.

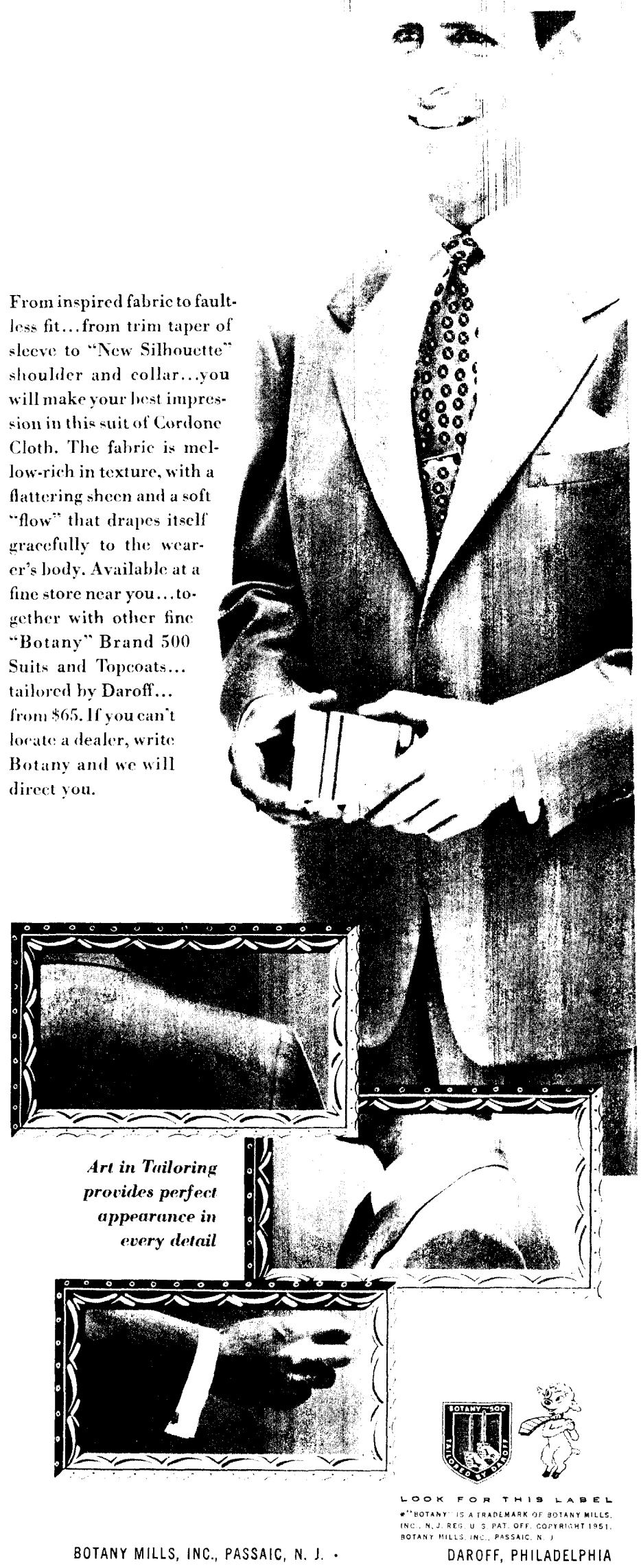
We drove out to the edge of town where the desert washed in in waves, and Mark ran out a hundred yards from the road and picked a nosegay of white desert holly and some nameless amethyst flowers.

"They'll last you forever," he said, "and when the time comes we can put them in the middle of our eldest daughter's bridal bouquet."

We left the car and walked the last three blocks to the church. The houses along the way were waking up now, and sleepy people were opening front doors and taking in milk bottles and papers. It was a lovely world that morning, as it always was a lovely, special kind of world when we were together.

The church was a plain little structure, rather like a child's drawing of a church. The minister himself came to let us in, squirming apologetically into his official coat. In the dim and dusty church the three of us stepped to one side, and he told us what he would expect us to say as he read the service.

"Don't be nervous," he said reassuringly. "Nobody of importance is going to overhear you. Nobody except God Himself,



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and there's no use trying to make any impression on Him."

"No, sir," Mark said solemnly. "I mean yes, sir."

The preacher brought in as witnesses two casual persons: a tall shambling man wiping his dusty hands on his trousers, and a very old lady with a perpetual smile creased into a tired face. Then we gathered before the railing at the front of the church, and the ceremony began.

The wedding was nothing at all—ten minutes of perfunctory legality. But we had waited for it for more than a year. Mark's profile was fierce and pale when I looked up at it. I knew his profile hardly at all, so that he seemed almost a stranger to me. His hand, when he took mine and put the plain gold ring on my finger, was cold and hard, and when I looked up into his face, it flushed with a disturbing wave of feeling absurdly out of place in the dark little church, with two strangers standing obediently behind us.

And that's the way we were married.

We drove all that day, and just after sunset we reached the place in the desert near Indio, where we were to spend our honeymoon.

For nine days we lived on an island, in space and in time. The sea around us was sand and our island was a round oasis of trees, yellowy-green and lush—pepper trees that flowed in the wind like the tossing manes of giant ponies, and deep blue-green little orange trees.

Sometimes I would wake up when the strange quivering desert dawn was only broken-up darkness on the edge of the earth. I would rise on my elbow and look out the window and wonder how anyone could be as happy as I was. I would turn then and hang for a moment over Mark's sleeping face, mysterious and beautiful in the powdered light. I knew the face so well, but when it slept there was a nobility and gentleness about it which the daytime obscured. There was a new look about the mouth; already he looked like a man who had loved very well.

EVERYTHING he did, and everything he was, delighted me. He was always at ease, in spirit and in body. I remember that the first time I saw him I thought he was the most restless-seeming man I had ever noticed. I remember I thought: Why don't you sit down, so you'll look as if you belonged somewhere? Well, he belonged somewhere now; he belonged wherever he was, for his heart had come to rest—just as I myself belong now wherever I am, even alone, even among strangers.

Once I mentioned our children, and Mark rolled over on the grassy knoll where he was lying at my feet while I sat with my back against a tree. He closed his long strong fingers around my ankle and shook it gently. "It doesn't seem proper to me for you to bring our children on our honeymoon," he said, not laughing at all.

"I suppose it isn't. But on the other hand, they used to be all over the place, when we weren't even—"

"No." He brushed his fingers free of the thought of them. "I've sent the children back where they came from," he said, soberly. "I don't need them any more. Now that I have you, I have everything."

"But, Mark—"

"Oh, don't worry about them, darling. They'll come back, and next time they won't be coming in a bunch. They'll come one by one, quite properly. But not now. This is no place for children."

We had only nine days, but they were so beautiful that they made a bright eternity of their own. . . .

When we reached Mark's new quarters, where he was to be training intensively for a while, we found a deluge of gifts, telegrams and letters. Many were from Millie and Eve. And there was even an ironical reminder of Lyle—a big box of Mark's belongings, old photographs, prints he had collected, books he had lent to her, and many other small tokens of intimacy.

"They're supposed to hurt you, Chris," Mark said. "Don't let them."

"How could anything hurt me?" I asked.

Millie's letters were ecstatic, full of advice and admonition and warning.

"What do you say we read the rest of them on our fiftieth anniversary?" Mark suggested, after we had gone through the first one.

Eve had sent a madly scribbled note saying, "Any time you send for me to come and visit you, I'd simply drop everything and dash. You know this was all *my* idea."

"We'll send for her, won't we?" I asked Mark, and he nodded with that special look in his eyes which only his little sister seemed to bring into being.

We lived only a month in one of the inns which the government had taken over for officers' families. Mark existed in a trance of hard work, but somehow it was a blissful time for both of us. Then he was transferred to Dallas, Texas, and then to Great Falls, Montana. From here he was flying bombers to Fairbanks, Alaska. We stayed at this dreary post a while, and then he was sent back to Texas. Wherever he was based, I went with him.

I went through aimless weeks of waiting for him to come back from some assignment, spending a rapturous twenty-four hours, and then settling down to another wait. It was a dream existence, with strange women like myself walking through the days as aimlessly as I walked. The inconvenience and tiresomeness of our way of living screened out all but the girls who ardently loved their husbands; the rest had found very rational reasons for not trudging around from field to field.

The very emptiness of the life made my love the only real thing in the world for me, and during those months of following here and there, I was so absorbed that I did not even paint.

I had never known many girls my own age, and now I lived in a world of such girls, a different small circle of them every few weeks—Patsy, Bunny and Liz; Pokey, Mattie and Soups. The long days were filled with idleness and lazy talk, of lolling around the swimming pool, sitting under driers in beauty shops, drifting in and out of movies. I didn't object to any of it, for I had been a child who had few girl playmates.

I suppose I could have painted, but somehow I didn't. I lived an alternately dull and frantic life for nine or ten days, then Mark was back with forty-eight hours of leave. When he was back I became deaf and blind to everything else. I doubt if I even spoke to Patsy or Bunny or whoever were my current intimates when we met them on the way to officers' mess. But most of them were living in similar tense heavens, and I was, no doubt, as shadowy and unreal to them as they were to me.

Every once in a while, one girl would stand out in ghastly prominence because her husband had crashed. We would try to help her, but actually we could scarcely bear the sight of her, white-faced and stunned, going through the motions of picking up her few possessions and his useless ones, and moving on out of our sickened range of vision.

As much as anything else, I think it was these occurrences (which came in rapid frequency that late winter of 1945) which made me decide I'd rather have my intermittent life with Mark in New York instead of at some unsettled airfield. Now he was delivering pursuit planes quite steadily to Newark, to be packed in orderly rows on transports, so New York seemed the best place for me. I had lived through five months of packing and unpacking, settling in some tediously gay and chintzy little suite, and then moving on to another just as gay and just as hideous.

THE first day in my old studio I think was the happiest of my whole life. My transportation had been held up for days, the way it so often was during the war. I had expected that Mark would be on his way back to Lockheed so I didn't attempt to send him a wire saying when I was arriving in New York.

The city was its old rowdy self when I came back on that blustery March day. The taxi driver who brought me from La Guardia Field was full of the same grumbling. I had forgotten how irritated and sore the poor city was, ground between the noisy gears of itself.

My old street was just as I had left it. As I paid the taxi driver, I looked up and saw my glass-fronted studio. Now I would paint again.

Then I ran up the stairs. As I came up the last flight, there was a pair of feet above me—and there was Mark himself, just as he had been the first afternoon he stormed into my life. Only this time he had his arms outspread, and I came into them laughing and hungry for the feel of him.

"You should have let me know you were coming, so I could have had some lovely people in to meet you." It was our old joke; it was what I always said to him when he got back to whatever maple and chintz we happened to be living in.

Mark had come home to me many times in our short life together. But this was the first time I had come home to him, and it was heavenly.

(To be continued next week)

COLLIER'S "O.K. you guys. Games later" VIRGIL PARTCH

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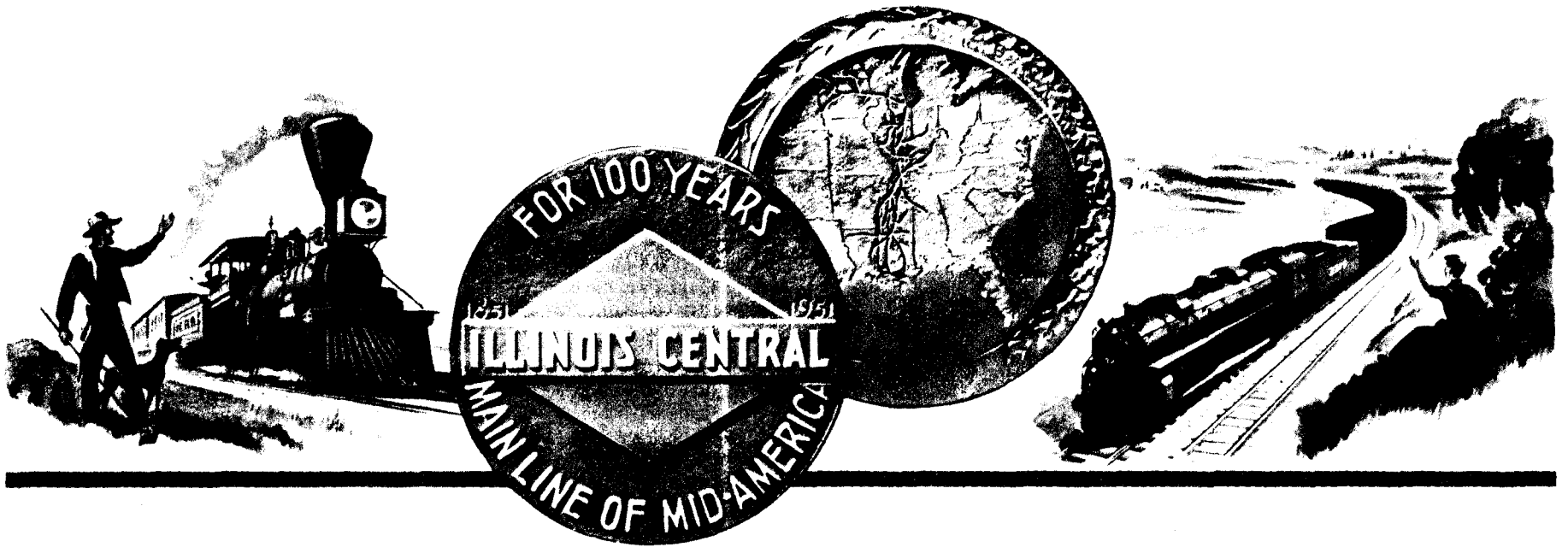

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A Room for Butch

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

out of view but my bones had dissolved to jelly. Nothing moved except my eyes, which bulged against the picture window. She looked up and saw me and we stared at each other.

Suddenly she made a remarkable backward leap into the shower. I heard her shriek and ricochet off the washbasin. There was the loud smack of a solid body landing on a wet tile floor and then silence. Butch trotted across the room and peered anxiously into the shower.

I KNOCKED on the door. If she didn't answer I'd have to get the room clerk. She might be lying there with a broken leg. While I debated furiously, the door was flung open. Joan stood there wrapped in a bathrobe.

"I may sue you for ten thousand dollars," she said. "I have a strawberry the size of a half dollar on my hip. You Peeping Tom! I think the lowest form of life is a man who makes believe he's a dog lover just to prey on an innocent girl."

"I could see your dog," I said hastily. "I was only trying to get him out of sight."

She hesitated. "Well," she said, "you do have an honest face."

"Like Butch," I said. "Don't enlarge on it. Besides," I lied, trying to make her feel better, "the light was dim. I couldn't see a thing except Butch."

"Really?" she said, and giggled. "It's a good thing. I didn't have a stitch on."

"Yes," I said thoughtlessly, "I know."

"You do!" she said.

"I'll get you that can opener," I said hastily, as she slammed the door in my face. "It's the least I can do."

I went over to my car and consulted Frances' instructions on how to find her house. As was to be expected, they were clear and explicit and ten minutes later I rang the doorbell.

Frances opened the door. A tall and stately brunette, she was even more beautiful in Florida than in New York. She kissed me and pulled me by the hand into the living room, where I greeted her parents.

"Harry," she said, "you're impossible." She looked at me as though I were a two-year-old. "Why didn't you write and tell us you were coming?"

"I decided at eight o'clock one morning," I said. "It was snowing outside and your picture was on the mantel. I phoned my partner and reminded him that while he had taken his family to the mountains last August I had slaved in the heat. I threw a suitcase in my car and here I am."

"You need a nurse," Frances said.

"Not exactly a nurse," I said, but I didn't go any further at the moment. Just my opening wedge, you might call it.

"I should be annoyed," Frances said. "I have a date at the country club tonight and I can't possibly break it. We're all going over to Tampa tomorrow. Just overnight. You can come over here for a while in the morning. But if you'd made plans in advance, this wouldn't have happened."

We went in to dinner, and over the soup, trying to be the life of the party, I said, "Funny thing happened today. Girl drove in the motel where I'm staying. With a dog. They don't allow dogs. I asked her why she didn't put the dog in a kennel. Girl said to me, he doesn't like dogs."

It struck me funny all over again. I burst out laughing and then looked at three blank faces. I stopped laughing.

"What's so funny?" Frances said. "I suppose they threw her out?"

"Well," I said, "not exactly. I kind of smuggled the dog in. Swell dog, ugly as sin. Big white bulldog."

"Did you know the girl?" Frances said.

"Complete stranger," I said. "But it was late in the day when it's hard to get a room. The girl—"

"Was she pretty, Harry?" Frances said.

I shrugged my shoulders. "Kind of cute."

Frances shook her head. "It's the way you do things. Harum-scarum. You're always getting involved. Like that hitchhiker you picked up and he pulled a gun on you."

"Well, I only had a dollar twenty in my pocket," I said. "Besides, this was different. A slip of a girl."

After dinner Frances and I had the living room to ourselves. "I'm sorry, but you can't stay," Frances said. "My date will arrive any minute."

"Well, what about him?" I said. "Good-looking?"

Frances smiled at me. "Kind of cute," she said, and grinned at me. "You have to rush. But come over in the morning and if the weather is nice we can have a swim."

"Swell," I said. "There's just one thing. Do you have a spare can opener around the house I could borrow? Just overnight?"

Frances tapped one foot and looked at me. "Didn't we feed you enough?"

"Well," I said, "it's for the dog. Butchie. This girl left her can opener in Georgia last night and—"

"Then she can go back to Georgia and look for it," Frances said coldly. "Why should you have to supply her with can openers?"

"It's kind of an obligation, Frances," I said. "I happened inadvertently to see her coming out of the shower with nothing—"

"This is fascinating," Frances said. "Continue. Don't omit anything."

"Frances," I said, "I'm not interested in this girl. I promise not to even speak to her. Just rap on the door and hand her the can opener. My lips sealed. I promise. Nothing for you to be jealous—"

"Jealous!" she exploded. "I'm not the least bit jealous, I assure you. And now you have to leave."

Just then the telephone rang. She went to answer it and I sneaked into the kitchen. Luckily I opened the right drawer first crack, slipped a can opener into my pocket, and was back to kiss Frances good night as she hung up the phone.

"Good night, darling," I said, and floated out to my car. I hadn't been aware of that steely quality in Frances before.

BACK at the motel I found Joan Prentice in the combination office-and-lounge. There was quite a crowd on hand and a couple of fellows about my age were competing for Joan's attention. I broke through and touched her shoulder.

"I have something for you," I said in a low voice.

She followed me outside and I gave her the can opener.

"Why, thank you," she said and grinned. "Maybe you're all right after all."

The office door opened and the two young men came out. "No hijacking," one of them said. "Come on, Miss Prentice. We'll miss the first race if we don't hurry."

"The whole crowd's going to the dog races," she said. "Would you like to come along?"

I hesitated, then thought of Frances. "Not me," I said nobly. Frances would be proud of me, I thought. "If you're in a rush, give me your key. I'll feed Butch. I'll leave your key in the flower box in front of your window. Have fun."

I made her go away. Then, feeling pure in heart, I went over and let myself into her room. A can of dog food was on the desk. I took the top off with the can opener but there wasn't any spoon in sight.

"I might have known it," I said. "No spoon." I went into the bathroom and brought back Joan's toothbrush and tried digging out the food with the handle end. It was a laborious process. Butch pawed at my leg and looked up at me with sorrow-laden eyes that said clearly this was no time for practical jokes.

In desperation I put my finger in the can and drew out a wedge of dog meat. I put

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my finger down near the floor and Butch sniffed it suspiciously and then finally licked off the meat, leaving my finger intact.

I sat there feeding Butch off the end of my finger and thinking that nothing like this would ever happen when I was married to Frances. I finished feeding Butch and he went over and stood by the door.

"I'm sorry," I said. "You'll have to wait."

He just stood there. His look said plainly that after he ate he went outside.

I GAVE in and took him out back of the motel, and we walked across the field in the dark. It was uneventful until I stepped in a hole and the leash slipped out of my hands. Butch simply disappeared.

I started whistling. A light went on in the rear of the motel, and I recognized the figure of the manager. I walked over to him.

"I like to walk back here," I said nervously. "No gasoline fumes, no cars to dodge. Just the peace and quiet of a tropical night."

The manager looked at me suspiciously and went back inside. I stumbled across the fields, whistling in a low, quavering voice. Half an hour later I gave it up as hopeless and plodded around the front of the motel. There was Butch, sitting placidly in a pool of light in front of his door. Nobody seemed to have noticed him. Hurriedly I put him inside, put the key in the flower box, and went into my own room.

"Frances," I said, looking from my ruined clothes to her picture, "you were absolutely right. From now on I wouldn't even give that dame the right time."

I went to bed and slept the sleep of the just. Bright and early in the morning I put my swimming trunks under one arm and headed off for destiny and Frances.

I stopped short outside my room. Joan was stretched out on her tummy in back of her car, making futile stabbing motions in the air with a jack. Her right rear tire was flat. "Frances," I whispered, "give me strength."

I started tiptoeing past her, not making a sound. When I got to my car she looked up, and I made believe I didn't see her but I watched her in my rearview mirror. She had the prettiest legs I had ever seen.

"Let her change her own tire," I said, but my legs pivoted me around and carried me back to her.

"I can fix it," Joan said defiantly. "I read how in the driver's guide." She waved the jack. "You take this dingus—"

I yanked it out of her hand. "They call it a jack," I said coldly. I reached beneath the car and Miss Prentice cried shrilly, "Look out."

I lifted my head quickly and whanged it against the exhaust pipe. I crawled out slowly. Miss Prentice had her hand over her mouth. Wordlessly she pointed at my right shoulder. I looked at the grease stain on my new tropical worsted.

"I was only trying to warn you," she said. "I'll have it cleaned for you."

"You didn't leave any spoon in your room," I said angrily. "I had to feed your damn' dog off my finger."

"You didn't!" she said, her eyes like stars, her mouth wide, but it looked to me as though she was trying to hold back a giggle.

"Yes I did," I said. "Right off my finger. This one." I showed it to her. "I'm getting a callus on it," I said. "I took him for a walk and he ran away."

"You poor dear," she said.

I went on changing the tire.

"Did you see your girl?" she said.

"I did," I said. "I mentioned you, and she didn't approve of Butch. So we will probably not see each other again. We are just two tourists who meet and part in a motor court. Don't misunderstand me. I think you're a very nice girl."

"Don't misunderstand me," Miss Prentice retorted hotly. "I think your girl is a stinker if she objects to your being nice to a dog. I bet when you're married she won't even let you have a dog."

"It's difficult to keep a dog in a New York apartment," I said evasively.

AFTER I had finished changing the tire, I shook off fervent thanks and drove hurriedly over to Frances' house to find her waiting on the beach. She didn't smile.

"Give it to me," she said icily. "After all you promised, you filched the can opener last night. We were going to have tomato juice for breakfast and the can opener was missing."

"Down here in Florida," I said, "I thought you'd be using oranges."

"That's neither here nor there," Frances said. "I'm disgusted with you. Go put on your trunks."

I went inside the cabana and undressed. I couldn't believe that two people in love could break up over a simple little gadget like a can opener.

I joined her on the beach and a little later she thawed out slightly. "I don't understand you, Harry," she said. "The way you chased down here to Florida, I thought you cared for me a little."

"A little!" I said. "Of all the understatements, Frances."

"Actions speak louder than words," she said. "You're on trial, Harry. What will you do while I'm in Tampa?"

"Camp on your doorstep with a pup tent," I said.

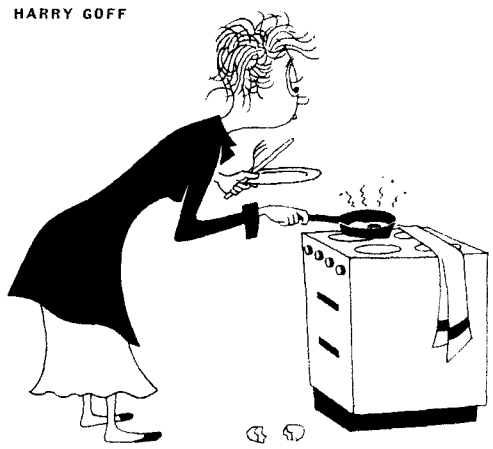
"That won't be necessary," she said. "A little will power might be more appropriate."

"Like a rock," I said. "Not an incident. You can trust me."

She relented, and when we said good-by she presented me with a key to the cabana if I wanted a swim during her absence.

Back at the motel I stayed strictly by myself. Most of the time I stayed in my room, peering out the window, watching

HARRY GOFF



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LIGHT SWITCH. (on) SNIK! (off) SNOK!

—PAULINE GALE

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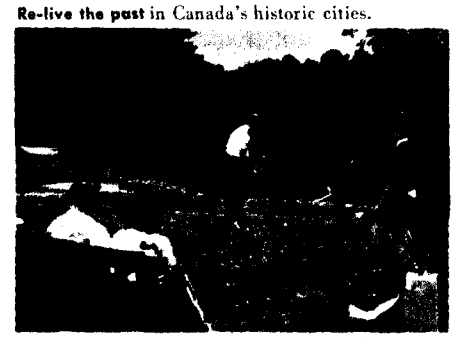

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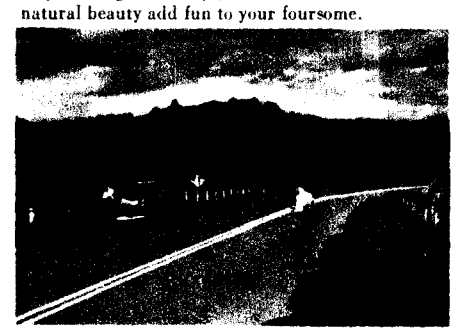

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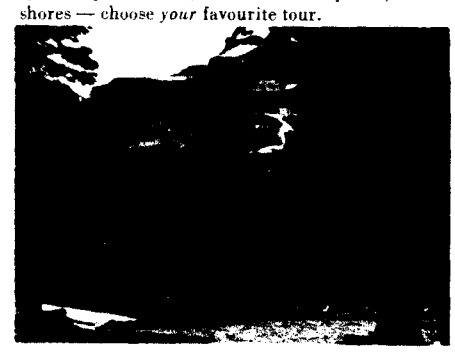

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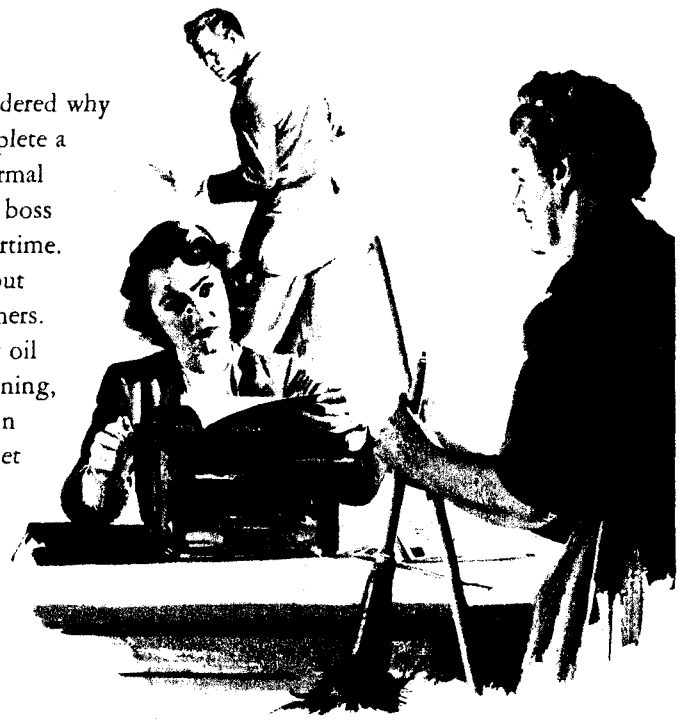

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Miss Prentice smuggle Butch in and out. She looked harried but game. I worried about her but stayed inside. We finally met that night when I came back from dinner.

"Butch all right?" I asked.

"Fine," she said. "I bought a can opener."

She took a step inside her room. "Stepping out tonight?" I said.

"Going to see a *jai alai* game," she said.

"With those two fellows, I suppose," I said. "Do you know anything about them?"

"They're perfectly respectable automobile men from Detroit," she said. "Good night."

I went inside. It was very quiet in my room. A little later I heard the Detroit automobile men bang on her door. I heard cars roaring off into the night.

I sat there in the stillness, then looked at the portrait of Frances.

"I love you, Frances," I said loudly.

IT WAS even deadlier the next day. I was sitting in my room late in the afternoon when I heard voices. The two automobile men from Detroit were talking just outside my window.

"We ought to toss a coin, Al," one of them said. "All we're doing at this rate is cutting each other's throats."

"Well," the other said, "I just have you to worry about and you have me. Unless you want to figure that other joker."

"That Harry?" I heard a jeering laugh. "The dog walker? The guy who fed her dog with his finger?" I peered at them through the curtains. They were collapsing on each other's shoulders.

"He changed the tire on her car," Al said, and they thought that was funny too.

"I knew a chump like that in college," Al went on. "No girl would date him but they let him run their errands. That's our boy, Harry."

I acted entirely on impulse. The key to Frances' cabana was on the desk. I grabbed it, stepped outside, and, ignoring them, I hammered on Joan's door.

"Get your bathing suit," I said when she opened up. "You and I are going on a beach picnic. I'll pull my car up to the door and we can take Butch."

Joan stared at me, nodded uncertainly, then went inside. I turned around to look at the automobile men.

"Why don't you fellows go over to the park and play horseshoes?" I said, and went over to get my car.

We stopped in town to have sandwiches and coffee put up, then drove to the beach. At the cabana I had my first twinge of conscience. But when Joan came out in her suit I sort of forgot my conscience.

I joined her on the sand a few minutes later. It was really too cold for swimming, too late in the day.

"Gee, this is wonderful," Joan said. "The beach and the palms, it's like the ads I used to see in New York on the way to work."

"Those fellows were laughing at me," I said. "I needed to do this to get back my self-respect."

"Oh," she said, and the sunshine went out of her face. "I might have known," she said. "After all, you have been terribly nice and I've been a pest. I suppose I'm scatterbrained."

My conscience was bothering me again. "Well," I said, "I'll have a pretty orderly life with Frances."

She was digging in the sand with a stick. She threw it away suddenly and Butch romped over and brought it back.

"May I have a little coffee before I freeze to death?" Joan said. "I should have brought a beach robe."

The coffee tasted wonderful but the warmth didn't last long. The sun was gone. I put a towel around us but there were too many exposed portions. We made more inroads on the coffee.

"Look at me," Joan said. "Goose-pimples."

"You look very nice," I said.

"Oh, shut up," Joan said. "Pass me the coffee. It's a terrible day for a beach picnic. You'd better go and get dressed. Your lips are purple."

"They're no purpler than yours," I said. "Finish the coffee. I don't want any more."

"I saved this for you. You're entitled to it." She pushed the carton at me but I refused it. She wouldn't drink it either. She was very stubborn. The picnic was a flop. I was so cold it was hard to keep my teeth from chattering.

"Maybe we can get warm if we move around," I said. I threw the stick toward the water. I threw it farther than I intended, and it went into the water. I didn't think Butch would get it but he did. He came running back to me.

"Look out," Joan cried.

He was a short-haired dog, of course, but even so he managed to spray a lot of water as he shook himself right next to me. He dropped the stick on my foot.

"Now you will catch cold," Joan said. "Will you please get dressed?"

"After you," I said, slapping myself vigorously. "I haven't had a cold all year. Frances has a theory—"

"Tell me she's discovered a cure for the common cold and I'll scream," Joan said.

"What's the matter?" I said.

"The matter is," she yelled at me, "that when a girl saves for two years for a Florida vacation she doesn't like to freeze on a tropical beach with a man who talks about how wonderful some other girl is. She isn't flattered to find she's invited out just to save an egotistical male's self-respect. She— Oh, what difference does it make? If you insist on being so darn' gallant I will get dressed first."

She ran over to the cabana. I jumped up and down trying to keep my blood circulating. Butch danced around me. He thought it was a game.

Joan came back in ten minutes. She had calmed down. "Forgive me for being nasty," she said. "I'm sure Frances is a wonderful girl and I didn't mean to be so childish. Now please hurry."

I nodded and ran over to the cabana. It had a spring lock and the door was shut. I raced back to Joan.

"The key," I managed to say between clenched teeth.

"What?" Joan said, and her eyes grew large.

I danced up and down. "The key," I said. "The key to the bathhouse."

Her face was a study. "I know just where it is," she gasped. "I put it on a little ledge just inside the door so I wouldn't forget it. What have I done? I'll take the car and get a locksmith."

"The car keys are in my pants pocket," I chattered. "My pants are in the cabana."

We started running. When we got to the first house Joan went in and called a cab.

WHEN we got back to the motel, Joan said, "Leave the latch off your door." I took a hot shower and went to bed, and Joan came in with her arms full of packages. She had a hot-water bottle, a thermometer and a carton of hot soup.

She took my temperature, fed me soup, and put the hot-water bottle at my feet. She put a shoe beside my bed. "If you need me in the night," she said, "throw it against my wall. I'll come flying. Good night now. I'll drop in from time to time."

I heard her come in later. Her hand felt cool against my forehead. After she had gone I heard funny noises. I thought it might be me, then I realized the sound was coming from under my bed. I poked my head down in the darkness and something long and wet lapped my face.

"Hello, Butch," I said groggily, "how did you get in?" I realized he must have walked in when Joan came the last time. Walked out her door and in mine.

I went to sleep and in the morning I felt better. I got dressed and shaved and was sitting on the bed when someone knocked at the door.

"Come in," I said cheerily. I thought it would be wonderful to see Joan again, to thank her. I knew the poor kid had been up most of the night, worrying about me.

But it was Frances who opened the door. She had my clothes in her arms. "I saw

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your car," she said, "and when I found your clothes in the cabana I thought you might have drowned. I see you're still alive."

"You sound a little disappointed," I said defensively.

"Would you like to explain?" she said.

"Well, Frances, " I said, "it's kind of involved. You see—"

"What's that noise?" Frances interrupted.

There were growls and scratching noises coming from under the bed. The counterpane shook and suddenly Butch stuck his big ugly head out and stared at Frances.

"Help!" she screamed, "help!" and one leap carried her onto the bed. The door of my room opened and the manager of the motel came flying in, then went flying out again when he saw Butch. He stuck his nose around the corner of the door.

"Dogs are not allowed in this motel," he said. "You will please vacate your room immediately." He looked coldly at Frances. "And get that woman out of your room," he added.

Frances was furious. I didn't blame her.

"Butch never bites people," I said, to calm her down. "Only other dogs. I'll explain to the manager that your reputation is beyond reproach. I'll force him to apologize."

"It won't be necessary," Frances said icily. "To think that I had a notion I might be falling in love with you." She tossed her head. "You're impossible."

She walked out, and Butch and I regarded each other. "You're a great dog, Butch," I said, and patted his head.

I put my clothes in a suitcase, and Butch and I went outside just as Joan pulled into the parking lot. "I've been downtown to get you orange juice and coffee," she called. "Are you all right?"

"All right but dishonorably discharged," I said. "Would you mind driving me over to get my car?" Butch and I got in beside her.

"It's all my fault and I'll never forgive myself," Joan said. "Never. Drink this."

"Woman," I said, "stop pushing orange juice at me. I want to propose to you. I want to tell you that from now on I am running things. We won't need two cars—you can sell yours. If we can't be married immediately I'll get a hotel room and find a place where you can stay with Butch. No complications, no involvements. Is that clear?"

"Yes, darling," Joan said. She looked up at me, demure and lovely and obedient.

WE WERE driving along the west coast of Florida after the ceremony, the ring on Joan's finger, and Butch beside us with a ribbon in his collar.

Suddenly Joan said, "Stop the car, Harry. That's what we've been looking for." It was a motor court that looked as though it had been designed for honeymooners.

Joan rented the room while I ran the car into the parking area. When the manager had returned to his office I backed the car over in front of our cabin.

"Is the coast clear?" I said nervously. I licked my lips and looked out at the sign on the grass.

NO DOGS

"Come on, Butch," I said. He hopped out of the car and strode into the cabin as though he owned it.

"Don't look so worried, darling," Joan said. "No one will ever know."

"I wish I could believe it," I said. "I have the feeling that I'm going to be arrested any moment."

I picked her up in my arms and carried her across the threshold.

"But it will be worth it," I said. THE END

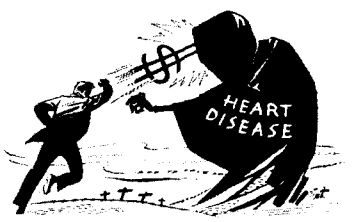
48 States of Mind

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

along in the shafts. There are no initiation fees, dues or other nonromantic features. Just join up and one day, if Mrs. Larson can arrange it, you'll all get together and swap reminiscences about those good old horse-and-buggy days. Giddyap, darlings.

★ ★ ★

Not long ago a beautiful and devoted lady died of a heart ailment. She was Louise Baer, wife of Arthur (Bugs) Baer, the famous humorist and newspaper columnist. Almost to her last breath she worked heroically as a director of the American Heart Association, dedicated to war on heart and circulatory diseases. The association is asking you this month to give generously to its 1951 fund that it may carry on and expand its ceaseless battle on the



cardio-vascular ailments which annually kill more people than the next five leading causes of death combined. Louise Baer gave her life in the fight. All you are asked to give is money. Send what you can, much or little, to the American Heart Association, 1775 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y. Or, if you'd rather, to Heart, care of your local postmaster. The goal is $8,000,000. By the way, did you know that rheumatic fever and the resulting rheumatic heart kill more children than any other disease?

★ ★ ★

A few sharp shorts snatched from the long American clothesline:

. . . While it's still no trouble at all to saturate yourself with pop-skull in Tennessee (four bucks a gallon, warranted several days old) federal revenue agents did raid 136 whisper-whisky stills in that state last month. Fifteen hundred gallons of white mule down the drain—thousands of dollars in state and federal taxes, had it been legal stuff. Cocke County, said to be the biggest moonshine production county in the nation, lost its largest still. It turned out a stump juice called Blue Whisky, referring to its color not its effects.

. . . Did you know that there's an office in the Pentagon in Washington, D. C., occupied by the Confused Records Clerk? Well, now you do.

. . . A group of scientists in Chicago announce coffee in capsules. They say the capsules dissolve in hot water leaving absolutely no taste. But you've probably made coffee just like that yourself without bothering with capsules.

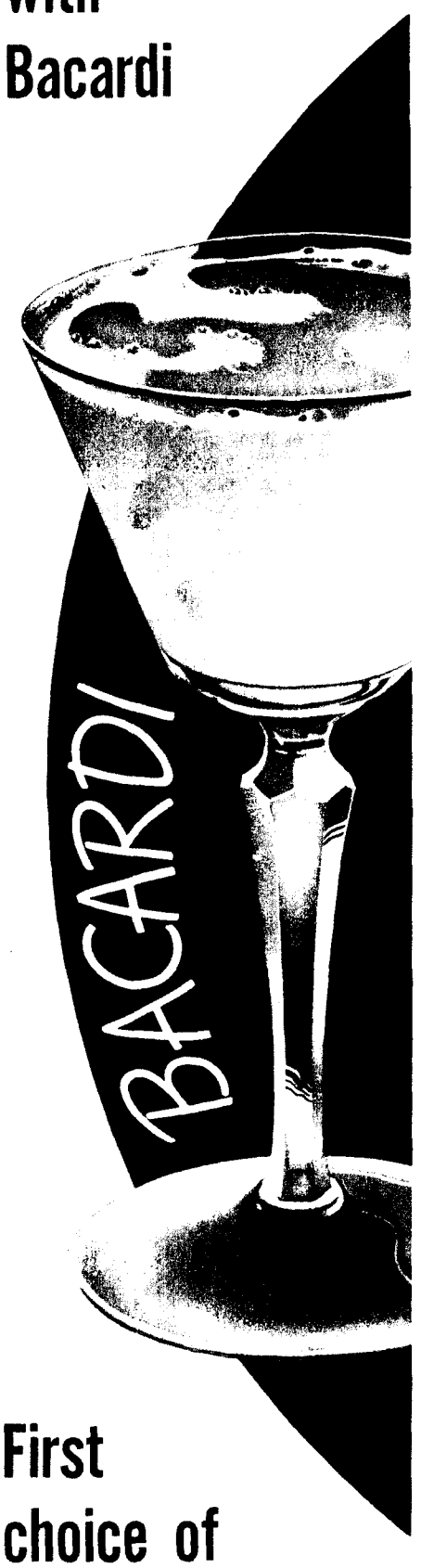
★ ★ ★

We haven't seen the Granger (Texas) News recently, but we know why. On the front page of the latest one we've received was an announcement that the News was going to suspend publication for a couple of weeks. "Don't know how this will affect our subscribers," read the announcement, "but we know how it will affect us. We'll live longer that way. Maybe you subscribers will too."

★ ★ ★

Naturally we're glad to report any progress the government is achieving toward making life more interesting, even if not much safer. For example, Mr. Dietrich Bodenstein, insect physiologist at the Army Chemical Center in Edgewood, Maryland, has just produced Siamese-twin cockroaches. Did it with hormones injected into a single cockroach, sex undetermined. The creature was turned loose and see what happened. We'll continue to keep you informed.

The first Daiquiri was made with Bacardi



First choice of Daiquiri lovers today

GRATIS • OFFICIAL RECIPES • WRITE BACARDI • 595 MADISON • NYC

The Bacardi —world's smoothest cocktail

Bacardi —the world's largest selling rum

FOR YOU • CUBAN RECIPES • WRITE BACARDI • 595 MADISON • NYC

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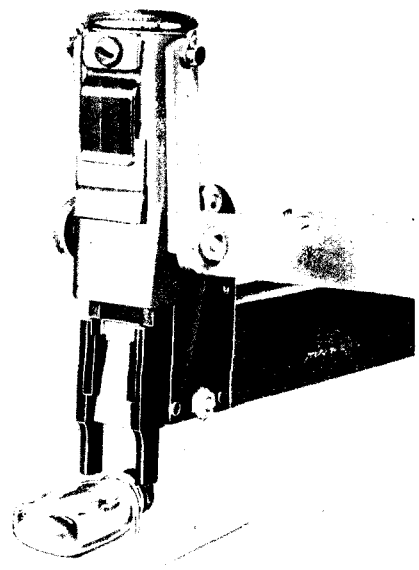
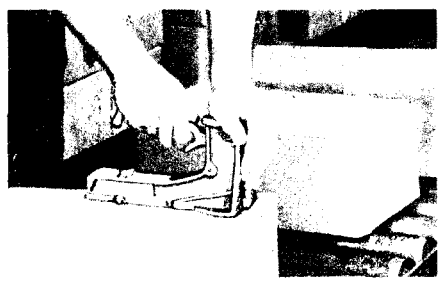
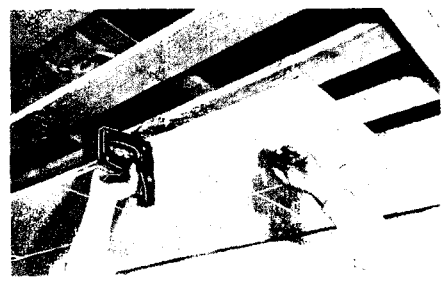
Why Doesn't It SMASH?



THE ACCURATE CONTROL of this model E Bostitch stapler applies just enough pressure to the staple to hold the bottle tightly without fracturing the glass. Over four hundred models of Bostitch foot- and motor-operated staplers . . . and four hundred other models — hammers, tackers, pliers, wire stitchers . . . offer solutions for your fastening problems, too.



SELF-CLOSING STAPLES, driven by Bostitch Autoclench, seal these cartons on the inside, *entirely from the outside.* Cut sealing time and costs as much as one-half. Guard against damage and pilferage.



FASTENING IN TIGHT CORNERS is easy work with a Bostitch T-5 tacker. Drives staples within 1/16" of inside edges, corners or other obstructions. Saves valuable time for thousands of insulators, builders, woodworkers, shippers.

SPEEDS FASTENING, CUTS COSTS . . . in merchandise carding, in carton sealing, in construction work. There are thousands of other cases where *Bostitch fastens it better and faster with wire.* Your toughest fastening problem may have been solved already with Bostitch machines. There are more than 800 Bostitch models . . . staplers, hammers, tackers, pliers, wire stitchers. Which ones will cut *your* fastening costs? 300 field men in 112 key cities in the U. S. and 11 key cities in Canada make it easy for you to find out. Fill in and mail the coupon today and get full information about the specific Bostitch machines best suited to your requirements.

ATTACH THIS COUPON TO YOUR LETTERHEAD

BOSTITCH, 336 Mechanic Street, Westerly, R. I.

My present fastening method utilizes:

Nails ☐ Glue ☐ Tape ☐ Tacks ☐ Thread ☐ Pins ☐ Rivets ☐ Spot Welds ☐

I fasten the following materials:

Wood ☐ Paper ☐ Rubber ☐ Plastics ☐ Fabrics ☐ Leather ☐ Light Metals ☐

Please send me literature on specific Bostitch machines for my fastening needs together with your free "Time and Money Saving" Book.

Name..... Title.....

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ALL TYPES OF MACHINES FOR APPLYING STAPLES

ALL TYPES OF STAPLES APPLIED BY MACHINES

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One Day at Gettysburg

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

and a nose and ears which have been taken by mistake from a head twice the size. Clothe this figure, then, in a long, tight, badly-fitting suit of black . . . Add to all this an air of strength, physical as well as moral, and a strange look of dignity . . . and you have the impression left on me by Abraham Lincoln.

Cheers greeted the President as he stepped to the front of the platform. He stood for a moment, waiting for the applause to cease. Slowly and deliberately he adjusted his glasses, took from his pocket a sheet of paper, and unfolded it. He began to read in a high-keyed voice, each word spoken distinctly.

As the "Address" Began

Young, a trained shorthand reporter, listened automatically, his interest centering on a photographer who had set up his camera directly in front of the President. Lincoln began to speak:

"Fourscore and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal."

The photographer peered through his lenses, made some adjustment, fiddled with the black cloth over his camera, and stared at the President, hoping he would strike a moment's pose for a picture. The President read on:

"Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that the nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this."

Lincoln did not appear conscious of the man with the camera. The photographer's most entreating looks at him brought no reaction.

The President continued to read, holding the paper in front of his face.

"But in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us —that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

The President finished, abruptly so it seemed, and turned away.

Desperately the photographer snatched at the black cloth over the camera, but he was too late. The President walked back to his chair.

The crowd around the platform, watching the photographer instead of the speaker, broke into laughter at his obvious dismay in failing to obtain his picture.

Young could not believe the President was through, and he leaned across the aisle to ask him whether he was going to continue. The President replied he had nothing more to say. Word was passed to the press gallery that the Associated Press had the manuscript. This meant the text would be wired to all papers served by the news organization.

Young did not bother to transcribe his notes and left to join Forney on a sight-seeing trip.

When Young later read the text of the address as recorded by the Associated Press, he was surprised to see the word "applause" in five separate places. The words "long applause" appeared at the end.

He could not recall any applause during the time the President spoke, but he did remember distinctly the laughter at the photographer.

The newspapers' treatment of President Lincoln's 10 sentences, 268 words, was exactly what might have been expected under the circumstances. They had been led to believe the Everett oration would be important; their page forms were ready with type set previously from his advance text. All they needed was a descriptive lead and some mention of Lincoln to complete the picture for their readers.

The big dailies published Lincoln's address but made no special effort to set it apart typographically. In many newspapers, the address was used as a "shirttail" or addition to the end of the Everett text.

The impression that Lincoln's few words were overlooked by the press is erroneous. As a matter of fact, his address was more widely circulated than the thousands of words spoken by Everett. Hundreds of country weeklies, that had neither space nor facilities of composition to handle the Everett effusion, found the President's "little speech" exactly suited to their purpose.

In the editorial comment that followed the news stories, the press pursued the same old pattern—politics dictated the discussion. The comment in the Democratic press ran true to form. It assailed the address, just as it had ridiculed everything else the President uttered on public occasions. The Chicago Times said: "The cheek of every American must tingle with shame as he reads the silly, flat and dishwatery utterances of the man who has to be pointed out to intelligent foreigners as the President of the United States."

Denounced as "Silly Remarks"

At Harrisburg, only 35 miles from Gettysburg, the Patriot and Union spoke bitterly: "We pass over the silly remarks of the President; for the credit of the nation, we are willing that the veil of oblivion shall be dropped over them and that they shall no more be repeated or thought of."

In England, the London Times said: "The ceremony was rendered ludicrous by some of the sallies of that poor President Lincoln."

And that was just what the public expected those newspapers to say.

The remarks by the Republican press on Lincoln's address indicated a general feeling of satisfaction. But Samuel Bowles's Springfield (Massachusetts) Republican made journalistic history with immediate recognition of the immortal words. The day after the address was delivered, the Republican said it was "a perfect gem, deep in feeling, compact in thought and expression."

The people took Lincoln's "little speech" to their hearts, as they had the man himself. As the Philadelphia Inquirer said when he was renominated the next year: "Mr. Lincoln's renomination is clearly the work of the people of his party. The politicians *may* have been for him; if they were, they *followed,* instead of leading the people. Whatever may be the differences of opinion as to his policy or his administrative ability, it is clear that for some paramount reason he has a powerful hold on the popular heart; and that reason is the firm belief in his integrity and patriotism, and the absolute singleness of purpose with which he has striven for three long years to restore the union."

THE END

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"Suppose somebody was after your job!"

"When you have 6 children and 15 grandchildren to help watch out for, your job gets pretty important. You begin to do a lot of thinking when somebody tries to take it away from you.

"You see, I'm Bill Riggs, a master cooper here in Louisville, and I've been making charred oak barrels for aging good whiskey for almost as long as I can remember. It's a good job, and I'm proud of it.

"But I'll never forget those awful prohibition years between 1920 and 1933. In those days I saw a lot of coopers, bottle makers, and other people who made supplies for the distillers, out of work and broke.

★ ★ ★

"Then, in '33, we Americans got sick of rotten bootleg whiskey, gang wars, graft—all those things that went along with prohibition. We voted for a *legal* liquor business that the people could control.

"The last 17 years sure proved we did the smart thing. Today over a million people are making a decent living in the *legal* liquor business. Uncle Sam is collecting 1 ¼ billion dollars a year in excise taxes on distilled spirits alone—just when he needs every dime for defense. We're getting good liquor, made and sold under the strictest laws . . . *and that's the way we want it!* What's more, people are wiser about how they drink than ever before.

★ ★ ★

"But some folks just *never* learn. We've still got some die-hards in this country who refuse to string along with the rest of us. They want to bring prohibition back, even if nobody wins but the moonshiner.

"Take the last couple of years, for instance. In California, Oregon, South Dakota, Arkansas, and Arizona, the 'professional drys' got all steamed up again at election time. They cooked up some new schemes to try to dry up the country a little bit at a time.

"But their tricks didn't work. The drys got beat in all of those elections *because the folks out there were smart enough to see what they were up to.*

★ ★ ★

"Thanks to good old American horse-sense when these things happen, the people just compare what they've *got* with what they'd *get* and let the *facts* decide what's best. As long as that kind of straight thinking goes on in this country, I'm not going to worry about my job!"

Bill Riggs' message is sponsored by the producers and distributors of alcoholic beverages. As citizens and businessmen, we stand for the following aims in your community:

- ...*the encouragement of moderation by word and by example.*
- ...*the licensing of only orderly places of business.*
- ...*the strict observance and enforcement of the law.*

LICENSED BEVERAGE INDUSTRIES, INC.

155 East 44th Street,
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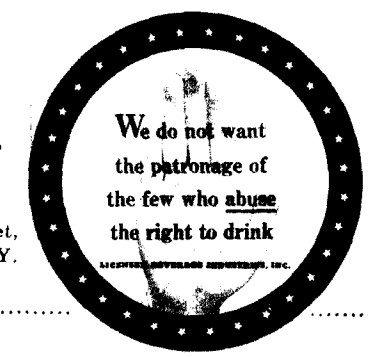

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The Ivy-Covered Skyscraper

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

apologized to Klaus handsomely—but the apology came too late. By that time the Colonel had ceased to matter. Klaus had found he had become an American just by saying he was one . . .

It didn't take him long to find out that he could look like an American too.

On the morning of the day after the Colonel's accusation, the children confessed that they had borrowed the light meter. They hadn't done it any harm, but they had become frightened—as they always became frightened—by their father's anger, and hid the meter in the nursery. The Colonel's wife, who had suspected something of the sort, wheedled the whole story out of them after the Colonel left for the day.

When Klaus arrived, ready for the day's work, the Colonel's wife told him about it, and told him how sorry she was. At her prompting, the children also told Klaus they were sorry too. He said to forget it.

He drove the Colonel's wife to the commissary and the PX, and when they arrived back at the house she gave him a large stiff package. Usually she gave him cigarettes; this was something different. He opened it and found a shirt, a striped tie, a jacket and two pairs of plaid socks.

"Oh, thank you, ma'am," Klaus said, unable to hide his excitement. He watched the Colonel's wife, and the way her watery blue eyes shone, the same way they did when she looked into the faces of her children.

"You don't get many new things?" she asked, taking off her coat and folding it crosswise along the chair.

"No, ma'am, no American things."

"Are they better?" she asked, turning her head toward him as she flounced out her graying hair with her fingers.

"Of course, ma'am. All American things are better."

"Because Americans made them?"

Klaus nodded.

"My grandparents were German, Klaus," she told him, and he could see her slender foot along the steps.

"Well, how," he asked hesitantly, "how did your family stop being Germans and become Americans?"

"It's a long story," she answered, laughing a little. "I'll try to explain sometime. The world was different then: there was more room for people to move around. Now suppose you just wait here for a moment." When she returned she was carrying over her arm an old Army raincoat, and a pair of Army pinks.

"Jay has outgrown these," she explained, "but I don't see why they should be wasted."

Later, the Colonel came home and made his embarrassed, and not very gracious, apology.

KLAUS took good care of the things the Colonel's wife had given him. He had them specially cleaned; had the shirt pressed without starch; had the handkerchief monogrammed like the ones in the magazine ads. As a final touch he had an American-style haircut. Though it cost him a good part of his salary to do this, he felt it was worth it. Anything was worth the thrill he got when, in the evening after work, he slipped his thin arms through the fresh blue sleeves of the shirt and put his long bony legs into the sharply pressed trousers. As he stood before the mirror, the glass itself told him he was an American: his face looked better, older, more dignified, and once he put on his raincoat, his shoulders seemed to fill out, his chest to expand. He became man-size.

If it weren't for the clothes, Bruni wouldn't have given him a look, not a second glance. He didn't fool himself. He could tell from the first minute he saw her that she was upper-class. There was something about the way she held her head and shoulders that told him that she wouldn't give a second look to a farm boy.

On his day off he saw Bruni for the first time, riding ahead of him on her bicycle. He watched the way the wind stretched out her curls, and blew her woolen skirt. He saw that her legs were shapely beneath the worn lisle stockings; he saw too that her hair was the color of chestnuts.

He was wearing his new clothes. As he had nothing to do, he pedaled along behind her to see where she was headed. Turning off the lake path at Krummelanke she cut over to Teltowerstrasse where she parked the bike in front of a small store. He waited a few minutes and when she didn't come out, he left his own bike at the corner and followed her in. The door tinkled as he entered, and the German proprietor stepped before him.

"Bitte schön, mein Herr?" Glancing about the store, he spotted her behind one of the counters. So—she worked in this place. She had taken off her jacket and was arranging a large toaster on the counter.

"I want to see a coffeepot," he announced, brushing by the man.

"Fräulein Pommer!" the proprietor warned. His tone said more. His tone said: This is an American, Fräulein. This is a good customer. This is somebody.

"Bitte, was wünschen Sie?" she asked, raising her head. Though she wore no make-up he noticed that her cheeks and small child's mouth had a natural color to them. He noticed too that she disliked the proprietor.

"Like to see a coffeepot," he repeated, looking into her hazel-blue eyes. They looked like a reflection of forest and sky to him. "Understand English? . . . *Kaffee . . . Topf.*"

"I speak," she began, moving her slim fingers in the air as though she were groping for the notes across a piano, "only little . . . *aber*, I understand." She went to the shelf and took down an aluminum coffee maker.

"That's the old-fashioned kind," he pointed out. "Haven't you got the glass ones like we have in the States?"

"Nein," she said slowly.

"How much is this one?" he asked, taking off the lid.

"Sieben."

"Would you like me to buy it?" he whispered, leaning across the counter.

Her eyes widened in surprise; then she nodded her head.

"Okay. Wrap it up." . . .

When the Colonel went on a trip to Munich, Klaus got his big idea. Just before he was to drive the Colonel's wife to her bridge club in the car, which had been polished to a high shine and was in good running condition, he removed a spark plug from the engine.

"I guess you'd better have it checked," the Colonel's wife agreed, listening to the car splutter.

"The garage says it has to be overhauled, ma'am," he lied. "It may take a week."

"That's a shame," she said, biting at the edge of her nail, "but I suppose you'd better tell them to go ahead and find the bug."

IT WAS raining as he drove by the shop that night. He could see Bruni's bike parked under a striped awning. After he drove once around the block, he pulled to a stop at the corner on the right-hand side of the street. It was just a chance, but he thought it might work. At six she came out, got on her bike and pedaled to the corner, where she stopped for the red light. She was wearing a beige raincoat, and a kerchief held back her curls.

"Hey!" he shouted through the open window.

She turned her head and looked at him without recognition.

"Remember me?" he asked.

"Nein," she said unequivocally.

"I'm the guy that bought a coffeepot I didn't want the other day."

"Oh, *ja*," she exclaimed as her lips parted into a smile.

"Want a ride?"

"Danke, gerne," she said after a moment, turning her palm upward to sample the raindrops. Klaus hopped from the car, piled the bike along the luggage rack, and opened the door for her.

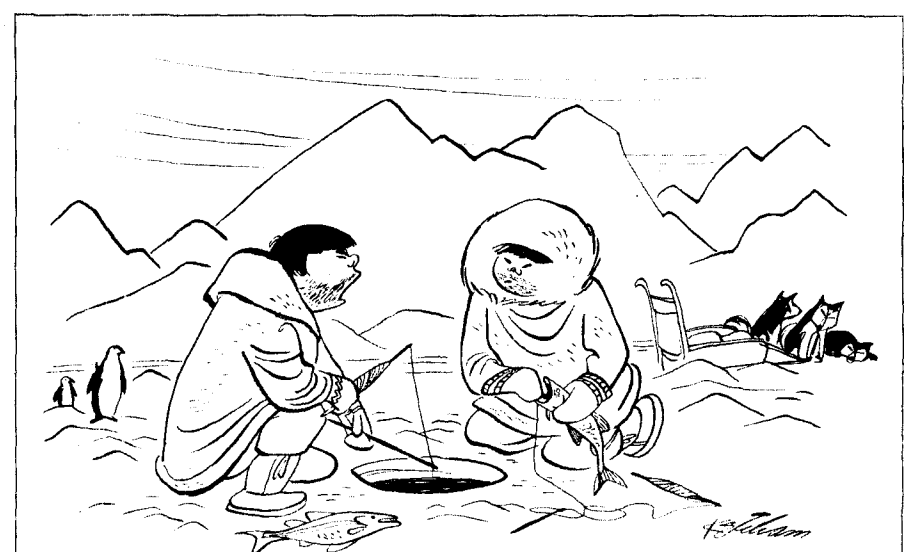
"Pommer," she announced offering her hand. She removed the kerchief and shook the rain from it. Klaus felt himself going into second gear.

"Hello, Pommer," he said, discovering that it was also more intimate to be an American; otherwise he would have been calling her Fräulein Pommer for weeks. "What's your first name?" he insisted.

"Bruni."

"Bruni, eh!" Nineteen thirty-five to thirty-seven. Brunhild, he figured, thinking of the times when German mothers had gone Wagnerian. She was probably his own age, he decided. "Mine's—" he began, and was seized suddenly with panic. "Mine's—er—Florion," he said finally, almost shouting as he remembered the name of a horse he had seen in a movie. "Jay Florion." It sounded right. It sounded the way he wanted to be. He squeezed her thin hand hard, the way the Americans did, "How do you do, Bruni?" . . .

He took her out that night, and every night that week, first to the American Snack Bar, where he ordered two double-thick



"Well, if they *do* attack, they won't sneak up on us in the dark . . . not for six months, anyway"

COLLIER'S — HANK KETCHAM

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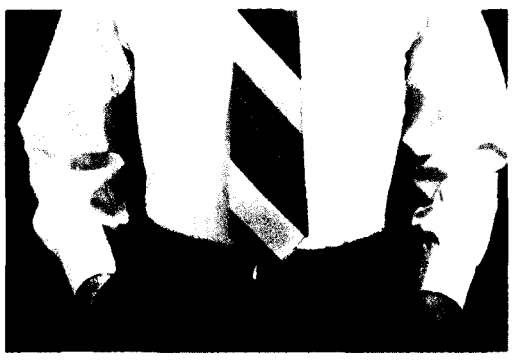
Good News for every man who wears a shirt!

(Good News for his wife, too!)

Arrow *Dart* shirt, $3.95. Arrow all-silk print tie, $2.50.

The famous Arrow Dart is tops in all White Shirt Popularity Polls—with *men*, with *wives*. No other shirt does as much for *your appearance!* That smoothly-tailored, non-wilt collar stays fresh and trim all day long!

So easy to launder . . . the Arrow *Dart's* collar and cuffs (like ALL Arrows) are precision-stitched to *lie flat, iron flat, stay flat*. For longer wear, *Dart's* collars are made of an even firmer, closer-weave cotton than the shirts themselves! And every Arrow Shirt is "Sanforized"-labeled (shrinkage less than 1%).



So easy to wear . . . men positively *enjoy* the neat, trim fit of Arrow Shirts. It's called MITOGA—and there's no uncomfortable "bunching-up" of excess fabric *anywhere!* MITOGA is the trade-marked name for that painstaking Arrow tailoring. It gives you shirts *cut to follow exactly* the curves and tapers of your torso, and your arms.

So easy to look at . . . wives are strong boosters of Arrow Shirts! They appreciate Arrow style. They dote on Arrow's white, durable, anchor-stitched buttons and firm, smoothly-woven fabrics. Women have learned that Arrow fabrics deliver astonishing wear, and that Arrow's fine tailoring makes for easier, faster ironing!

ALL THESE advantages make Arrow Shirts Good News to all good people!

ARROW WHITE SHIRTS

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc. Makers of Shirts, Ties, Handkerchiefs, Sports Shirts, Underwear

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CAVALCADE OF SPORTS ...Steve Brooks

STEVE GOT HIS START AT 15, RIDING FOR HIS UNCLE ON SMALL WESTERN TRACKS. IT WAS TWO YEARS BEFORE HE RODE A WINNER!

WITH PURSES IN THE MILLIONS, STEVE BROOKS IS ONE OF THE LEADING JOCKEYS OF OUR TIME! IN 1949 ALONE, HIS WINNINGS EXCEEDED $1,300,000 INCLUDING THE COVETED KENTUCKY DERBY!

I'VE ALWAYS USED A GILLETTE RAZOR AND I LIKE MY NEW GILLETTE SUPER-SPEED RAZOR BEST OF ALL. IT'S TOPS FOR CONVENIENCE AND QUICK, EASY SHAVING
Steve Brooks

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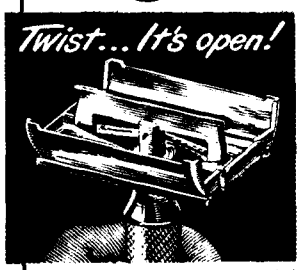

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chocolate milk shakes and two hamburgers with onions, and where his heart almost exploded with excitement as Bruni exclaimed, *"Schmeckt sehr gut,"* as she wiped the catsup from the corner of her mouth. On the black market, he changed his marks into Military Scrip and took her to the Army movie theaters, where they sat and held hands as they watched the color pictures.

"Wo?—in America?" she asked him after they had come out.

"Me?" he asked, swinging the car out from the driveway and turning off toward the wood road. "New York." The radio was playing softly now, and Bruni leaned her head against his shoulder. "I had one of those pen house apartments—way up in a skyscraper."

"Ach, nein!" she said in astonishment.

"Yep. It was as tall as the Zugspitze, tall and steel-pointed. In winter, it swayed like a tree in the wind, back and forth, back and forth." He rocked his head in time with his thought. "And in summer it was all covered with ivy."

"Oh, ist das hübsch!"

"Of course, I miss it over here. You can imagine—with all these broken buildings around—well, it's kind of depressing, to say the very least." He stopped the car along a side dirt path and lighted a cigarette. "You know the way the ivy is now—all crimson on the houses?" he asked, inhaling deeply.

"Ja, natürlich."

"Well, it's like that in New York—only there's miles of it, twisting up all those skyscrapers right to the very top. And there's petunia boxes in every window." He spoke more quickly now, not caring whether or not she was following him. "My place was one of the very highest. It had a sinken bathtub, and a large glass window facing the whole of the city. And I would sit and look down from my window and watch the sailboats tipping in the lake at Central Park—they were larger than the boats out at Wannsee, and the sails were whiter." As he talked he moved his fingers through her hair. ". . . And way off, at the other end of the city, I could see the lights shining from the Broad Way."

Dance music was playing; so he turned the radio up. Opening the door of the car, he took Bruni out along the path; they danced over the leaves, and once he stopped to kiss her firmly on the mouth.

AFTER he had taken her home, he drove back through the woods downtown. He felt much better than he had ever felt before. He looked at the sky and it seemed larger than usual; there seemed to be more stars, millions of them, weaving a finespun net around the moon. He stepped on the gas and began to race the car, letting it keep time to his own energy, hardly noticing the trees or the loud blaring radio.

As he passed Kurfürstendamm he saw that the lights were beginning to go out and that only a few people remained sitting under the polka-dot umbrellas which were now spinning in the wind. When he turned the corner he pulled to a stop before number nine. And then there was the sudden sound of the screeching of brakes and of voices screaming at him. He slammed the car door and ran down the alley at the side of his house, pursued by the running footsteps and by an oval yellow light. . . .

The two MPs took Klaus into a low-lighted room at McNair Barracks where the Lieutenant sat, one long leg propped against his desk, a paper in his hand, and a steaming cup of coffee before him. There were enlistment posters on the wall and burned-out matches underfoot.

"This Hecht?" the lieutenant asked, removing his leg from the desk.

"Yes, sir. Passed us drivin' like a bat outta hell—radio blasting, bright lights on. We took his plate number and when we found it checked with the number of Colonel Franklin's stolen car we picked him up."

"Full name, Hecht."

Klaus said nothing.

"The Colonel's been very worried about his car, boy. His kid's sick so he flew back from Munich tonight. The garage said there was nothing wrong with the car, never had been." The lieutenant waited for an explanation.

Klaus looked across the railing which separated him from Lieutenant Fiske. "Here is Jay Florion, sir," Klaus said. Without realizing it, he drew himself to attention and snapped his heels together.

"What the hell is he talking about?"

"He keeps insisting he's an American, sir," one of the MPs said.

THE lieutenant walked closer to the railing and inspected Klaus carefully. "Where were you born, Mister Florion?" He said this quietly.

"New York, the United States."

"New York, eh? Where in New York?"

"The Park street," Klaus answered with assurance.

"Never heard of Park Street. . . . You ever hear of Park Street, Sergeant?" he asked, turning his head.

"No, sir," the sergeant replied, stifling a laugh.

"It's the big street," Klaus explained, "just overflowing the Central Park, where all the rich people live. It's very crazy you never heard of it."

"You don't say? Where'd you go to school, rich boy?"

"It's been so long—I—I can't remember."

"Why the Army pinks and coat, rich boy?"

"Old things from the war." Klaus fumbled with the collar of his coat.

"Where'd you do your fighting, rich boy?"

"Air Force."

"You've gone and caught yourself a bluebird, Sergeant," the lieutenant exclaimed. "Outfit?"

"I—I—"

"Based?"

Klaus didn't answer.

"Missions?"

Klaus gripped his head with both hands. Then with a convulsive movement he leaped to the railing and clutched it for support. "I am an American and you have no right to ask me these questions. Why—I don't even like the Krauts. Everyone knows they put the world to war—and they're so funny," he cried, touching his forehead with the back of his trembling fingers, "they make me laugh to tears. You can tell how funny they are just by looking at their faces." He touched his cheeks.

"Look at the way they dress, with their old clothes and brief cases and stiff collars. Even their music is funny—it is not in the groove the way American music is. And the things they eat—their coffee and cigarettes—why, I laugh when I see a Kraut—can't hold it in," he gasped, placing one hand against his stomach. "And they're so dumb that they don't understand anything unless you scream at them. You have to scream and scream," he shouted, waving his hands in the air.

The sergeant stepped forward and grabbed Klaus about the arms. "Shut up," the sergeant said. *"Beruhigen Sie sich."*

Klaus turned his head with an expression of incomprehension on his face. His mouth fell open slightly and his forehead wrinkled into perplexity. "It is an ugly language you speak," he said distastefully. "You seem to have made a mistake. . . . I do not understand you . . . not a word . . . not one word. . . . The funny things you say make me think you are a Kraut. . . . Where am I? . . . The funny things you say to me as an American make me laugh." Klaus raised his shoulders into a tight hunch. Suddenly his head jerked back as the muscles of his face drew his lips into a wide grin.

The MPs led Klaus out of the room. He could hear the lieutenant laughing behind them. Klaus laughed, too, loudly, wildly.

"Take it easy, Mac," one of the MPs said.

THE END

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The Whip from Texas

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

about Johnson's desire for the ultimate in politics, except that he is working unusually hard for it, and faces more apparent obstacles than most men with his ambitions.

Many senators, when they see the President, say in their hearts: "There, but for the breaks of politics, go I." Some have been after the job for years, and each election sends more new ones on the chase—after the Vice-Presidency, if the White House itself seems out of reach.

At least four Democrats who came to the Senate for the first time with Johnson in 1948 are being touted for the same high goal: Clinton P. Anderson of New Mexico, Estes Kefauver of Tennessee, Hubert Humphrey of Minnesota and Paul Douglas of Illinois. They do not know that Veep Barkley will retire, but they want it known they are available if he does.

Two Rival Investigators

Among the current contenders, Johnson is considered within his party to rank high in terms of political know-how. And he hopes his committee will help add to his popularity before 1952. On that score his rivalry with Kefauver is particularly interesting, because they are trying to get to the top with different kinds of investigations. Johnson is doing it in the Truman-tested manner, and Kefauver is making his attempt as chairman of the Senate Crime Investigating Committee.

There are good grounds for all the high hope among the politically ambitious senators. The Democratic party, as everyone knows, has reached into the Senate for its Vice-Presidential nominees in the two most recent elections—picking Truman in 1944 and Alben W. Barkley in 1948—and the Republicans nominated Senator John W. Bricker of Ohio in 1944 to run with Governor Thomas E. Dewey. This precedent has spurred individual aspirations.

Although Democratic Texas is not a doubtful populous state such as both parties traditionally favor for Presidential and Vice-Presidential nominees, one Texan, John Nance Garner, overcame that handicap and made the Vice-Presidency twice. Johnson sees no reason why he should not follow the same route.

Of course, there are certain other hurdles to be met as well. Because of his vote for the Taft-Hartley law while he was a House member and because of his opposition to civil rights measures, Johnson lacks the support of labor and the nation's Negroes —to list two important groups.

Despite his deviations from the administration program, Johnson is, generally speaking, a Fair Dealer. As such, he commands considerable support from the ranks of the Truman backers. He also has the great political asset of having behind him Speaker of the House Sam Rayburn, his political "father," who will be in there fighting for Johnson in 1952—as he was for Garner in 1932—if a chance looms.

Rayburn, a powerful and experienced politician, is only one member of a team of expert advisers who have spent many hours with Johnson pouring out ideas and suggestions. In the upstairs study of his home or on the golf course of Washington's Burning Tree Club, Johnson can be found listening to, and learning from, his best friends: Chief Justice Fred Vinson, Stuart Symington, Justice Tom Clark, Justice William O. Douglas, Paul Porter and others. There are a score more across the country whom he keeps as near as his telephone.

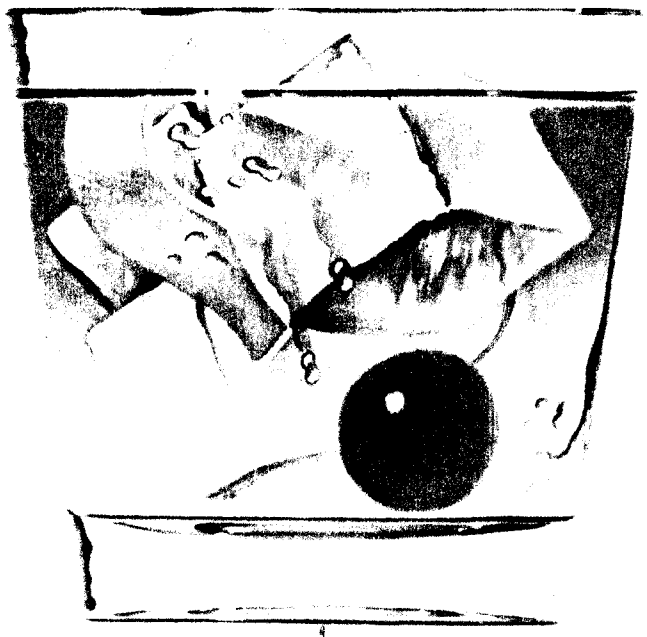
Better than almost any other potential candidate, Johnson understands both the intricate operation of a national convention and the interplay of powerful men which occurs at such a conclave. While other candidates may be ahead of him in availability, he is well out in front in political savvy. He might never stampede a convention as a man like Paul Douglas conceivably could, but he would never lose it on a second or third ballot because he had failed to lay the necessary groundwork.

Johnson is a master at making the mechanics of a job operate smoothly. He had been in the Senate only briefly when he had wangled more office space than any other new senator—four rooms, compared with the usual three. In them he installed

COLLIER'S

"Of course you have my permission to go out tonight, dear. Where are we going?"

GREGORY D'ALESSIO



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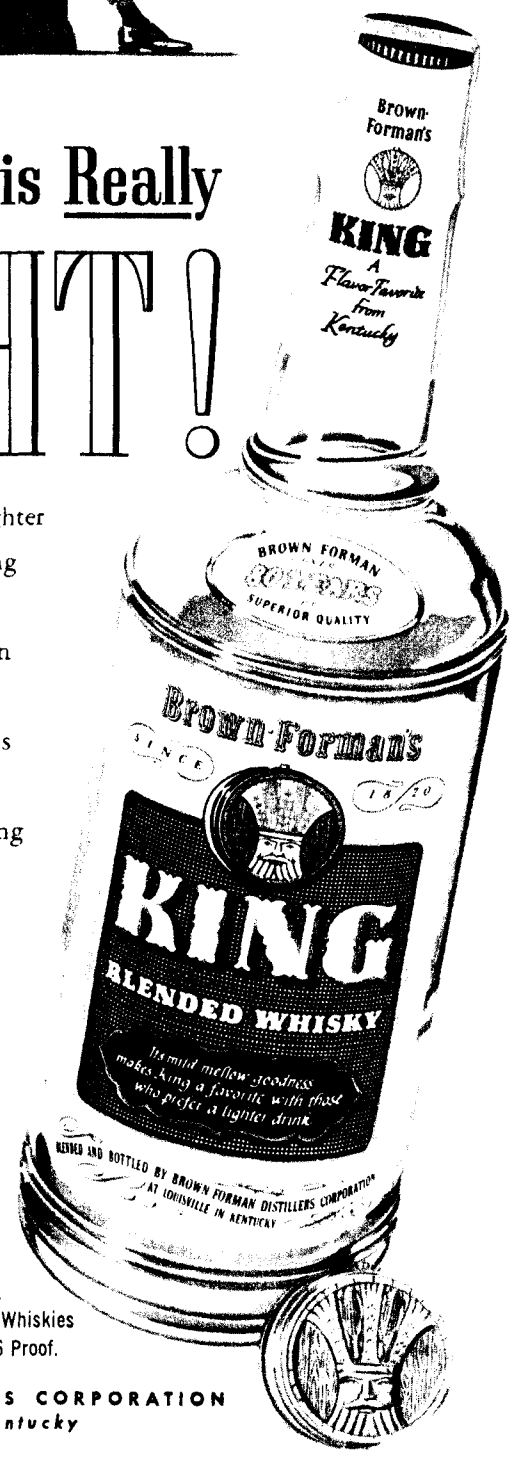
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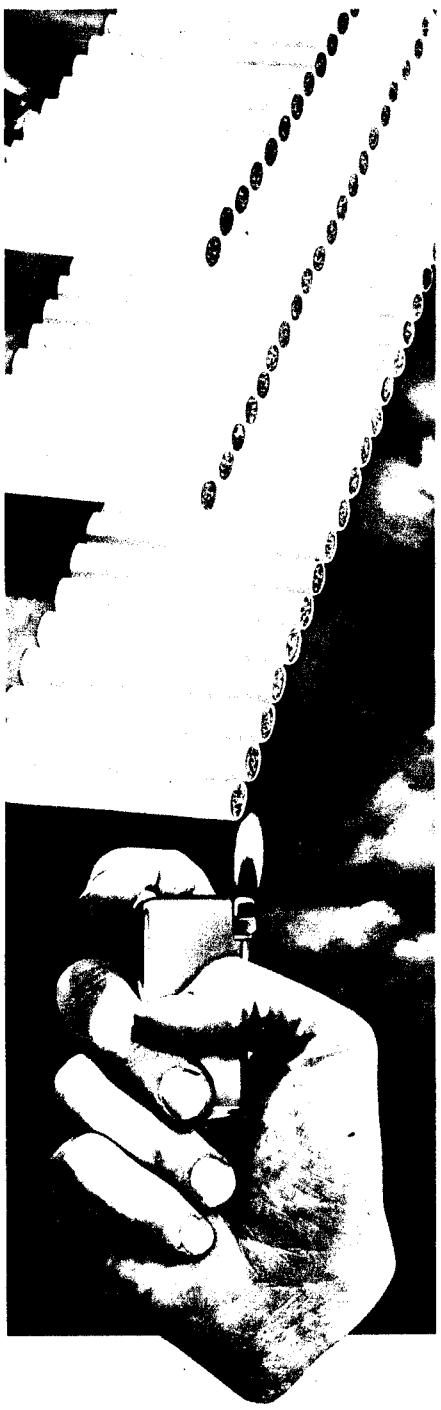

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a supersized staff of some 20 persons, and somehow he managed to get four telephone lines—a considerable achievement in view of the crowded Capitol Hill switchboard, which generally allows only three lines to a freshman senator.

He also secured a choice parking place, at considerable trouble. The place is in front of the busiest entrance to the Senate Office Building, so convenient that for several mornings he found someone had already taken it when he arrived. The second time that happened, he called the police chief of the Capitol.

"Haul that car off!" Johnson ordered.

A check uncovered the fact that the car belonged to a senior senator.

"Well," said Johnson, never at a loss for words, "while I am getting some more seniority, you put a Capitol cop there every morning to guard my space until I get to work."

The police chief gave in, and the place is now protected, rain or shine, until Johnson parks.

Johnson can't condone any form of inefficiency—whether it is improper protection of a parking place he has reserved for himself, or a fountain pen on his desk allowed to run dry.

He is forever dreaming up ideas to boost his office production. Once he placed his staff on a 24-hour-a-day schedule to see if the same number of employees could accomplish more by keeping staggered hours. It didn't work. Now he collects a daily report sheet from each secretary telling how many letters each typed that day, and an elaborate card index system quickly reveals the dates and details of all telephone calls the office receives. Letters, telegrams and the like are cross-indexed so completely that almost any correspondence can be found instantly.

Understandably, he is not an easy person to work for. When a Texas friend walked into the office not long ago and learned that a secretary had come down with stomach ulcers, he asked, "Doesn't the senator ever get ulcers?"

"He doesn't get 'em," one of the staff said briefly. "He just gives 'em."

No Favorites on His Staff

In keeping with his thoroughly businesslike demeanor, Johnson rarely unbends with any of his staff during working hours. As he himself has put it: "There are no favorites in my office; I treat them all with the same general inconsideration." But at Christmas, the gifts from Johnson are fabulous. And other evidences of thoughtfulness crop up unexpectedly. A new secretary had been with him for only two weeks when she needed an operation. When she went to pay her hospital and doctor bills, she found he had already taken care of them.

He selects office personnel with great care, and showers responsibility on his aides. In return, he expects near perfection of them, a fact they swiftly discover.

Last fall, Johnson gave the first assignment to a new assistant: Find out the date of the Army-Navy game. The assistant was back in a few minutes.

"The Navy," he reported, "says the game's to be played on December 2d."

"That's fine," snapped Johnson, "but what did the Army say?"

Naturally, a man so completely devoted to his work as Johnson finds Sunday is a very difficult day. The lack of activity rankles, although he realizes he owes his staff a day off and his wife and two daughters some of his time. But he becomes so restless that by Sunday afternoons he almost always has filled his home with up to a dozen guests.

This inability to relax is a characteristic that is always with him. Once when he had trouble with kidney stones, he was hospitalized at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota, for two weeks. A friend who visited him there stopped to ask the nurse how the senator was doing.

"He would be better," she reported, "if we could get him off that telephone long enough to give him his medicine. I've never seen anything like him and that phone. He's been here for three days and he's already called Austria twice!"

Not surprisingly, Johnson is extremely impatient about the everyday functions of living. When he toured Texas during his campaign for the Senate in 1948, he took a man with him to lay out his clothes, put in the cuff links and have his shoes shined. His wife performs those duties at home. A secretary fills all of his fountain pens and cigarette lighters (he has several) once each day.

In conversation, Johnson is a sight to see. While talking, he may, among other things, move from chair to chair around the room, pace the floor, puff cigarettes endlessly, rub salve on his hands, take a digestion tablet, gulp water and use an inhaler in his nose. He's just too nervous to remain still.

When he wants something, he goes to no one but the top available expert. If it's a military problem, he talks to Secretary of Defense George C. Marshall or one of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. When he found it necessary to learn to play golf, he took lessons from Sam Snead. He was told Mayo Clinic was the best place to go for treatment for his kidney stones, and that's where he went. When he had a sudden attack and had to be flown there, he had famous aviatrix Jacqueline Cochran fly him.

In appearance, Johnson is a big man with an awkward, slouching frame, and a large head. His brown eyes are small, bright and penetrating. One syndicated chitchat columnist has cooed in print over how especially handsome she considers the Texan, but it is doubtful that many people would go further than to say he is a nice-looking man.

The big Texan is a man of many idiosyncrasies. He has a weakness for gadgets; as might be expected of a man in such a perpetual hurry, one of his latest is an alarm-equipped wrist watch.

In his clothes, as in virtually everything else, Johnson insists on the best available. That, he says, dates back to his childhood on a ranch in the hilly wild country of central Texas; in those days he never had a pair of pants or a shirt that his mother hadn't sewed for him, and he dreamed then of wearing fancy store-bought attire.

Now that this dream has come true, he finds he has little time for shopping. So he usually buys his clothing in the first store he visits, making his purchases in large quantities. He came home one night last spring with nine new suits, none of which cost less than $200. He gave two of them to a pair of office assistants. (In the course of a year, he often presents his overworked administrative aide, Walter Jenkins, with three or four suits, plus numerous shirts and neckties.) Johnson's shoes are handmade by a Boston firm, of the softest calfskin, and he wears silk monogrammed shirts. He owns more than a dozen hats—because he bets hats instead of money, and frequently wins—and the doorknobs throughout the second story of his Washington home are festooned with scores of neckties, all quite expensive.

"Tying and untying a necktie," Johnson advises, "ruins it. Tie it once and slip it off your head without untying it. Pull the knot back where it was when you had the tie on and hang it on a doorknob."

Lots of Clothes for the Mrs.

He also gets great delight out of buying clothes for his wife and occasionally startles her by toting home as many as three new cocktail dresses and five hats with no advance notice. Once he saw a woman's suit he particularly liked and bought three—one for his wife, one for his secretary and a third for a friend of the family he thought it would look well on.

Although Johnson finds it difficult to hold on to money, his wife budgets her household expenses carefully. She owns a radio station in Austin, Texas, which considerably boosts the family income, and she has already put away enough money to pay for the education of their children.

The Johnsons have two little girls, Lynda Bird, six, and Lucy Baines, three. The similarity between their initials and the senator's is no accident; it preserves a family pattern. Mrs. Johnson is known to everyone as "Lady Bird," although her legal name is Claudia, and Johnson was tempted at one time to change the name of the Austin radio station from KTBC to KLBJ. He refrained on grounds that it might be politically unwise.

Having enough money for the girls' schooling is important to the Johnsons. As a youth, Lyndon labored on a road gang summers and as a janitor throughout the school year to put himself through Southwest Texas State Teachers College. He got his degree in three years, graduating in 1930, and then worked for two years as a teacher of public speaking in the Houston public schools.

In 1932 he landed the job which launched him on his true career: He went to Washington as secretary to Representative Richard Kleberg of Texas. Johnson promptly set about building his political fences, getting his first instruction from the secretaries

"He didn't propose in that many words, but he took out a piece of string, measured my ring finger, then put it back into his pocket looking sheepish"

COLLIER'S — REAMER KELLER

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to the other members of the Texas delegation in Congress.

"You never had to tell Lyndon anything a second time," recalls Arthur Perry, administrative assistant to Senator Tom Connally and an old-timer at the Capitol. "He came here as green as anyone could be, but within a few months he knew how to operate in Washington better than some who had been here for 20 years before him."

The new secretary had been around Capitol Hill for only a year when someone casually suggested, actually as a joke, that he run for "speaker" of the "little Congress"—the organization of Congressional secretaries. Johnson didn't get the joke. He ran and won, completely upsetting the rigid seniority system which had always been in effect until then.

Later in 1934 he went to Texas on a vacation and met "Lady Bird" Taylor—at 5:00 P.M. on September 4th, Johnson recalls with his usual attention to details. For him it was love at first sight, but she declined a date that night because she was leaving for her home at Marshall, Texas. He returned to Washington, but filled the mail with letters to her. It was two months before he could get back to Texas. When he did—and after only one date—he talked her into marrying him.

JACK DONOVAN

She'll Be Down In a Minute!

Don't fret, young man,
If your date is late.
Don't begrudge the hours
You sit and wait.

After you're married
Is time enough
To find what she looks like
In the rough.

—ETHEL JACOBSON

A Texas Congressman Dies

In 1935, Johnson got a chance through Senator Connally to return to the Lone-Star State as head of the National Youth Administration program there. Two years later, the congressman from his district, James P. Buchanan, died. Johnson decided to run, although he was virtually an unknown.

The 10th Congressional District of Texas had seldom before seen a candidate put on such an energetic race. Johnson ran on a platform of 100 per cent support for President Roosevelt, even backing F.D.R.'s controversial and foredoomed Supreme Court-packing proposal. In a political upset, Johnson won.

His luck was running high. Roosevelt happened to be cruising off the Texas coast at the time of Johnson's election, and his ears perked when he heard about the dark horse who had achieved victory on a down-the-line-with-Roosevelt platform. He invited the young man to his ship; the visit marked the beginning of a close relationship between the two which lasted until the President died.

Johnson was welcomed to the House by Rayburn, who had served with the newcomer's father in the Texas legislature in the early 1900s. The veteran lawmaker "adopted" Johnson, and launched immediate plans to promote him.

In 1941, four years after Johnson went to the House, Rayburn got his chance. Senator Morris Sheppard of Texas died. Johnson was eager to run, and President Roosevelt backed him up. Johnson, only thirty-two years old, announced his candidacy from the White House steps, and billboards throughout Texas soon proclaimed: "Roosevelt, Johnson and Unity!"

When the first election returns came in, it appeared that the young congressman had won. But there was a late influx of votes for W. Lee (Pappy) O'Daniel, then governor, and for some time the outcome was doubtful. The final totals left many an eye blinking. O'Daniel won by 1,311 votes, a record-breaking photo finish for Texas—up to that time.

Active Duty With the Navy

Back to the House went Johnson to await another chance. But the year was 1941; three days after America entered the war, Johnson went into the Navy as a lieutenant commander. He remained on active duty only seven months, but in that time undertook an important mission to the Pacific for President Roosevelt. He returned with valuable information on the status of our Pacific forces.

It was at the President's request that, in 1942, Johnson left the Navy to resume his duties as a congressman. He was made chairman of an investigating subcommittee of the House Naval Affairs Committee. Among other things, this group made the Navy Department adopt more businesslike methods in procurement and forced the rewriting of the Navy's contract for Elks Hill, California, oil, an action which saved the public treasury a small fortune.

All of this was fine training, but Johnson was just marking time until 1948, when O'Daniel's term would be up. (He had been re-elected to a full term in 1942 while Johnson was in the South Pacific.)

When 1948 came, O'Daniel retired, but Johnson found plenty of other competition for the office.

He trailed former Governor Coke Stevenson by 71,460 votes in the first Democratic primary. There were other candidates in the race, however, and Stevenson lacked a majority. The runoff generated a record heat in the turbulent politics of the Lone-Star State, furnishing the closest ballot tally in the state's history: Johnson, 494,191 votes; Stevenson, 494,104 votes; the difference, 87. The final count left Texans gasping: a fabulous political and legal melee ensued.

In Duval County, which is tightly controlled by banker-businessman-judge George Parr, Johnson got a whopping 4,622 votes to Stevenson's 40. Although Stevenson viewed this with high suspicion, he couldn't complain too loudly: he had carried the county by similar votes in previous elections. The Duval figures were never contested, but Jim Wells County—which gave Johnson 1,988 ballots, Stevenson 771—became a storm center of fraud charges. None of these was ever proved. Suits and cross suits were filed in county, state and federal courts simultaneously. Johnson won them all. Then he had to be certified as the party's Senate nominee by the Democratic State Executive Committee; he was—by a vote of 29 to 28.

That did it. As is generally the case in Texas, the Republican candidate didn't have a chance.

Today Johnson wastes little time thinking about his close calls and good luck of the past; he is busy with his future. It may be that few people now would give him much chance as a Vice-Presidential candidate in 1952, but that doesn't bother him. The convention is months away, he's going strong—and no one would have taken the odds offered in 1943 against Harry S. Truman's chances in 1944. THE END

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But if you will look at the facts, you will see that these things are not true ...and you will realize that Mary can exert a wonderful influence in your personal life.

It certainly is not "un-Scriptural" to recognize that Mary is the Mother of Jesus Christ. If we are to be truly "Scriptural," we must further acknowledge that Christ is the eternal Son of the eternal Father—a Divine Person who assumed a human nature like ours in all things except sin. And while Mary did not give Jesus His divine nature, the Savior was her Son...as truly as anyone is the son of his own mother.

In view of these truths, how can anyone look upon Mary as just another woman, or just another mother? Why should we hesitate to honor one whom God so greatly honored...and upon whom He conferred a surpassing holiness and complete freedom from sin? Why should we believe that one so close to the Son of God in His earthly life is not close and dear to Him in His eternal Kingdom?

It is erroneous, of course, to think that Catholics worship Mary as a divine person. But we do love and venerate her for the unique place she occupies in God's plan for our salvation...for her intimate association with the all-holy Son of God...and for her own holiness.

But, you may say—why should we pray to Mary when we can pray directly to God, as the Scriptures command? The answer is that Catholics do pray to God and they seek from him grace and forgiveness—for these are blessings which only God can grant. But there is no law of God which commands us... when we go to Him in prayer... that we must go alone.

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Dr. Scholl's FOOT POWDER

Anxious Hong Kong

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

fish market, where the fish were killed fresh for the customer.

After returning to Kowloon I made arrangements to visit the border area between China and the New Territories—a tract on the mainland, above the peninsula, which the British hold under a 99-year lease.

A portly police inspector with a Scotch burr picked me up the next morning at the hotel; I was to learn that the military did not operate along the border area, that the frontier's protection was entrusted instead to heavily armed native police. Our car sped into the hills beyond Kowloon, and as we descended we came into a beautiful green lowland.

"There are tigers in this country," my guide commented. "They attack cattle; as a matter of fact, we had just such a report only this morning. There are also wild boar—very mean." That seemed incredible, for we were just a few minutes from the heart of a metropolis; it was like being warned of tigers on the New Jersey side of Manhattan's George Washington Bridge.

We drove along, crossing a bridge recently reinforced to bear the weight of tanks, and slowing down for a roadblock erected to halt smugglers coming through from China. Finally, we turned off at a fork and came to a halt. End of the road. We got out and walked along a railroad track, and joined a stream of Chinese moving toward the border station of Lo Wu.

Eight Feet of No Man's Land

The station, located on the far side of a railroad bridge spanning the little Shum Chum River, was a tense spot. Two barbed-wire-and-log barricades had been erected between British and Communist territory; there was a no man's land of about eight feet between them, and Communist and Hong Kong guards stood silently on either side. They had exchanged no conversation for months, I was told—ever since the defeat of Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalists. On the China side stood a big sign, which somebody translated for me: "Good Chinese do not buy American goods."

I stood beside one of the friendly border policemen and we watched the Red guards a few feet away. They stared back. "They call us 'running dogs,'" my companion said slowly. "One day a soldier over there looked at me and said: 'Soon we will slaughter the running dogs and peel their skin from them.'"

Before returning to Kowloon, my British police friend and I visited some other frontier posts, traveling over one of the narrowest, steepest mountain roads I've ever seen—and one of the most dangerous, potentially. In some places it took the form of a long trough, like a tunnel without a ceiling. "Can you imagine what a place this would be for an ambush?" the inspector asked. "An enemy would just have to sit on a ledge and drop a grenade."

Border Not Entirely Fenced

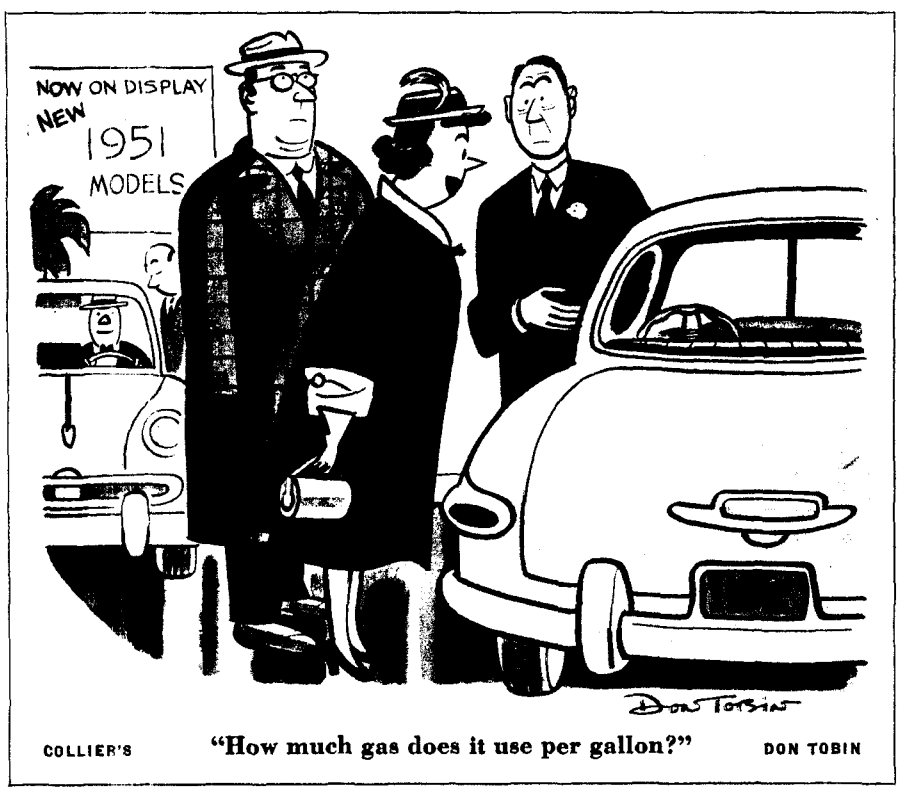
For most of this route, the border was visible. Part of it was marked by a high wire fence; other sections had no fence at all, and at one point a couple of Communist guards jogged by on horseback with nothing but a strip of land separating them from us. On key hills the British had erected police posts, stalwart cement block buildings, and once a police patrol appeared in silhouette against the sky. At one point, a group of men slipped across the border into British territory: illegal immigrants from China. "We have an ambush squad down there," the inspector said, pointing toward the valley. "Those men will run right into it." We also saw somewhat the same thing working in the other direction: Two men tramped along the road with bags slung over their shoulders and the inspector identified them as sugar smugglers headed for Red territory. "It's against Chinese law to carry white sugar into the country," he said, "but people keep trying."

Back in Hong Kong, I had a chance to find out how people feel who live right on the front doorstep of a powerful Communist nation. After spending months in Korea and Indochina, I needed both a dental and medical checkup and I determined to have them taken care of while I had the chance.

As the dentist prepared to drill on one of my teeth, I asked him whether he felt secure in Hong Kong. "Absolutely," he said, cheerfully. "It's good here for 10 years. Of course, I'm hanging on to gold dollars just in case . . ."

The doctor's viewpoint was a little different. He answered my question soberly: "This is a trap. I'm getting my wife and children out, and I'm making plans to follow them to Australia. I've seen enough Communist flags among the local Chinese to know what the situation is."

I thought again of the border guard and what the Red soldier had said. "Soon we will slaughter . . ." THE END



COLLIER'S "How much gas does it use per gallon?" DON TOBIN

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SISTER

COLLIER'S "Six chin-ups isn't bad for a girl!" STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

My Boyhood Days

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

for baseball, jigsaws, building dams, swimming, fishing and exploring the woods with other boys. As time went on I was introduced to harder tasks. Dr. Minthorn possessed a piece of fir forest, the clearing of which he boldly attacked. The view of these battalions of tall trees in the moonlight haunted me as an advancing and unconquerable army. At odd times the doctor would get a fir tree down—sometimes four feet in diameter. My job was to help burn it up. This was done by boring two holes in the stump of the logs at such angles that they would meet at about a foot deep. Into the top hole we pushed burning charcoal and by blowing into the lower hole would start an internal fire. It was sport—the first few times.

One summer I got a job at weeding onions in the great bottom lands north of Newberg, for 50 cents a day and board. The job lasted about two months and I returned with some $30. It was a great sum and I kept it or part of it for a long time.

On the Rounds with a Doctor

When it did not interfere with school hours, Dr. Minthorn occasionally took me on visits to patients. Sometimes I drove and held the team when he went in. They were profitable journeys to me. The doctor was a silent, taciturn man, but still a natural teacher. He told me much of physiology, health and sickness, mostly by way of explosions over the neglects which made his patients sick.

Dr. Minthorn was one of the many Quakers who do not hold to extreme pacifism. One of his expressions was, "Turn your other cheek once, but if he smites it, then *punch him.*"

When I was about fifteen, Dr. Minthorn started a Quaker land-settlement business at Salem. I was offered the distinguished position of office boy, and drew a salary ranging from $15 to $20 a month. The bookkeeper of the firm used some of my odd time and in return I received instruction in bookkeeping. At one time I shifted my aspirations for a lifework of driving railway locomotives over to his profession. But he was a sad and dour Scotsman, and after a while created in me a conviction that it was a cheerless calling.

My duties as office boy were not very exacting, and in my spare time, with the aid of Miss Laura Hewitt, the stenographer, I learned to run a typewriter fairly well.

A few doors down the street was a sewing-machine agent. His practice was to take in old machines as part payment on his new variety. After smashing them with a hammer, he would dump the old machines in the back yard. I made a partnership with the office boy at the insurance office next door and we bought the dump of broken machines for $20. We classified them according to their different makes and assembled unbroken parts into new machines that would work again. But the housewives with whom we tried to do business at as low as a dollar each were suspicious of the reliability of these machines and we lost the $20. However, we learned a powerful lot about the insides of sewing machines.

A business college opened in Salem and I enrolled for its night sessions. The teacher knew much of mathematics and something of Latin, and, finding my predilection for mathematics, carried me thoroughly through algebra, geometry and "higher" arithmetic. He was less successful with my Latin.

An engineer from the East—a Mr. Robert Brown—drifted into the office on some mission. In the course of our talks he discussed the advantages of college training for a profession. He spoke much of engineering. For a year I mulled it over, talking to all who would listen. I haunted the little foundry, the sawmill and the repair shops of the town. I collected catalogues and information on engineering and universities. I visited a mining prospect in the Cascades with a mining engineer who persuaded me that his branch of the profession offered more choice.

About this time a notice appeared in the press to the effect that public examinations would be held for entrance to the new free

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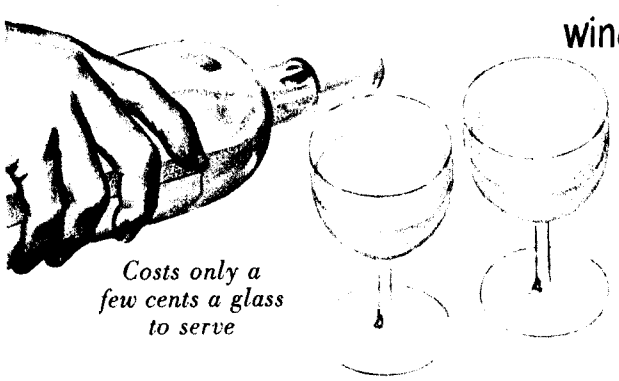

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COLLIER'S

"He's pulling that old line—that his parents don't understand him"

KATE OSANN

university founded by Senator Leland Stanford, shortly to be opened in California. Then came the announcement that mathematics professor Joseph Swain would conduct entrance examinations in Portland. Dr. Swain was a well-known Quaker, so that his association with the otherwise suspiciously godless institution served to overcome that family hurdle.

In due time I appeared in Portland, and did my best with the subjects put to me. The mathematics came easy, but I was sadly deficient in the other approaches to higher education. Professor Swain, overcoming my diffidence, talked to me about the new university and my previous deficient schooling due to my career as office boy. Inquiring into my financial resources, he suggested that I come down to the university three months early, engage a tutor and take some of the subjects over again. He thought I could earn my way through the college.

I resigned my great office and gathered up all my possessions—$160 of savings, two suits of clothes, a bicycle and my one third in the Tatum reserve. The Minthorn family added $50 and put me on the train with blessings, affection—and food.

I arrived at Stanford with my bicycle, satchel and directions from Professor Swain to go to Adalante Villa, where a Miss Fletcher would furnish me board and tutoring.

Miss Fletcher did her best with charm and patience, and when the crucial day came I got by with all requirements subject to some "conditions," except that I was one subject short.

My association with my doctor uncle stood me in good stead. By polishing a sound memory and boning all night on two textbooks on physiology, I triumphantly passed in that subject. A Salem boy—Fred Williams—and I moved into Encina Hall, the men's dormitory, the week before its opening, and were proudly its first inhabitants. The Encina dining room gave so many options in food that I was able to declare my complete independence from mush and milk, which under stiff moral pressure had been my major breakfast course ever since I could remember.

My first need was to provide for myself a way of living. I had the $210 less Miss Fletcher's services, together with a backlog of some $600 which had grown from the treasured insurance of my father. Professor Swain secured me a job in the university office at $5 a week—enough of a supplement for the time. Soon after, Dr. John Branner, head of the Department of Geology and Mining, gave me a job in his department because I could operate a typewriter. This increased my income to $30 a month. With two partners I also established a laundry agency and a newspaper route upon the campus, an enterprise which we sold after a year, at a profit.

A Deficit for Paderewski

With two other students I set up a sort of lecture agency by which we brought lecturers and artists to the university, sold tickets, and earned a modest return. On one occasion we branched into the large dimensions of engaging Paderewski for an appearance at the nearby town of San Jose. A holiday occurred and we did not have enough gate receipts to pay his fee and expenses.

The three of us explained to Paderewski's manager, who was in no good humor about it. But the great musician, overhearing our discussion, intervened, and we were forgiven the few hundred dollars' deficit.

The first summer vacation Dr. Branner got me a job as an assistant on the geological survey of Arkansas, where he had been state geologist. The $60 a month and expenses for three months seemed like a fortune. During my sophomore and junior summer vacations I worked upon the United States Geological Survey in California and Nevada, where I saved all my salary. These various activities and the backlog carried me over the four years at the university. I came out with $40 in my pocket and no debts.

The work in Arkansas consisted of mapping the geologic outcrops on the north side of the Ozarks. I did my job on foot, mostly alone, stopping nights at the nearest cabin. The mountain people were hospitable but suspicious of all "government agents." Some were moonshiners and to them even a gawky boy might be a spy. To talk about the rocks only excited more suspicion. To say I was making a survey was

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worse, for they wanted no checkup on their landholdings. To say I was tracing the zinc or coal-bearing formations made them fearful of some wicked corporate invasion.

Finally I gave up trying to explain. However, I never failed to find someone who would take the stranger in at nightfall and often would refuse any payment in the morning.

My work on the United States Geological Survey in the glorious High Sierras, the deserts of Nevada and the mining camps where vitality and character ran strong was a far happier job. Dr. Waldemar Lindgren headed these survey parties and I was a cub assistant. When in the high mountains, we camped out with teamsters, horses and pack mules, and, of equal importance, a good camp cook.

Shortcomings of the Horse

Most of the work was done on horseback. During those two summers I did my full lifetime mileage with that mode of transportation. In long mountain rides over trails and through the brush, I arrived finally at the conclusion that a horse was one of the original mistakes of creation. I felt he was too high off the ground for convenience and safety on mountain trails. He would have been better if he had been given a dozen legs, so that he had the smooth and sure pace of a centipede. Furthermore, he should have had scales as protection against flies, and a larger water tank like a camel.

All these gadgets were known to creation prior to the geologic period when the horse was evolved. Why were they not used?

One hot day a rattlesnake alarm went off near the trail. The horse notified me by shying violently. We had a foreign geologist visiting our party who had never seen a rattlesnake. I decided to take the snake's corpse to our visitor. I dismounted and carefully hit the snake on the head with a stick, then wrapped him in a bandanna handkerchief and hung him on the pommel.

Some minutes later, while the horse and I were toiling along to camp, half asleep in the sun, the rattlesnake woke up and sounded another alarm. That was too much for the horse. After I got up out of the brush I had to walk five miles to camp. It added to my prejudices against horses in general.

There was some uncertainty one summer as to whether I could get a Geological Survey job. Therefore when vacation came other students and I canvassed San Francisco for work putting up or painting advertising signs along the roads.

Our very modest rates secured a few hundred dollars of contracts, with which we bought a team and camp outfit. We made for the Yosemite Valley, putting up eyesores along the roads advertising coffee, tea and newspapers.

A few days later I received a telegram advising me I could join the survey party. There was not enough money left in the pockets of my sign-painting partners to pay my stage fare to the railroad. I walked 80 miles in three days and arrived on time.

As youngest member of the geological party, I was made disbursing officer. It required a little time for me to realize this was not a distinction but a liability. I had to buy supplies and keep the accounts according to an elaborate book of regulations which provided wondrous safeguards for the public treasury.

One morning high in the Sierras we discovered one of the pack mules dead. At once I read the regulations covering such catastrophes and found that the disbursing officer and two witnesses must make a full statement of the circumstances and swear to it before a notary public. Otherwise the disbursing officer was personally responsible for the value of the animal. I was thus importantly concerned to the extent of $60.

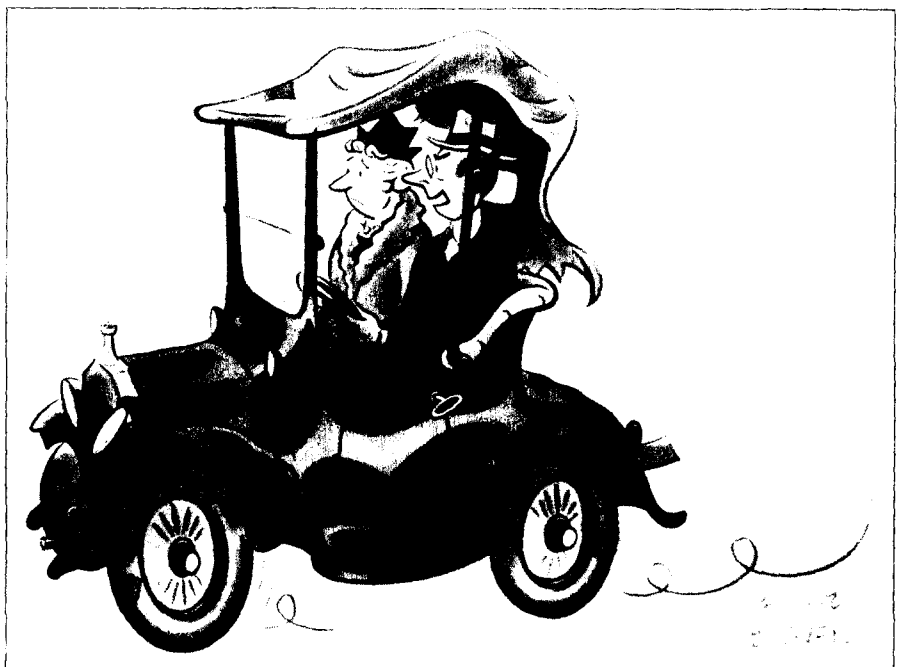
The teamsters and I held an autopsy on the mule. We discovered that his neck was broken, and that the calk of one loose hind shoe was caught in the neck rope with which he was tied to a tree. We concluded that he had been scratching his head with his hind foot, had wedged his halter rope in the calk, jerked back and broken his neck. When we reached civilization we made out an elaborate affidavit to that effect.

Why Washington Wouldn't Pay

About two months afterward I was duly advised from Washington that $60 had been deducted from my pay, since this story was too highly improbable. Apparently mules did not, according to the book, scratch their heads with their hind feet. Dr. Lindgren relieved my $60 of misery by taking over the liability, saying he would collect it from some d—— bureaucrat when he got back to Washington in the winter.

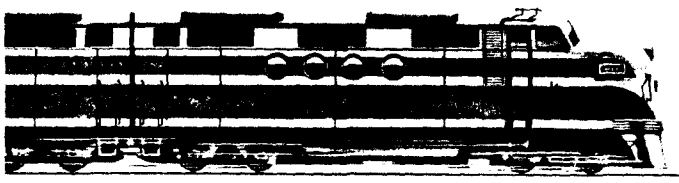
For years I watched every mule I met for confirmation of my story. I can affirm that they do it. I even bought a statuette of a mule doing it. Some 12 years later I was privileged to engage Dr. Lindgren for an important job in economic geology in Australia. I met him at the steamer in Melbourne. His first words were, "Do you know that that d—— bureaucrat never would pay me that $60? And do you know I have since seen a hundred mules scratch their heads with their hind feet?" He would not take the $60 from me.

Stanford in those days was a small community of intimate association between professors and students. We just "soaked up" a lot of education. Physics, chemistry,

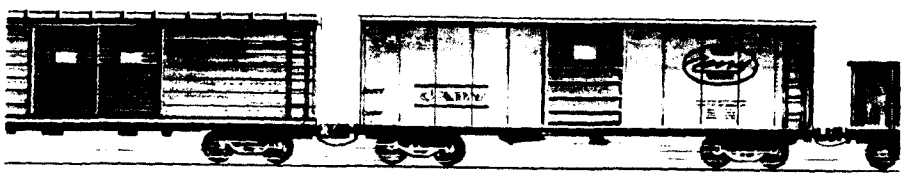


COLLIER'S "Why do you want a convertible? We haven't had this top down in seventeen years . . ." FRANK BEAVEN

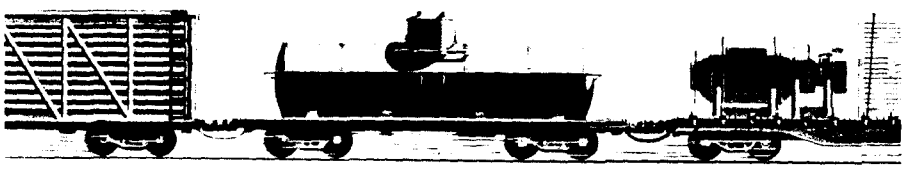
Today



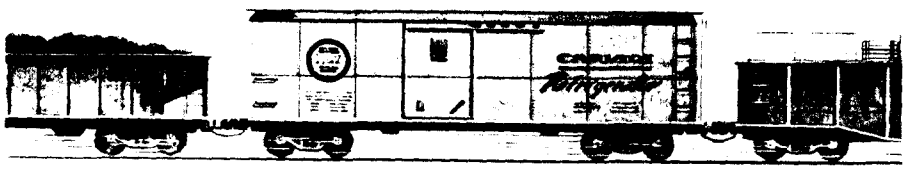
the average freight train



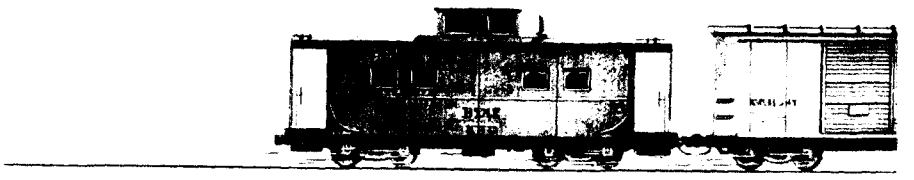
helps national rearmament



by carrying more freight



and carrying it faster



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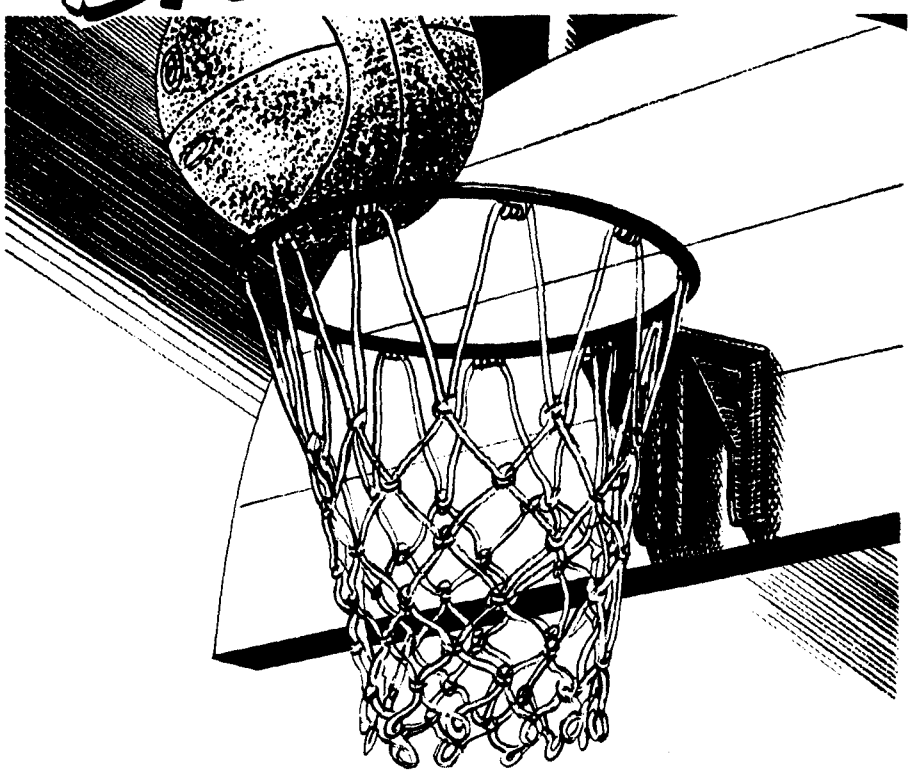

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geology, mathematics, mechanics and engineering all came easily to me. I was therefore able to carry an unusual amount—for engineers—of instruction in history, economics, and English and French literature. As I recollect it, I failed in only one course—German. I do not recollect, however, that I ever attained A grades in any of them. I had too many other yens and occupations in noncurricular activities.

I attended many lectures on biology, evolution and the reconciliation of science and religion. The impact of the university upon the fundamentalist religion of the times brought spiritual conflicts to many youngsters. The Quaker "inner light" as the basis of faith, however, suffered less than some others. I much more easily adapted fundamental natural law into my spiritual complex than did those whose early training was in the more formalistic sects and of wider doctrinal base.

For a short time I was on the baseball team as shortstop. In full belief in our prowess as a team we challenged the San Francisco professional team to play us on the campus. They good-humoredly accepted, but when the score was something like 30 to 0 at the end of the fifth inning and it was getting dark, we called it off. In time my colleagues decided I would make a better manager than a shortstop.

It was this activity which brought me my first contact with a great public man. Former President Benjamin Harrison had been induced by Senator Stanford to deliver a course of lectures on some phases of government. I profited by the lectures. But then as manager of the baseball team I had a stern duty to perform. We had no enclosed field, so we collected the 25 cents' admission by outposts of students who demanded the cash.

One afternoon Mr. Harrison came to the game. Either he ignored the collector or the collector was overcome with shyness.

Anyway that outpost reported to me that Mr. Harrison had not paid. I collected the money. Mr. Harrison was cheerful about it and also bought an advance ticket to next week's game. He would not take the 50 cents' change from a dollar. But I insisted that we were not a charitable institution and that he must take it.

Justice must occasionally be done even to ex-Presidents and I here record that he took two more tickets. Upon this solution, he became even more cheerful.

Plans for Big Football Gate

We endowed our university with a football team. Probably because I had been able to save the money for uniforms and equipment of the baseball team, I was made the manager. We arranged a game with the University of California to be played on Thanksgiving Day at the Haight Street baseball grounds in San Francisco. We had seats for a total of 15,000 fans. On the sales expectations we bought new uniforms for our teams from a dealer and printed seat-numbered tickets for only 10,000.

The attendance piled up to nearly 20,000. We had no such supply of tickets. So we set up an alley of our college boys from the box offices to the gates and sold tickets for cash—the purchasers being carefully watched so that no outsiders crowded in without having first paid their respects to the box offices. At that time few bills were in use in California. We dealt in silver and gold. The cash piled up to the extent that it spilled on the floors; we had to rent a wash boiler and a dishpan from nearby householders for the price of a free ticket.

While these difficulties were being solved, the captains of the two teams turned up, demanding to know where the football was. We had overlooked that detail and had to delay the game for a half hour while we sent downtown for two pigskins.

I did not see the game, but to our astonishment we won. After the game the California manager and I retired to a hotel with our money, now transferred to grain bags, and sat up most of the night counting it. I had never seen $30,000 before. The bank the next morning found that we had $18 more. We were well financed for the next season.

During these young days of the university the Greek-letter fraternities began their recruiting among the students. Those of us who lived in dormitories and diggings resented the snobbery that accompanied the fraternity system, and we suspected their favoritism in handling student enterprises and their loose methods of accounting for money. We declared war for reform.

Another Job Without Salary

Together with such steadfast friends as Ray Lyman Wilbur, Will Irwin, Herbert Hicks and Lester Hinsdale, I organized the "barbarians" for a fight in the student elections. Our ticket won. The forces in it all were about the same as in political elections generally. But we introduced and carried a new "Constitution for the Student Body," and I was elected the first financial manager—without pay.

As financial manager in my senior year I set up a full system of accounts of all student enterprises and published them regularly in the college paper. All this was a natural inheritance from the Scottish bookkeeper in Oregon. Football was just coming into big money (for a university activity) and I handled many tens of thousands of dollars in game receipts and athletic and other disbursements.

Stanford is a coeducational institution, but I had little time to devote to coeds. However, a major event in my life came in my senior year. Miss Lou Henry entered Stanford and the geology laboratories, determined to pursue and teach that profession as a livelihood. As I was Dr. Branner's handy boy in the department, I felt it my duty to aid the young lady in her studies both in the laboratory and in the field.

This call to duty was stimulated by her whimsical mind, her blue eyes and a broad grinnish smile that came from an Irish ancestor. I was not long in learning that she also was born in Iowa, the same year as myself, and that she was the daughter of a hunting-fishing country banker at Monterey who had no sons and therefore had raised his daughter in the out-of-door life of a boy. After I left college she still had three years to complete her college work. I saw her once or twice during this period. We carried on a correspondence.

All of these extracurricular matters so crowded my life that I neglected to discharge those conditions on entrance "credits" under which I had entered as a freshman. Those unfulfilled conditions included one in English. Had it not been for the active intervention of Dr. Branner and Professor J. Perrin Smith, who insisted among other things that I could write English, those implacable persons in the university office would have prevented my getting a diploma with my own class. Nevertheless it duly arrived.

I listened to the commencement address by Dr. David Starr Jordan, Stanford's president, with my mind mostly on the sinking realization that a new era was opening for me with only $40 in cash and the need of finding an immediate job.

The depression of 1893 had reached the Pacific Coast in 1895.

I had lived all my life in hard times. But I had never heard of depressions. No one told me that there was one afoot. So I did not need to worry about that. Nor did I have to worry about what the government was going to do about it. No one, for that matter, was crying over "helpless youth." It was up to me alone to make my way in the world beyond the shelter of Stanford.

Marriage and a mining-engineer career, which took him first to Australia, followed Hoover's graduation from college. In Collier's next week he tells about his swift professional rise. Order your newsstand copy now

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Kiss of Kandahar

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

doorbell's been ringing for the past five minutes. There's a woman at the door."

Dan Coffee rolled out of bed and groped for his dressing gown. He stumbled sleepily down the stairs. He opened the door and his visitor stepped into the living room.

"I apologize for waking you in the middle of the night, Doctor," she said hurriedly. "But it's terribly important. It's about Belinda Holliday."

Dan Coffee blinked. The name did not register at first.

"Oh, yes," he said, after the third blink. "That's the woman at the Southside. Why do you come to me?"

Dr. Coffee was beginning to wake up. He looked curiously at his visitor. She was a dark, demure little woman, past the first bloom of youth but attractive in a virginal, wholesome way. At second glance he decided she would be attractive in many ways if she gave a little thought to the art of adornment. It was not the lack of make-up, for her skin was of a healthy, golden tint. Her hairdo was wrong—much too prim to go with her flashing black eyes. Her eyes were alive, positive, passionate.

"I was listening to the midnight news on the radio," the woman said. "I heard that Belinda had been found dead and that you were going to perform an autopsy. Was Belinda murdered, Doctor?"

"I can't say at this point," Dr. Coffee replied. "Are you related to Belinda Holliday?"

"I'm sorry. I didn't introduce myself. I'm Anne Devoto, Warren Holliday's secretary. The radio said the police are looking for Mr. Holliday."

"Yes. I understand he has disappeared."

"He hasn't disappeared. He—he's outside in my car."

So that's it, Dr. Coffee thought. *The secretary's in love with her boss. She's hiding him because she's afraid he killed Belinda.*

"Did Mr. Holliday kill his ex-wife?" Dan Coffee asked.

"He should have killed her years ago," said Anne Devoto with surprising fervor. "But he didn't."

"Then why doesn't he go to the police?"

"It's a strange story," Miss Devoto replied. "He's afraid nobody will believe it. We've read about you in the papers—"

There was a pause. *They think I'm a pushover for a likely story,* Dan Coffee mused. *Well, maybe I am. Still . . .*

"Bring Mr. Holliday in," he said.

WARREN HOLLIDAY was a shaggy, gray-haired man in his late forties. He had tired gray eyes and a hesitant smile. His walk was slow and lumbering, but his handclasp was firm. He sat down wearily at Dr. Coffee's invitation.

"Did you see your ex-wife today?" the pathologist asked.

"No," Holliday answered. "I had a tentative date with her, but something came up and I postponed it."

"But you came to Northbank anyhow?"

Holliday's lips moved silently for a few seconds before he said, "Yes. How did you know?"

"Pure conjecture," Dr. Coffee said. "Why did you cancel your date?"

"Because of a business appointment. I'm a broker—deal in spices and seasonings. Late this afternoon I got a call from a spice importer from New Orleans who said he was in Northbank and wanted to see me. I had no idea how long my meeting would last, so I wired Belinda, calling off our date. Then I drove over from Boone Point to meet my New Orleans man in the lobby of the Northbank Hotel, as he suggested. I waited for more than an hour, but he didn't show up. I tried to call Miss Devoto in Boone Point, thinking perhaps he had changed his plans and tried to reach me, but I couldn't make contact with my secretary. So I got back into my car and started home for Boone Point. Then I—I had an accident."

"You see, Mr. Holliday suffers from periodic migraine headaches," his secretary

"What a day! I couldn't get a thing done. The boss kept me busy the whole time!"

COLLIER'S — MARY GIBSON

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One day last year I went for a drive with a friend. Her three-year-old boy was with us, riding in the back seat. As we were rolling along, the child got to playing with a rear door handle. Suddenly the door swung open and dragged the little fellow right out of the car.

I was sick with fear when I saw his limp body sprawled by the road. We rushed him to a doctor and, I'm thankful to say, found that he wasn't seriously hurt. There were some bills for his medical care and though *I wasn't at fault,* my Hartford Automobile Insurance paid them all, under its wonderful Medical Payments feature. The Hartford would have paid as much as $500; my policy covers anyone who gets hurt while in my car up to that amount*—even me! **(Now available up to $5000)*

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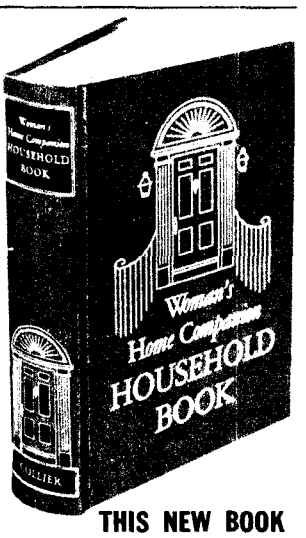

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explained quickly. "Often his headaches are preceded by periods during which he loses track of time. That's possible, isn't it?"

Yes, it's possible, Dr. Coffee thought. Migraine is sometimes preceded by a lapse of memory. But it was interesting that Holliday's migraine should begin at about the same hour as his ex-wife's death.

"What is the last thing you remember, Mr. Holliday?" Dr. Coffee asked.

"Well, I remember vaguely running off the road, as it winds over the hill just this side of Boone Point. I remember trees—or a tree. Then I drew a blank."

"Are your headaches hemicranial?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Migraine usually affects only one side of the head. Do you feel the pain behind one eye, or at the back of one side of your head, usually?"

"Behind the left eye, always."

"Do you mind?" Dr. Coffee said.

HE PRESSED his thumbs gently against Holliday's eyeballs. His fingers explored the top and base of his skull. Holliday did not flinch. *He's lying,* Dr. Coffee thought. *If he had those prodromal signs when he said he did, he would be in excruciating pain now.*

"Where did you find him, Miss Devoto?" Dr. Coffee asked.

"He wandered into my apartment," Miss Devoto replied. "He was in a daze and shaking all over. I guess he walked from wherever he wrecked his car. I made him lie down and wrapped him in a blanket. I fixed him a hot drink and he slept for a little while. Then I heard the midnight news on the radio."

"Why did you and your wife break up, Mr. Holliday?"

"It was inevitable, I'm more than twenty years older than Belinda. I knew when I married her, nearly five years ago, that sooner or later she would fall in love with someone her own age."

"And she did?"

"Yes."

"Belinda never really loved Mr. Holliday," Anne Devoto said. Her eyes did not leave Warren Holliday's face.

"Did Mrs. Holliday get a divorce to marry a man named Roy Manson?" Dr. Coffee asked.

"Oh, no." Holliday smiled sadly. "Manson is an old friend of Belinda's. I believe he's engaged to marry someone else."

Then who was the man Belinda was going to marry? Holliday didn't know. Belinda had never told him, and he had never asked. She had told him she wanted her freedom and that was enough.

The purpose of his broken date with Belinda that evening? Holliday didn't know, really . . .

"Nonsense!" Miss Devoto volunteered. "Mr. Holliday is much too gallant. He knows perfectly well what Belinda wanted. She's been calling him up practically every day this past week. I think something went wrong with her romance and she hoped to get Mr. Holliday to take her back. She would have tricked him into it—if she'd lived."

Dr. Coffee lighted a cigarette. As he smoked in silence, he reflected on the fact that both Holliday and Manson had seemed to have dates with Belinda on the same night. True, Manson said he had phoned in the morning to cancel his. That would have given Belinda time to try to get Holliday to come over. After a moment, the pathologist said, "Mr. Holliday, I think you had better tell your story to the police."

Miss Devoto's black eyes narrowed and her back stiffened visibly. "Do you believe that Mr. Holliday had anything to do with his ex-wife's death?"

"Why, no," Dr. Coffee said. "But if your story is true, and if, as the coroner believes, Mrs. Holliday's death was accidental, you will do well to get through the unpleasantness of a routine investigation as quickly as you can."

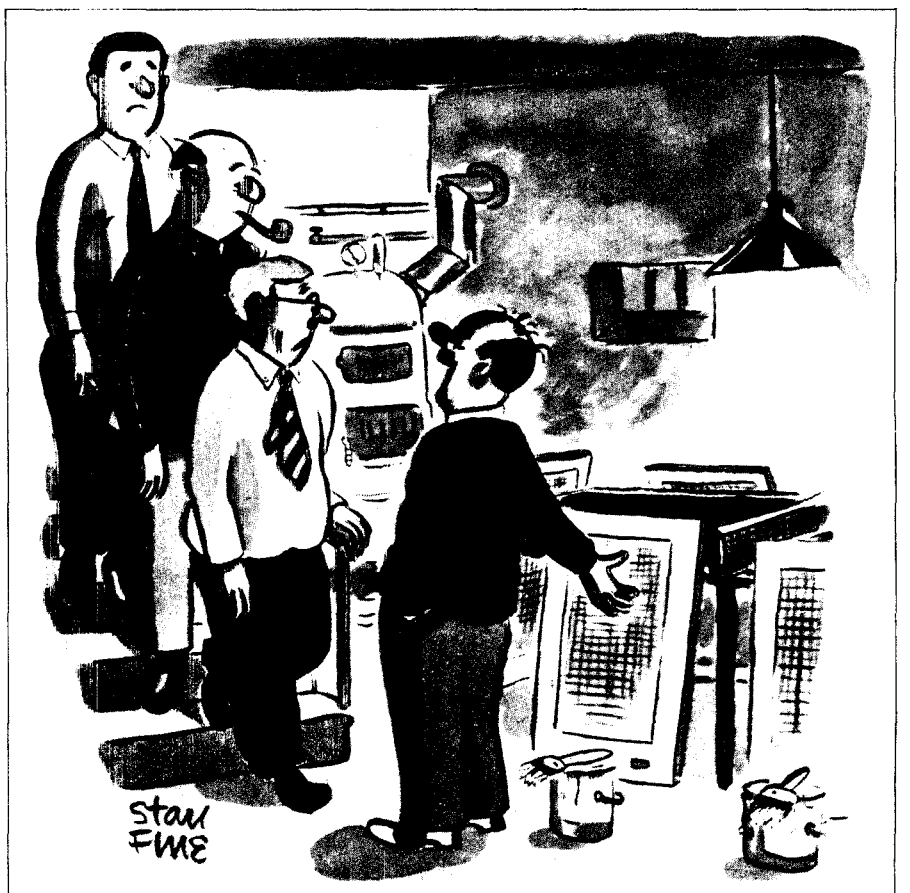
"I believe the doctor is right, Anne," Holliday said.

Dr. Coffee went to the telephone to call Max Ritter.

WHEN he returned to his laboratory at Pasteur Hospital shortly before noon, Dr. Coffee was carrying three small flasks of brownish liquid and a Mason jar containing specimens of tissue in Formalin. He gave the Mason jar to his technician with the remark: "The usual sections, Doris."

He placed the three flasks on his desk, took off his hat and coat, and called, "Dr. Mookerji."

Dr. Motilal Mookerji, Pasteur's resident pathologist, materialized from somewhere



"Before we start the game, fellows, we might as well paint these screens and move them out of our way"

COLLIER'S — STAN FINE

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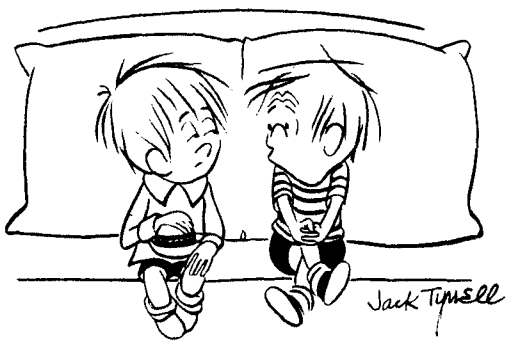
behind the freezing microtome and set his course for Dr. Coffee's desk. Navigation was no simple problem for Calcutta's gift to Northbank. Not only was the little Hindu broad of beam, but his fore-and-aft dimensions precluded sideslipping through the narrow channels that separated the autoclave, centrifuge and other pieces of standing gear which cluttered the laboratory.

"Greetings, Doctor Sahib," he said. "Five times greetings. You have no doubt concluded a pleasant autopsy?"

"Concluded?" echoed Dr. Coffee. "We've barely started. Have you ever run a Gettler test for drowning?"

THE Hindu resident said, "Am familiar with hypothesis of Gettler test, although have never performed same on submerged cadavers. Are not samples of blood from right and left heart analyzed separately for chloride level?"

"Exactly," said Dr. Coffee. "Normally the salt content of the blood is the same on both sides of the heart. However, if the person died of drowning, the lungs would take in water which would dilute the blood in the left heart. Therefore, if the salt content of the blood is higher in the right heart than the left, the person was drowned—in fresh water."



"Still go to the Powder Room with your mom?"

COLLIER'S JACK TYRRELL

"Am observing surplus blood sample," Dr. Mookerji said. "Am also remarking that blood exhibits brownish tint somewhat resembling hot chocolate. What is purpose of third sample, Doctor Sahib?"

"We'll try to identify methemoglobin with the spectroscope," Dan Coffee said. "The color is characteristic."

"Quite," the Hindu agreed. "Have observed similar color in native Bengal, in victims of blackwater fever."

"We don't have much blackwater fever in Northbank, but we do see an occasional case of potassium chlorate poisoning, which does the same thing to the blood. I've another rather delicate task for you, Doctor—a qualitative analysis from less than a thimbleful of liquid." Dr. Coffee carefully unwrapped a bottle which he gingerly passed to his Hindu assistant.

"Ha! Kiss of Kandahar!" exclaimed Dr. Mookerji, reading the label. "Kandahar is quite famous place in India, although currently in Afghanistan. You are no doubt familiar with frolics of Great Alexander among almond groves of Kandahar. Or perhaps verses by lady poetess Laurence Hope regarding almond blooms of—"

"Never mind the almond blooms," Dan Coffee said. "Just handle that bottle carefully. It may be deadly. And start with the assumption that you're looking for an aromatic benzene compound." . . .

When Lieutenant Max Ritter dropped in that afternoon, Dr. Coffee's laboratory was redolent with reagents, standard solutions and general toxicological activity.

"Is it murder, Doc?" the detective asked, as he parked one thigh on the edge of the pathologist's desk. "I can't hold my material witnesses much longer. They all got shysters waving lawbooks at me, yelling, 'Witness to what?' Do I book 'em, Doc?"

"I can't exclude drowning until tomorrow, Max," Dr. Coffee said. "The blood has to stand with picric acid overnight. And our toxicology tests won't be finished much before then."

"I think it's murder," Ritter declared. "That Devoto dame, first of all, is lying her head off. She says she never saw the inside of Suite 232, but I find her prints all over the place. So I bring in the night clerk of the Southside and he identifies her as a dame who went up in the elevator about half an hour before the telegram came for Belinda, and came back down five minutes later. So the Devoto dame changes her story. She says a New York phone call came for Holliday in Boone Point, and it had to be answered right away because it involved a big deal in white pepper. She didn't know Holliday had sent the wire, so she thinks she'll find him with Belinda. The door to Belinda's apartment is open so she walks in, she says, and finds Belinda dead. So naturally she didn't want to talk about her visit."

"She's protecting Holliday, Max," Dr. Coffee said. "I think if we find that Belinda was murdered, and that Holliday may have killed her, Anne Devoto will confess that she did it herself. Why else would she leave her fingerprints in the apartment?"

"Could be," Ritter said. "She's been Holliday's secretary for fifteen years, and I guess she's been in love with him for fourteen. But Holliday is lying, too. That blackout story of his is phony. I find his car, all right, against a tree about a quarter mile this side of Boone Point. But it was going about three miles an hour when it hit the tree. There's just a little dent in one fender. And it backs right away when we get in and step on the starter.

"So I start looking for this spice importer. No trace of him. He's not in Northbank, not in Boone Point. So I call New Orleans. His home don't answer. His office ain't seen him in two days. Then I bring that night clerk from the Southside down to the station again and let him look at Holliday. 'That guy,' the clerk says, 'came into the lobby just before Miss Devoto stepped out of the elevator, coming down. I remember she grabbed his arm and they went out together.' So maybe she murdered Belinda to keep Holliday from taking her back, and talked him into inventing these cockeyed stories to protect *her*."

"*If* Belinda was murdered," Dr. Coffee said. "What about Manson?"

"I been holding him, too, while we checked his movements," the detective said, "but I can't keep him much longer. All his stories tally. He's going to marry that Bosworth babe who owns the shoe factory, all right. And she's out in California visiting relatives, like he says."

"And the young man Belinda was in love with?"

"Holliday and Manson back each other up on that one," Ritter replied. "They both think he was walking out on Belinda, and they both seem to think he was married, but nobody knows his name."

"Is the spice importer from New Orleans married, Max?"

"He is. And I'm still trying to find him," the detective said. "Flash me when you know something, Doc."

NEXT morning at ten o'clock Dr. Coffee flashed Lieutenant Ritter. "It's murder, Max," he said into the telephone. "Belinda wasn't drowned. She was poisoned—by someone who knew her intimate habits . . . No, it wasn't cyanide. I'll tell you all about it later. Can you bring all your suspects up here late this afternoon, after I've finished my hospital routine? About five o'clock . . . Sure, bring the spice importer.

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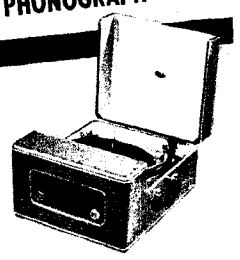

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too, if you find him. Meanwhile, don't book anybody and don't mention the word murder.

"Another thing, Max. Since practically everybody in this case has been making free with the truth, I'd like you to do a little second-degree fibbing yourself. First, that bath-oil bottle is still in the apartment, so far as you know. Second, you're positively going to be out of town tonight. You have to leave in a hurry right after our conference. Okay, Max. See you at five."

RITTER had not turned up his spice importer by five o'clock, but he appeared at Dr. Coffee's laboratory with Warren Holliday, Roy Manson and Anne Devoto. The two men had undergone marked transformation during their brief police custody. Holliday had aged ten years. His gray eyes were no longer just tired; they were frightened. And Manson had shed not only his acquired executive manner, but his homespun shyness as well. He was edgy, harassed with a badgered, almost haunted look. Only Miss Devoto was her own calm self, demure and maidenly despite her vital, dark eyes.

"You no doubt know," Dr. Coffee began, "that Lieutenant Ritter suspected foul play in the death of Mrs. Holliday. I'll put your minds at ease by telling you at once that we have found no evidence of murder. We did find methemoglobin, a pathological factor produced in the blood by some diseases and certain poisons. Does any one of you know if Mrs. Holliday had had a recent attack of—say malaria?"

Nobody remembered any serious illness.

"Then there is the possibility of anaphylaxis—a fatal allergy," the pathologist continued. "She may have been hypersensitive to some drug or cosmetic product. Mr. Holliday, did your ex-wife habitually use any particular brand of bath oil?"

"Belinda was crazy about anything that had the scent of almonds," Holliday said. "Her favorite was something called Kiss of Kandahar. She used it for years."

Dr. Coffee turned to Ritter. "Max, are any of your men still on duty at the Southside?"

"Nope," the detective said. "I pulled Brody off at noon today."

"When you get a chance, I wish you'd go back to Mrs. Holliday's apartment and get me that bottle of bath oil I noticed the other day. It was empty, but I may be able to squeeze out a drop or two and make an analysis."

"Is tomorrow okay?" Ritter asked. "I won't be in town tonight. I got to leave in half an hour for a quick trip upstate."

"Tomorrow's fine," Dr. Coffee said. "There's no hurry. Meanwhile you'd better release these good people. There seems no valid reason for holding them further."

Warren Holliday rose from his chair. The mask of fear slipped from his face as he turned to Miss Devoto, seeking confirmation. She smiled, and he smiled back at her, wonderingly, as though seeing her for the first time. "You mean we can go?"

"If the doc says you can go, you better hightail it out of here quick," Ritter said, "with the thanks and apologies of the police department and three bucks a day material-witness fees."

The trio had hardly left the laboratory when Max Ritter said, "I guess we can cut the double-talk now, Doc. Do you and the swami here know what was in that bottle?"

"Quite," Dr. Mookerji replied. "Analyzed contents with own hands. Same contained mononitrobenzene, alias oil of mirbane, which is noisome photoplasmic poison of high-octane potency."

"Then why do we let these characters go, Doc?"

"Because if one of those three killed Belinda, the guilty person knows there was mononitrobenzene in the bath-oil bottle, and that I may be able to identify the poison if I can get my hands on it. Therefore I am convinced that the murderer will sneak back to Belinda's apartment tonight to get the bottle. You and I will be waiting there."

"Okay, Doc. Let's go, then. Swami, take any messages that come here for me."

EN ROUTE to the Southside Apartment Hotel, Ritter said, "Tell me more about this oil of whoosis, Doc."

"Mononitrobenzene," Dr. Coffee said, "is called oil of mirbane in commerce. It used to serve as artificial bitter-almond flavoring in the days before federal food-and-drug laws. It's still used in small and safe amounts in perfumery, among other things. In large enough amounts, it can decompose the blood and act on the central nervous system. It can be absorbed through the skin, causing death—sometimes within the hour—by paralyzing the respiratory centers.

"Belinda's habit of reading and smoking in the bathtub would allow plenty of time for absorption of the pleasant-smelling poison. Therefore the murderer was well acquainted with her intimate habits."

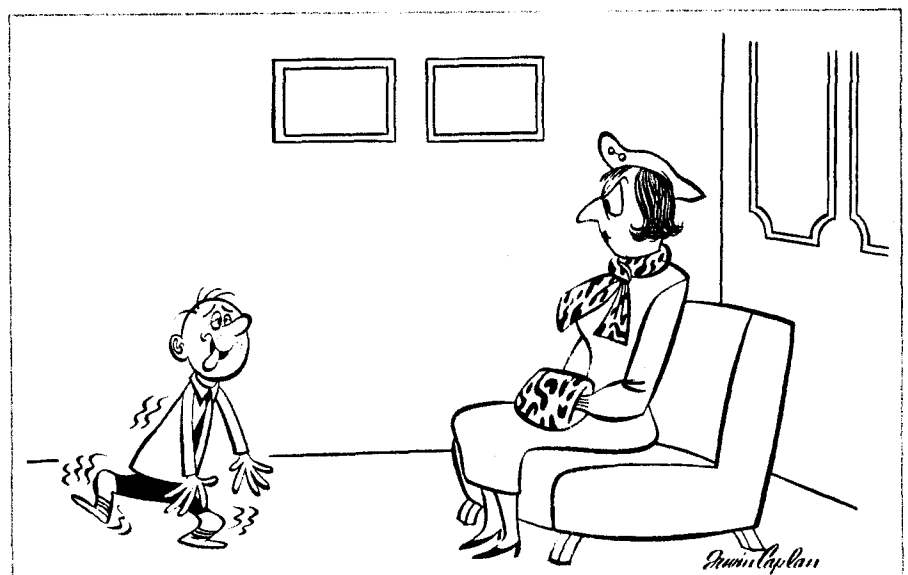
"Like that spice importer I can't locate," Ritter said.

"Or any of the three persons you've just released. I think I know which one it is—for reasons you'll understand, if I'm right."

Ritter parked his car behind the Southside. The two men entered through the basement and walked to the second floor by the fire stairs. Ritter opened Suite 232 with a passkey.

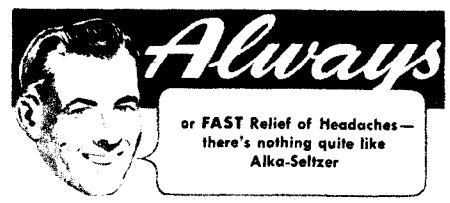
They had been sitting in the dark for more than an hour when there was a knock at the door, followed by a violent, persistent ringing of the bell. "This upsets my theory," Dr. Coffee whispered.

"I'll upset that Swiss bell ringer," Ritter



"I'm to entertain you till Mother finishes dressing. First I'll imitate my father imitating your husband coming up the street at three o'clock in the morning"

COLLIER'S — IRWIN CAPLAN



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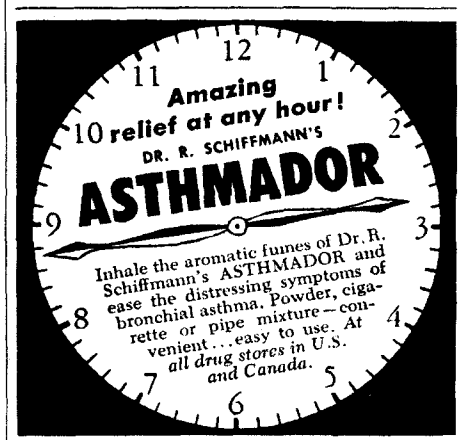
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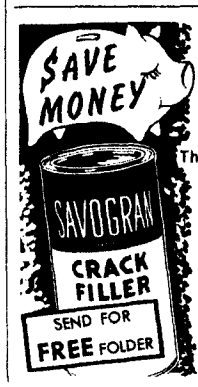

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growled. He flung open the door. "The swami! Get inside here quick! What's the idea of—"

"Have no fears, Leftenant," Dr. Mookerji said. The door closed again and he continued talking in the dark. "Took every precaution to conceal present destination, making surreptitious entrance via devious routes. However, two telegraphic messages arrived for you from police station, Leftenant, so decided to deliver same in person to maintain secrecy of current whereabouts."

Paper crackled as the Hindu pressed something into the detective's hand. Ritter shoved two envelopes into his pocket. "I'll read 'em later," he said. "No lights, now."

A series of thumps, followed by suppressed exclamations marked the progress of the Hindu in the darkness. The creak of sofa springs and a sigh announced the success of his search for a seat.

ANOTHER hour passed in silence before Dr. Coffee heard the sound he had been waiting for: the scrape of a key in a lock.

The door opened slowly. The narrow ribbon of light widened into a pale oblong silhouetting briefly a human figure which disappeared instantly as the door clicked shut. Dan Coffee held his breath. So apparently did Ritter and Dr. Mookerji. Only the breathing of the newcomer was audible.

A flashlight beam speared the gloom, and a luminous disk rippled across the rug. Then Max Ritter touched the switch and the living room was flooded with brightness.

"Hello, Mr. Manson," Dr. Coffee said. "I've been expecting you."

Roy Manson stood in the center of the room, blinking at the gun in Ritter's hand.

"I thought you'd have a key," Dr. Coffee continued, "to be able to substitute mononitrobenzene for Belinda's bath oil during her absence. And a man familiar with Belinda's intimate bathing habits *would* have a key. You were Belinda's lover, weren't you, Manson, for some time before she went South for a divorce?"

Manson turned on a frozen white smile. "We were just old friends," he said.

"Such close friends," Dr. Coffee said, "that Belinda got rid of her husband and came to Northbank to be near you—the man she expected to marry. But she wasn't going to sit by quietly, was she, just because you changed your mind while she was away and decided to marry the shoe heiress instead? When does your fiancée, Miss Bosworth, get back from California, Manson?"

Manson did not reply.

"Answer to said conundrum now reposing in Leftenant Ritter's pocket, perhaps," Dr. Mookerji volunteered.

"That's right. I wired the police chief at Beverly Hills today." Ritter fished the crumpled yellow envelopes from his pocket. He chuckled grimly as he tore them open. "Esther Bosworth is due back in Northbank tomorrow by air. So I guess Belinda got killed because she was going to spill her story to Miss Bosworth—about how she got a divorce to marry her lover, and how Manson was going to ditch her to marry a shoe factory instead."

"It was the shoe factory that first made me suspect Manson," Dr. Coffee said. "Since mononitrobenzene is used in dyeing leather for black shoes, Manson must be well acquainted with its deadly qualities. I'm sure you'll find drums of it at the factory to prove his access to the poison. And with the key to this apartment in his possession—"

Dr. Coffee was interrupted by a childish whimper. Manson sank into a chair, tried to speak, then buried his dead-white face in his big hands.

"Hey, look!" Ritter said. "This other wire is from New Orleans. The spice importer ain't been near Northbank in months. He just got back from a three-day fishing trip in the Gulf." Ritter frowned. "Then who got Holliday over to Northbank on a wild-goose chase?"

"Roy Manson, of course," Dr. Coffee explained. "He knew that Holliday was still in love with Belinda and was sure to go and see her once he was in Northbank and at loose ends. A visit from Holliday to his ex-wife on the day of her death would misdirect suspicion in case the subject of murder was brought up. Even Miss Devoto, who also knew that Holliday might go to Belinda's apartment, suspected Holliday when she found Belinda dead. That's why she not only dreamed up that elaborate story about migraine and the phony auto accident, but even went all out to leave her own fingerprints here."

MAX RITTER lighted a cigarette and blew a contemptuous cloud of smoke at the man who sat motionless in the chair. "A swell guy, this Manson. He even brought flowers for Belinda. I'd like him to meet my sister sometime."

"Shoemakers," commented Dr. Mookerji, "should remain stuck to last."

"We're going to stick this shoemaker, all right," Ritter agreed. "And believe me, it's going to last."

"You know, Max," Dr. Coffee said, "when Holliday left my lab this afternoon, I think he realized for the first time that his secretary actually believed he had killed Belinda, and that she was ready to do anything to save his neck, even to taking the rap herself. I'll ask Miss Devoto to come by the lab someday next week. Maybe Doris can give her a few pointers on fixing her hair. She's really quite a good-looking gal, and Holliday may not be aware of it." THE END

Murder Is My Business

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

some newspaper story, thieve it from another whodunit, or, as a last resort, create it. (Radio whodunit writers seldom sue one another for plagiarism because none is ever certain who originated what.)

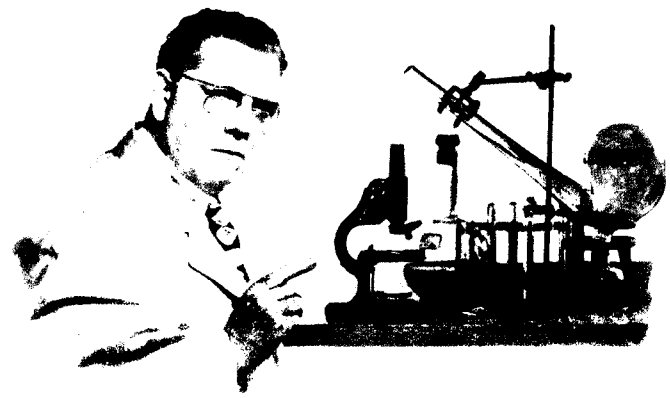
This time I choose to create a plot, during the process of which I wear the path in the rug deeper, smoke two cords of cigarettes, drink several cubic feet of black coffee, insult whoever comes to the door, revolve to take up plumbing, and finally come up with a gem.

Leaving out the murders woven through it, the story involves a duchess who is forced to sell her diamond collection in order to keep herself in sables. But Spider Webb exposes her title as fake and proves he is the tool of a gang of Continental jewel thieves who smuggle the gems into his country by burying them in tulip bulbs shipped from Holland.

This done, I can now go to a movie. Then come back, block out the scenes of the story, dialogue the finished script, and send it off to the advertising agency representing the sponsor. Or, if "Spider Webb" is a package show—that is, one produced by an independent firm for the sponsor through its advertising agency—the script goes first to the producer, then to the agency, then to the sponsor. What these three, separately or collectively, can do to a script is considerable, and a source of constant apprehension to the writer. But this time I get a break: they want just a few minor changes. After making the few minor changes, I now have a story about a circus bareback rider who is a traveling Communist agent.

The revised script is mimeographed and sent to the network for clearance with the continuity acceptance department, where it must pass the moral code test. In that scene where Spider Webb is sitting on the edge of a studio couch talking with the recumbent blonde, Continuity Acceptance moves them to separate chairs, and now the script is ready for production. (At this point, I leave town if I can, to avoid further rewrites.)

The director times the script, allowing



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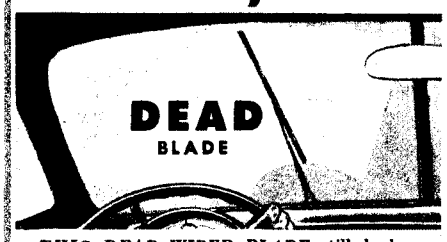

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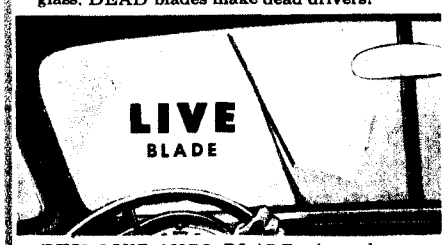

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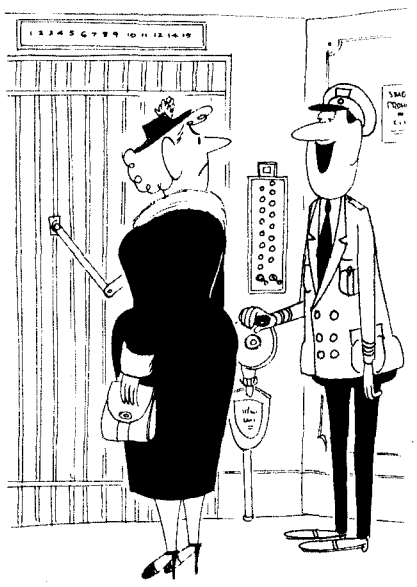
for commercials, and casts it. The sound-effects man assembles the noisemaking gadgets it requires, and the musical director arranges the mood music for scene bridges and background.

The rehearsal begins. The actors sit in a group around the director in the studio and read the script through for timing, and to get acquainted with the story and their own parts. The director then goes into the control room, the engineer at the instrument panel switches on the microphones, the actors in the first scene stand ready—and from then on, friendship ceases.

Some two hours and three nervous breakdowns later, the director concedes that the actors and the show exhibit a measure of promise, and they take a break. The length of this period is determined by the number of Martinis required to restore the director's courage.

Then the sound-effects man is dragged into it. Standing in the midst of something



". . . Your husband must be a wonderful man to work for, Mrs. Carlson. Lots of nights his secretary has to stay till nine, ten o'clock, but she doesn't seem to mind . . . they come down together, giggling, kidding around . . ."

COLLIER'S — DICK CAVALLI

that looks like the inside of a junk shop, he goes through his sound cues with friendly hints from the director.

"You call that a pistol shot? My kid can do better with his bubble gum! . . . Don't be afraid to knock on that door; there's nobody sick! . . . In my script it says motorboat, not sewing machine! . . . Look, he tiptoes out of the room—not a Vishinsky! . . ."

Then the band (or organist) comes in. "Let's hear what you got," the director dares the conductor. And for the next 30 minutes or so, the band is put through the bridge and background music, also with the aid of friendly hints from the director.

The Music Gets Panned, Too

"Look, we're supposed to have fright music there—not daisies-in-the-dell stuff! . . . The script says to *sneak* music in behind the scene . . . Okay, the scene is not in a boiler factory! . . . Please, the music is for a circus horse going around in the ring—he's not running at Belmont! . . ."

The director then puts the three striving factions together—the cast, the sound-effects man and the band—for a run-through. After this, a break for dinner and nerve tonics; then back to the studio an hour and a half before air time for the dress rehearsal—the show as it is to be broadcast, commercials and all; 20 minutes or so to smooth out rough spots and make cuts for time; 10 minutes outside to smoke and patch up friendships and then:

It is 30 seconds to air time. There is not a sound or a motion in the studio. Musicians in their places, waiting . . . Announcer at his microphone, waiting . . . Actors in the first scene at their microphone, waiting . . . Sound-effects man at his stand, waiting . . . In the control room, the director at his post, waiting . . . The engineer hunched over the instrument panel, waiting. The seconds are ticking off.

Fifteen left . . . Fourteen . . . Thirteen. The conductor glances at the clock. Twelve . . . He motions, and instruments come to the ready. Eleven . . . The engineer counts aloud now to the director: "Ten . . . Nine . . . Eight . . . Seven . . . Six . . . Five . . . (director raises his hand) Four . . . Three . . . Two . . . Take it!" The director points to the announcer . . . "SPIDER WEBB—PRIVATE FIRST-CLASS EYE!" . . . The conductor's stick comes down, the theme music comes up—and it's all yours now.

For television, add to the foregoing the designing, building and dressing of sets; many more hours of rehearsal; lights, cameras, props, stagehands, technicians, wardrobe people, make-up artists, and a great many more nervous breakdowns—and there you have the howcumit of your favorite whodunit.

Artists Who Love Their Work

If it is so grim as all that, why do we work at it? Why don't we get nice, normal, peaceful jobs like pushing a jackhammer? Because we love it, every minute of it! Every psychiatrist and Benzedrine pill of it! And we get our share of laughs out of it, too.

Take the case of the trigger-happy sound man. In one scene of the script, a gangster chief is having trouble with one of his hoods, an ambitious young man who is dissatisfied with his share of the receipts from a payroll robbery. The chief, in a fatherly manner, upbraids the young fellow for his ingratitude. He reminds him of how he, the chief, took the tyro when he was nothing but a five-and-dime cheat down on skid row and built him into the upper-bracket hood of great expectations that he now is. This fails to touch the young man. They quarrel and the chief is obliged to shoot him.

In the dress rehearsal, the sound-effects man turned in a perfect performance—right on cue with his pistol shot. But on the air? The chief had just started rebuking the young hood for his ingratitude when—BANG! The sound man had jumped his cue. But the young hood couldn't drop dead then; he still had lines to read. He and the chief rose above the pistol shot and went on with the scene. Four or five speeches later—BANG! This time, the young hood was in with a quick but shabby ad lib: "You missed me." They plunged on with the scene and finally reached the cue lines: "Why, you dirty little rat—" . . . "No, no—don't shoot!" And the sound man didn't. The young hood waited in vain, then did a "take" as if he had been shot, and supplied his own sound of falling to the floor. Then—BANG!

Or take Donald Bain and his blasted alarm clock. Bain is one of radio's two top animal imitators in New York. Bradley Barker is the other. Bain specializes in small animals, birds and insects; Barker in big animals. (Inevitably, of course, the story went around that Barker was seen running through Radio City one day carrying Bain in his mouth.)

Bain carries a pocket-size alarm clock about with him to warn him of the time for his next appointment. On the air in a whodunit one night, he was making like a duck when the alarm clock in his pocket went off. And being a duck, he couldn't ad-lib his way out of it.

Again, Bain. This time he was playing a cat. He did his meows in rehearsal, then sat off by himself while the rehearsal continued, and practiced the mosquito hum he was to do on another show. There was an unused, live microphone near him, and the sound was picked up in the control room. The engineer, knowing the script

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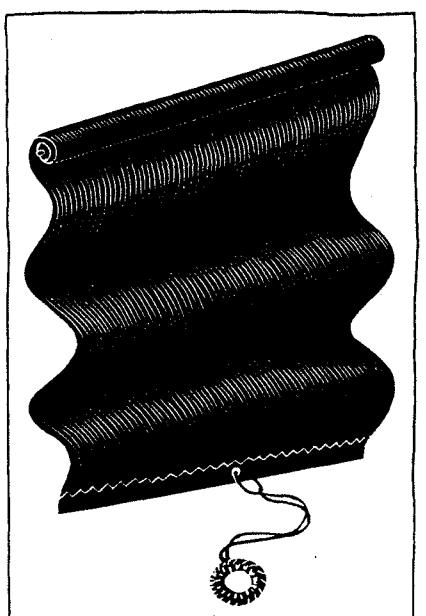

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called for no such hum, thought something had gone wrong with his equipment. He twisted knobs, pulled plugs, did everything to get rid of the sound, but no luck. At this point, Bain realized he was the cause of the consternation in the control room.

Being a playful fellow, he kept it up until four men from the engineering department arrived and started taking the equipment apart to locate the trouble. When they got set for another test, there was the hum again. Then Bain slapped his cheek, and the hum stopped. "Killed him," he said.

Ready for a Realistic Séance

Directors strive to get actors to lose themselves in the mood of the scene they are playing, and they go to great lengths to achieve this result. On a Perry Mason show one day, the script called for a séance. It seems the villain of the piece had a passion for séances, so Mason rigged one up to trap him. Ralph Butler, the director, decided to make the scene as realistic as possible in the studio in order to get a convincing performance from the actors. He had them sit around a table and he turned out all the lights save a shaded lamp over the table barely bright enough to read script by. The eerie setting, the cadaverous pallor of the characters in the half-light, and the ghostly incantations of the "medium" afforded a realism that made flesh crawl.

Then the show went on the air. Came the séance scene: the stillness of a morgue; shadowy figures around the table in semi-darkness, gripped in suspense . . . then the funereal drone of the medium summoning the spirit of the dead: "Are you here? . . . Are you here? . . . Speak to us . . . Speak . . ." Suddenly the sound man over in his dark corner accidentally knocked a heavy box from his workbench. There was a terrific crash.

The actresses screamed, the table went over, the lamp was knocked out, the séance went to the dogs—and Ralph Butler tried to die. The "medium," thinking fast, assured the spirit that such an ostentatious entrance was not necessary; the scene was restored and the show went on.

One more Bain story. The show was Mr. District Attorney. There was one scene in which a glamorous movie star—the central female character in the plot—arrives in Grand Central Station, New York, with her Pekingese dog, played by Donald Bain. As she steps from the train to the platform with the dog under one arm, a shot is heard—but the bullet intended for her kills the dog. At least that is the way it came off in rehearsal. But producer-director Ed Byron had a gentle hint for the sound-effects man.

"You call that a pistol shot?" Byron shouted. "I can snap my suspenders louder than that!"

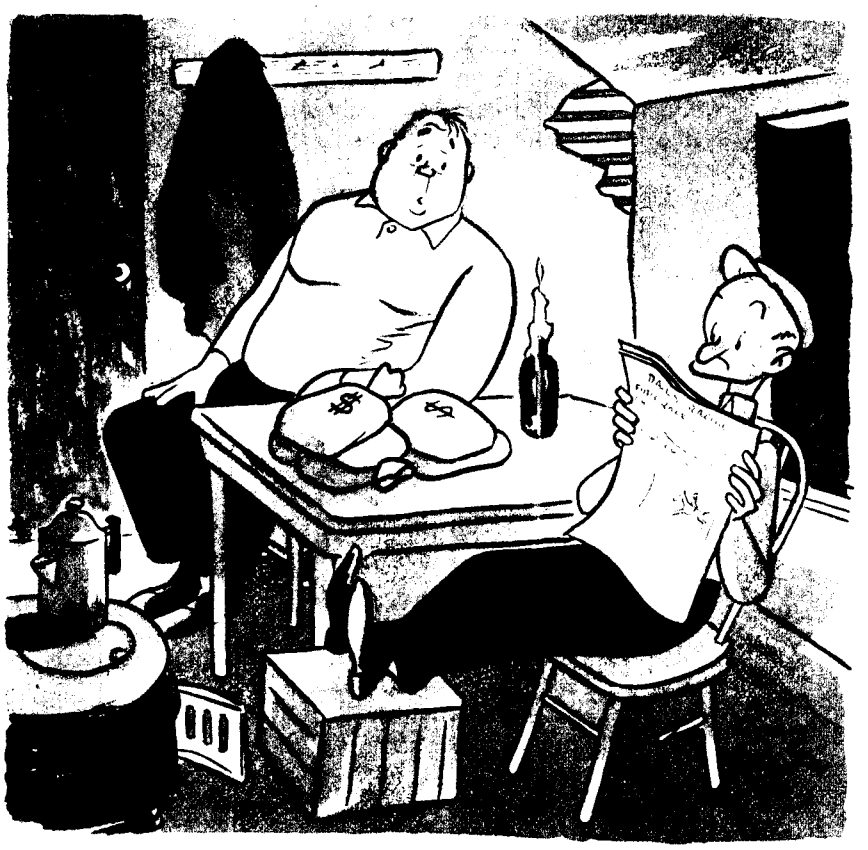
The sound man dismissed the obvious rebuttal as impolitic. He just bided his time. During the dress rehearsal, the pistol shot was still a flop. Byron was a little more heated about the matter now, and the sound man promised to have a better one for the actual performance. He wasn't kidding, either.

The show went on the air. Came that scene. The movie star stepped off the train. There was a tremendous explosion which nearly blasted the show off the air. The sound man had cut loose with a heavy-caliber Navy Colt (loaded with blanks, of course). But Bain, the Pekingese, did not die as he was supposed to do. Instead he let out a series of yelps as though the dog had been only winged. Byron, recovering from the impact of the blockbuster explosion, now had a new problem—a dog that wouldn't say die.

But in the control room, he was powerless to cope with it. And Bain knew it. So he kept yelping. It was up to the sound man now . . . BANG! . . . The Peke took that one, too, and kept yelping. Byron was ready for the man in the white coat. But the sound man was still on his side . . . BANG! BANG! . . . Bain took these with fresh yelping, then looked into the control room. Byron's eyes were pleading. Bain, still yelping, turned to the sound man. He was out of ammo. And that did it. Bain gave up and the Peke died. (Bain is still working regularly.)

And now tune in again next week at this same time to your favorite whodunit. Until then, this is one of the gang saying—thanks for listening. THE END

BUTCH



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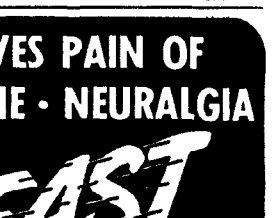

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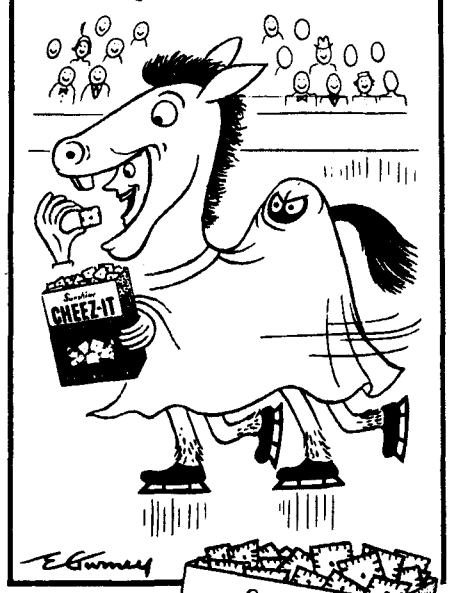

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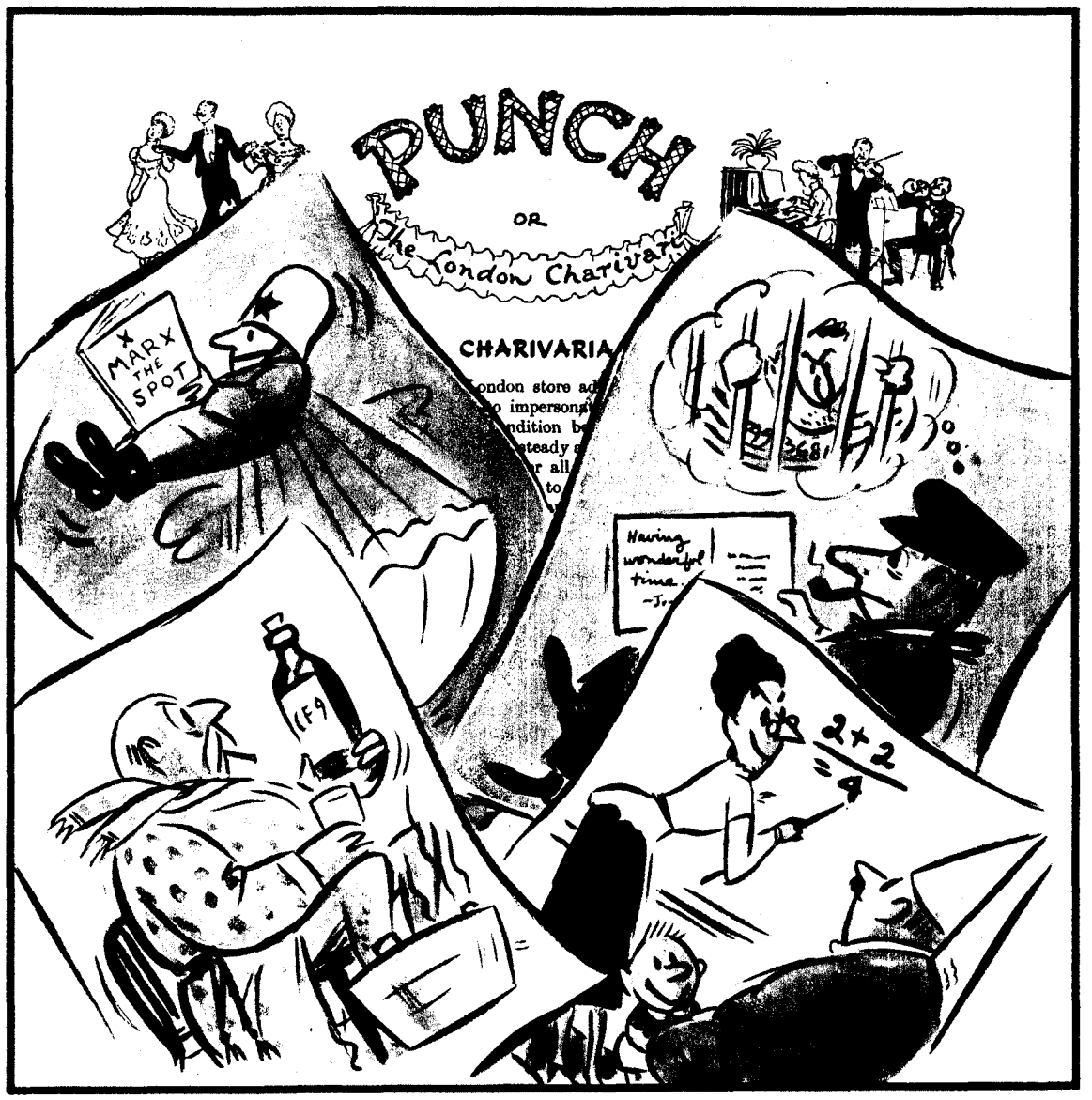

WHITNEY DARROW

Laughter Is a Weapon, Too

THIS IS AN OLD ONE. But we hope you won't mind if we reach back ten years and recall the London chemist who, at the height of the blitz, put this sign in the glassless window of his bomb-blasted shop: "Bismuth as usual during altercations."

We were thinking of that story the other day as we were looking over, and enjoying, some back numbers of Punch, a magazine which for 110 years has been disproving the notion that the English have no sense of humor. And we were thinking again that it took a special brand of courage for a man, armed only with a sense of humor, to face up to death and destruction and defy them with a pun. It's a brand of courage found in much of the wartime contents of Punch. And it deserves some credit, along with the contributions of Winston Churchill, the R.A.F. and Lend-Lease, for saving England in the black days of 1940-'41.

Now black days are upon us once more, and there may be some who feel that laughter is out of place. We are not among them. Laughter is sometimes needed to preserve hope, and even sanity. Certainly World War II was made a little more bearable for soldiers and civilians alike by such characters as Bill Mauldin's Willie and Joe, George Baker's Sad Sack, and Collier's Alfred the Sailor, created by Foster Humfreville.

But we didn't start out to do a solemn treatise on humor. We started out to pass along a few random paragraphs from Punch that amused us, with the hope that they may do the same for you. So we now turn the proceedings over to the author (or authors) of the Charivaria department of Punch, while this department knocks off for the afternoon. Take it away, Punch, it's all yours.

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The Soviet news agency, Tass, reports that two Russian parachutists jumped out of a training aircraft at 2,600 feet above Minsk and continued rapidly upward into the clouds, where they remained for 40 minutes and two hours, respectively. We may shortly expect an authoritative statement by Stalin on the correct Marxist attitude toward the so-called laws of gravity postulated by the decadent bourgeois scientists of the West.

A new drug called CF9 is said to cure colds overnight. So someone has now got to discover another good reason for drinking hot whisky-toddy.

Because Stockport parents insist on helping their children with arithmetic, though their knowledge is out of date, the local Schools Committee has begun a mathematics class for fathers. Additional classes will presumably be arranged if the grandfathers insist on helping the fathers with *their* homework.

Multilingual announcements are to be made at Harwich railway station. This will surprise baffled travelers who had imagined the practice to have been general all along.

It was stated in court that a "squatter" had contrived to erect a dwelling from parts obtained from an airplane dump. He was first apprehended when adding a new wing.

One American prison provides picture post cards for inmates to write home. Embittered senders often add, "Wish you were here."

A medical writer notes that some composers' music causes more fainting casualties at the Promenade Concerts than others'. None of the classics, however, is yet within measurable distance of Mr. Sinatra.

An entomologist maintains that insects play so vital a part in nature that it would be difficult to envisage an existence without them. It would certainly be no picnic.

A new type of portable canoe that can be assembled in a matter of minutes is on view at the British Industries Fair. The makers confidently look forward to a record turnover this summer.

The Hampstead public analyst found that butter in some samples of butterscotch was as little as one per cent. Worse, further tests failed to reveal even a trace of scotch.

We Are Proud to Present . . .

IT WAS WALTER DAVENPORT'S privilege to announce to our readers, in his 48 States of Mind department three weeks ago, that Collier's would begin the publication of The Personal Memoirs of Herbert Hoover in this issue. (In case that title strikes you as being redundant, we might say that Mr. Hoover's *Political* Memoirs will follow later in the year.) Mr. Davenport also predicted that you will find the former President's life story "the warmest and most delightful reading in many a day."

We agree heartily with Walter's sentiments, and we would like to make an additional prediction of our own. We believe that you will find the memoirs not only warm and delightful reading, but surprising as well. For there are many things about Mr. Hoover that most of his countrymen have probably never stopped to consider, if indeed they ever knew them.

Herbert Hoover lived an exciting, adventurous life which took him all over the world in the 54 years before he was elected President. He was a poor, orphaned country boy who made his own way literally from childhood. The present-day elder statesman was once a handsome, ambitious, adventurous young man who had earned an international reputation as a brilliant mining engineer before he was out of his twenties.

He was a self-made man whose sense of patriotic duty led him from a highly successful life of personal accomplishment into a career of public service. The rugged virtues, which permitted Mr. Hoover to make the most of the opportunities that our country offers, seem to be less highly esteemed today than they once were. But we believe that you will find this life story as absorbing and stimulating and entirely delightful as Mr. Davenport and all of us in this office did, even though you will find the "success story" concealed between the lines of an account that is as modest as it is genial and colorful.

And for the sake of the inevitable skeptic, we should make it clear that there was no ghostly assistance in the setting down of Mr. Hoover's memoirs. He wrote them himself.

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Stories of Famous Discoveries

Alexander Latta discovered a new use for steam

His Engine Modernized the Science of Fire-Fighting!

When folks in Cincinnati first saw Latta's "Uncle Joe Ross" fire engine on New Year's Day, 1853, they couldn't believe their eyes. This first practical *steam* fire engine took the inventor nine months to build and cost $10,000. It could throw a single stream of water the then incredible distance of 240 feet, thus rendering obsolete the old-type hand-pumps. The model shown here is a later development

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you'll instantly recognize the superior flavor that has made it famous as America's luxury blend. Hunter's flavor is so distinctive that no one has been able to copy it in over 90 years.

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